THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VII.

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P. P. 5250 ea.

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VII.

The EIGHTH EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for *J. Tonſon*, at *Shakeſpear's-Head*, over-againſt *Katharine-ſtreet* in the *Strand*. MDCC XXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

TO

Mr. *METHUEN.*

SIR,

IT is with very great Pleaſure I take an Opportunity of publiſhing the Gratitude I owe You, for the Place You allow me

in your Friendſhip and Familiarity. I will not acknowledge to You that I have often had You in my Thoughts, when I have endeavoured to Draw, in ſome Parts of theſe Diſcourſes, the Character of a Good-natured, Honeſt and Accompliſhed Gentleman. But ſuch Repreſentations give my Reader an Idea of a Perſon blameleſs only, or only laudable for ſuch Perfections as extend no farther than to his own private Advan-

Advantage and Reputation.

But when I ſpeak of You, I Celebrate One who has had the Happineſs of poſſeſſing alſo thoſe Qualities which make a Man uſeful to Society, and of having had Opportunities of Exerting them in the moſt conſpicuous Manner.

The Great Part You had, as *Britiſh* Embaſſador, in Procuring and Cultivating the Advantageous Commerce between the Courts

of

of *England* and *Portugal*, has purchaſed You the laſting Eſteem of all who underſtand the Intereſt of either Nation.

Thoſe Perſonal Excellencies which are over-rated by the ordinary World and too much neglected by Wiſe Men, You have applied with the juſteſt Skill and Judgment. The moſt graceful Addreſs in Horſemanſhip, in the Uſe of the Sword, and in Dancing, has been employed by You as lower Arts, and

as

as they have occaſionally ſerved to recover, or introduce the Talents of a skilful Miniſter.

But your Abilities have not appear'd only in one Nation. When it was your Province to Act as Her Majeſty's Miniſter at the Court of *Savoy*, at that time encamped, You accompanied that Gallant Prince thro' all the Viciſſitudes of his Fortune, and ſhared, by His Side, the Dangers of that Glorious Day in which He re-

co-

covered His Capital. As far as it regards Perſonal Qualities, You attained, in that one Hour, the higheſt Military Reputation. The Behaviour of our Miniſter in the Action, and the good Offices done the Vanquiſhed in the Name of the Queen of *England*, gave both the Conqueror and the Captive the moſt lively Examples of the Courage and Generoſity of the Nation He repreſented.

Your

Your Friends and Companions in your Abſence frequently talk theſe things of You, and You cannot hide from us, (by the moſt diſcreet Silence in any Thing which regards your ſelf) that the frank Entertainment we have at your Table, your eaſie Condeſcention in little Incidents of Mirth and Diverſion, and general Complacency of Manners, are far from being the greateſt Obligation we have to You. I do aſ-

ſure

ſure You there is not one of your Friends has a Greater Senſe of your Merit in general, and of the Favours You every Day do us, than,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient, and

moſt Humble Servant,

Richard Steele,

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VII.

N° 474. *Wedneſday, September* 3, 1712.

Aſperitas agreſtis & inconcinna. Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

BEING of the Number of thoſe that have lately retired from the Center of Buſineſs and Pleaſure, my Uneaſineſs in the Country where I am, ariſes rather from the Society than the Solitude of it. To be obliged to receive and return Viſits from and to a Circle of Neighbours, who through Diverſity of Age or Inclinations, can neither be entertaining or ſerviceable to us, is a vile Loſs of Time, and a Slavery from which a Man ſhould deliver himſelf, if poſſible: For why muſt I loſe the remaining Part of my Life, becauſe they have thrown away the former Part of theirs? It is to me an inſupportable Affliction, to be tormented with the Narrations of a Set of People, who are warm in their Expreſſions of the quick Reliſh of that Pleaſure, which their Dogs and Horſes have a more delicate Taſte of. I do alſo in my Heart deteſt and ab-

'hor that damnable Doctrine and Poſition of the Neceſ-
'ſity of a Bumper, though to one's own Toaſt; for
'though 'tis pretended that theſe deep Politicians are uſed
'only to inſpire Gaiety, they certainly drown that Chear-
'fulneſs which would ſurvive a moderate Circulation. If
'at theſe Meetings it were left to every Stranger either to
'fill his Glaſs according to his own Inclination, or to
'make his Retreat when he finds he has been ſufficiently
'obedient to that of others, theſe Entertainments would
'be governed with more good Senſe, and conſequently
'with more good Breeding, than at preſent they are. In-
'deed where any of the Gueſts are known to meaſure
'their Fame or Pleaſure by their Glaſs, proper Exhorta-
'tions, might be uſed to theſe to puſh their Fortunes in
'this ſort of Reputation; but where 'tis unſeaſonably in-
'ſiſted on to a modeſt Stranger, this Drench may be ſaid
'to be ſwallowed with the ſame Neceſſity, as if it had
'been tendered in the Horn for that purpoſe, with this
'aggravating Circumſtance, that it diſtreſſes the Enter-
'tainer's Gueſt in the ſame degree as it relieves his
'Horſes.

'TO attend without Impatience an Account of five-
'barr'd Gates, double Ditches and Precipices, and to ſur-
'vey the Orator with deſiring Eyes, is to me extremely
'difficult, but abſolutely neceſſary, to be upon tolerable
'Terms with him: But then the occaſional Burſtings out
'into Laughter, is of all other Accompliſhments the moſt
'requiſite. I confeſs at preſent I have not that com-
'mand of theſe Convulſions, as is neceſſary to be good
'Company; therefore I beg you would publiſh this Let-
'ter, and let me be known all at once for a queer Fel-
'low, and avoided. It is monſtrous to me, that we,
'who are given to Reading and calm Converſation, ſhould
'ever be viſited by theſe Roarers: But they think they
'themſelves, as Neighbours, may come into our Rooms
'with the ſame Right, that they and their Dogs hunt in
'our Grounds.

'YOUR Inſtitution of Clubs I have always admir'd,
'in which you conſtantly endeavoured the Union of the
'metaphorical Defunct, that is ſuch as are neither ſer-
'viceable to the Buſy and Enterprizing part of Mankind,
'nor

nor entertaining to the Retir'd and Speculative. There ſhould certainly therefore in each Country be eſtabliſhed a Club of the Perſons whoſe Converſations I have deſcribed, who for their own private, as alſo the publick Emolument, ſhould exclude, and be excluded all other Society. Their Attire ſhould be the ſame with their Huntſmens, and none ſhould be admitted into this green Converſation-Piece, except he had broke his Collar-bone thrice. A broken Rib or two might alſo admit a Man without the leaſt Oppoſition. The Preſident muſt neceſſarily have broken his Neck, and have been taken up dead once or twice: For the more Maims this Brotherhood ſhall have met with, the eaſier will their Converſation flow and keep up; and when any one of theſe vigorous Invalids had finiſhed his Narration of the Collar-bone, this naturally would introduce the Hiſtory of the Ribs. Beſides, the different Circumſtances of their Falls and Fractures would help to prolong and diverſify their Relations. There ſhould alſo be another Club of ſuch Men, who have not ſucceeded ſo well in maiming themſelves, but are however in the conſtant Purſuit of theſe Accompliſhments. I would by no means be ſuſpected by what I have ſaid to traduce in general the Body of Fox-hunters; for whilſt I look upon a reaſonable Creature full-ſpeed after a Pack of Dogs, by way of Pleaſure, and not of Buſineſs, I ſhall always make honourable mention of it.

'BUT the moſt irkſome Converſation of all others I have met with in the Neighbourhood, has been among two or three of your Travellers, who have overlooked Men and Manners, and have paſſed thro' *France* and *Italy* with the ſame Obſervation that the Carriers and Stage-Coachmen do through *Great-Britain*; that is, their Stops and Stages have been regulated according to the Liquor they have met with in their Paſſage. They indeed remember the Names of abundance of Places, with the particular Fineries of certain Churches: But their diſtinguiſhing Mark is certain Prettineſſes of Foreign Languages, the meaning of which they could have better expreſs'd in their own. The Entertainment of theſe eObſervers, *Shakeſpear* has deſcribed to conſiſt

' *In talking of the* Alps *and* Appennines,
' *The* Pyrenean, *and the River* Po.

' and then concludes with a Sigh,

' *Now this is worſhipful Society*!

' I WOULD not be thought in all this to hate ſuch ' honeſt Creatures as Dogs; I am only unhappy that I ' cannot partake in their Diverſions. But I love them ſo ' well, as Dogs, that I often go with my Pockets ſtuf- ' fed with Bread to diſpenſe my Favours, or make my ' way through them at Neighbours Houſes. There is in ' particular a young Hound of great Expectation, Viva- ' city, and Enterprize, that attends my Flights where-ever ' he ſpies me. This Creature obſerves my Countenance, ' and behaves himſelf accordingly. His Mirth, his Fro- ' lick, and Joy upon the ſight of me has been obſerved, ' and I have been gravely deſired not to encourage him ' ſo much, for it ſpoils his Parts; but I think he ſhews ' them ſufficiently in the ſeveral Boundings, Friskings, ' and Scourings, when he makes his Court to me: But I ' foreſee in a little time he and I muſt keep Company ' with one another only, for we are fit for no other in ' theſe Parts. Having inform'd you how I do paſs my ' time in the Country where I am, I muſt proceed to tell ' you how I would paſs it, had I ſuch a Fortune as would ' put me above the Obſervance of Ceremony and Cuſtom.

' MY Scheme of a Country Life then ſhould be as fol- ' lows. As I am happy in three or four very agreeable ' Friends, theſe I would conſtantly have with me; and ' the Freedom we took with one another at School and ' the Univerſity, we would maintain and exert upon all ' Occaſions with great Courage. There ſhould be cer- ' tain Hours of the Day to be employ'd in Reading, du- ' ring which time it ſhould be impoſſible for any one of ' us to enter the other's Chamber, unleſs by Storm. Af- ' ter this we would communicate the Traſh or Treaſure ' we had met with, with our own Reflections upon the ' Matter; the Juſtneſs of which we would controvert with ' good-

'good-humour'd Warmth, and never ſpare one another 'out of that complaiſant Spirit of Converſation, which 'makes others affirm and deny the ſame matter in a 'quarter of an Hour. If any of the neighbouring Gen-'tlemen, not of our Turn, ſhould take it in their heads 'to viſit me, I ſhould look upon theſe Perſons in the 'ſame degree Enemies to my particular ſtate of Happi-'neſs, as ever the *French* were to that of the Publick, and 'I would be at an annual Expence in Spies to obſerve 'their Motions. Whenever I ſhould be ſurprized with a 'Viſit, as I hate drinking, I would be briſk in ſwilling 'Bumpers, upon this Maxim, That it is better to trouble 'others with my Impertinence, than to be troubled my 'ſelf with theirs. The Neceſſity of an Infirmary makes 'me reſolve to fall into that Project; and as we ſhould 'be but Five, the Terrors of an involuntary Separation, 'which our Number cannot ſo well admit of, would make 'us exert our ſelves, in oppoſition to all the particulars 'mentioned in your Inſtitution of that equitable Con-'finement. This my way of Life I know would ſubject 'me to the Imputation of a moroſe, covetous and ſingu-'lar Fellow. Theſe and all other hard Words, with all 'manner of inſipid Jeſts, and all other Reproach, would 'be matter of Mirth to me and my Friends: Beſides, I 'would deſtroy the Application of the Epithets Moroſe 'and Covetous, by a yearly Relief of my undeſervedly 'neceſſitous Neighbours, and by treating my Friends and 'Domeſticks with an Humanity that ſhould expreſs the 'Obligation to lie rather on my ſide; and as for the 'word Singular, It was always of opinion every Man 'muſt be ſo, to be what one would deſire him.

Your very humble Servant,

J. R.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'ABOUT two Years ago I was called upon by the 'younger part of a Country Family, by my Mo-'ther's ſide related to me, to viſit Mr. *Campbell*, the 'dumb Man; for they told me that that was chiefly what 'brought them to Town, having heard Wonders of him

'in *Eſſex*. I, who always wanted Faith in Matters of 'that kind, was not eaſily prevailed on to go; but leſt 'they ſhould take it ill, I went with them; when to my 'ſurprize, Mr. *Campbell* related all their paſt Life, (in 'ſhort, had he not been prevented, ſuch a Diſcovery 'would have come out, as would have ruined the next 'deſign of their coming to Town, *viz.* buying Wedding-'Cloaths.) Our Names——though he never heard of us 'before——and we endeavoured to conceal——were 'as familiar to him as to our ſelves. To be ſure, *Mr.* 'SPECTATOR, he is a very learned and wiſe Man. 'Being impatient to know my Fortune, having paid my 'reſpects in a Family-*Jacobus*, he told me (after his man-'ner) among ſeveral other things, that in a Year and 'nine Months I ſhould fall ill of a new Fever, be given 'over by my Phyſicians, but ſhould with much difficulty 'recover: That the firſt time I took the Air afterwards, 'I ſhould be addreſs'd to by a young Gentleman of a 'plentiful Fortune, good Senſe, and a generous Spirit. '*Mr.* SPECTATOR, he is the pureſt Man in the World, 'for all he ſaid is come to paſs, and I am the happieſt 'ſhe in *Kent*. I have been in queſt of Mr. *Campbell* 'theſe three Months, and cannot find him out. Now 'hearing you are a dumb Man too, I thought you might 'correſpond, and be able to tell me ſomething; for I 'think my ſelf highly oblig'd to make his Fortune, as he 'has mine. 'Tis very poſſible your Worſhip, who has 'Spies all over this Town, can inform me how to ſend 'to him: If you can, I beſeech you be as ſpeedy as 'poſſible, and you will highly oblige

Your conſtant Reader and Admirer,
Dulcibella Thankley.

ORDERED, That the Inſpector I employ about Wonders, enquire at the *Golden-Lion*, oppoſite to the *Half-Moon* Tavern in *Drury-Lane*, into the Merit of this ſilent Sage, and report accordingly. T

Thurſday,

N° 475. *Thurſday, September* 4.

——*Quæ res in ſe neque Conſilium neque modum*
Habet nullum, eam conſilio regere non potes. Ter.

IT is an old Obſervation, which has been made of Politicians who would rather ingratiate themſelves with their Sovereign, than promote his real Service, that they accommodate their Counſels to his Inclinations, and adviſe him to ſuch Actions only as his Heart is naturally ſet upon. The Privy-Counſellor of one in Love muſt obſerve the ſame Conduct, unleſs he would forfeit the Friendſhip of the Perſon who deſires his Advice. I have known ſeveral odd Caſes of this Nature. *Hipparchus* was going to marry a common Woman, but being reſolved to do nothing without the Advice of his Friend *Philander*, he conſulted him upon the Occaſion. *Philander* told him his Mind freely, and repreſented his Miſtreſs to him in ſuch ſtrong Colours, that the next Morning he received a Challenge for his pains, and before Twelve a Clock was run through the Body by the Man who had asked his Advice. *Celia* was more prudent on the like Occaſion; ſhe deſired *Leonilla* to give her Opinion freely upon a young Fellow who made his Addreſſes to her. *Leonilla*, to oblige her, told her with great Frankneſs, that ſhe looked upon him as one of the moſt worthleſs——*Celia*, foreſeeing what a Character ſhe was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that ſhe had been privately married to him above a Fortnight. The truth of it is, a Woman ſeldom asks Advice before ſhe has bought her Wedding-Cloaths. When ſhe has made her own Choice, for Form's ſake ſhe ſends a *Conge d'elire* to her Friends.

IF we look into the ſecret Springs and Motives that ſet People at work in theſe Occaſions, and put them upon asking Advice, which they never intend to take; I look upon it to be none of the leaſt, that they are incapable of

keeping a Secret which is ſo very pleaſing to them. A Girl longs to tell her Confident, that ſhe hopes to be married in a little time, and, in order to talk of the pretty Fellow that dwells ſo much in her Thoughts, asks her very gravely, what ſhe would adviſe her to in a caſe of ſo much Difficulty. Why elſe ſhould *Meliſſa*, who had not a Thouſand Pound in the World, go into every Quarter of the Town to ask her Acquaintance whether they would adviſe her to take *Tom Townly*, that made his Addreſſes to her with an Eſtate of five Thouſand a Year? 'Tis very pleaſant on this occaſion, to hear the Lady propoſe her Doubts, and to ſee the Pains ſhe is at to get over them.

I MUST not here omit a Practice that is in uſe among the vainer Part of our own Sex, who will often ask a Friend's Advice, in relation to a Fortune whom they are never likely to come at. WILL. HONEYCOMB, who is now on the Verge of Threeſcore, took me aſide not long ſince, and asked me in his moſt ſerious Look, whether I would adviſe him to marry my Lady *Betty Single*, who, by the way, is one of the greateſt Fortunes about Town. I ſtar'd him full in the Face upon ſo ſtrange a Queſtion; upon which he immediately gave me an Inventory of her Jewels and Eſtate, adding, that he was reſolved to do nothing in a matter of ſuch conſequence without my Approbation. Finding he would have an Anſwer, I told him, if he could get the Lady's Conſent, he had mine. This is about the tenth Match which, to my knowledge, WILL has conſulted his Friends upon, whithout ever opening his Mind to the Party herſelf.

I HAVE been engaged in this Subject by the following Letter, which comes to me from ſome notable young Female Scribe, who, by the Contents of it, ſeems to have carried Matters ſo far, that ſhe is ripe for asking Advice; but as I would not loſe her Good-Will, nor forfeit the Reputation which I have with her for Wiſdom, I ſhall only commuicate the Letter to the Publick, without returning any Anſwer to it.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'NOW, Sir, the thing is this: Mr. *Shapely* is the 'prettieſt Gentleman about Town. He is very tall, 'but not too tall neither. He dances like an Angel. His 'Mouth is made I don't know how, but 'tis the prettieſt 'that I ever ſaw in my Life. He is always laughing, for 'he has an infinite deal of Wit. If you did but ſee how 'he rolls his Stockins! He has a thouſand pretty Fancies, 'and I am ſure, if you ſaw him, you would like him. 'He is a very good Scholar, and can talk *Latin* as faſt 'as *Engliſh*. I wiſh you could but ſee him dance. Now 'you muſt underſtand poor Mr. *Shapely* has no Eſtate; 'but how can he help that, you know? And yet my 'Friends are ſo unreaſonable as to be always teazing me 'about him, becauſe he has no Eſtate: but I am ſure he 'has that that is better than an Eſtate; for he is a Good-'natured, Ingenious, Modeſt, Civil, Tall, Well-bred, 'Handſome Man, and I am obliged to him for his Civi-'lities ever ſince I ſaw him. I forgot to tell you that he 'has black Eyes, and looks upon me now and then as if he 'had Tears in them. And yet my Friends are ſo unrea-'ſonable, that they would have me be uncivil to him. I 'have a good Portion which they cannot hinder me of, 'and I ſhall be fourteen on the 29th Day of *Auguſt* next, 'and am therefore willing to ſettle in the World as ſoon 'as I can, and ſo is Mr. *Shapely*. But every body I ad-'viſe with here is poor Mr. *Shapely*'s Enemy. I de-'ſire therefore you will give me your Advice, for I 'know you are a wiſe Man; and if you adviſe me well, 'I am reſolved to follow it. I heartily wiſh you could 'ſee him dance, and am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

B. D.

'He loves your *Spectators* mightily.

C

Nº 476. *Friday, September 5.*

——*Lucidus Ordo.* Hor.

AMONG my daily Papers which I beſtow on the Publick, there are ſome which are written with Regularity and Method, and others that run out into the wildneſs of thoſe Compoſitions which go by the Name of *Eſſays*. As for the firſt, I have the whole Scheme of the Diſcourſe in my Mind before I ſet Pen to Paper. In the other kind of Writing, it is ſufficient that I have ſeveral thoughts on a Subject, without troubling my ſelf to range them in ſuch order, that they may ſeem to grow out of one another, and be diſpoſed under the proper Heads. *Seneca* and *Montaigne* are Patterns for Writing in this laſt kind, as *Tully* and *Ariſtotle* excel in the other. When I read an Author of Genius who writes without Method, I fancy my ſelf in a Wood that abounds with a great many noble Objects, riſing among one another in the greateſt Confuſion and Diſorder. When I read a methodical Diſcourſe, I am in a regular Plantation, and can place my ſelf in its ſeveral Centres, ſo as to take a view of all the Lines and Walks that are ſtruck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole Day together, and every Moment diſcover ſomething or other that is new to you; but when you have done, you will have but a confuſed imperfect Notion of the Place: In the other, your Eye commands the whole Proſpect, and gives you ſuch an Idea of it, as is not eaſily worn out of the Memory.

IRREGULARITY and want of Method are only ſupportable in Men of great Learning or Genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore chuſe to throw down their Pearls in Heaps before the Reader, rather than be at the pains of ſtringing them.

METHOD is of advantage to a Work, both in reſpect to the Writer and the Reader. In regard to the firſt, it

it is a great help to his Invention. When a Man has plann'd his Diſcourſe, he finds a great many thoughts riſing out of every Head, that do not offer themſelves upon the general Survey of a Subject. His Thoughts are at the ſame time more intelligible, and better diſcover their Drift and Meaning, when they are placed in their proper Lights, and follow one another in regular Series, than when they are thrown together without Order and Connexion. There is always an Obſcurity in Confuſion, and the ſame Sentence that would have enlightened the Reader in one part of a Diſcourſe, perplexes him in another. For the ſame reaſon likewiſe every Thought in a methodical Diſcourſe ſhews it ſelf in its greateſt Beauty, as the ſeveral Figures in a piece of Painting receive new Grace from their Diſpoſition in the Picture. The Advantages of a Reader from a methodical Diſcourſe, are correſpondent with thoſe of the Writer. He comprehends every thing eaſily, takes it in with Pleaſure, and retains it long.

METHOD is not leſs requiſite in ordinary Converſation than in Writing, provided a Man would talk to make himſelf underſtood. I, who hear a thouſand Coffee-houſe Debates every Day, am very ſenſible of this want of Method in the Thoughts of my honeſt Countrymen. There is not one Diſpute in ten which is managed in thoſe Schools of Politicks, where, after the three firſt Sentences, the Queſtion is not entirely loſt. Our Diſputants put me in mind of the Skuttle-Fiſh, that when he is unable to extricate himſelf, blackens all the Water about him till he becomes inviſible. The Man who does not know how to methodize his Thoughts, has always, to borrow a Phraſe from the Diſpenſary, *a barren Superfluity of Words*; the Fruit is loſt amidſt the Exuberance of Leaves.

TOM Puzzle is one of the moſt eminent immethodical Diſputants of any that has fallen under my Obſervation. *Tom* has read enough to make him very impertinent; his Knowledge is ſufficient to raiſe Doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he has ſo much Learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With theſe Qualifications *Tom* ſets up for a Free-thinker, finds a great many things to blame in the Conſtitution of his Country,

Country, and gives ſhrewd Intimations that he does not believe another World. In ſhort, *Puzzle* is an Atheiſt as much as his Parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen common-place Topicks, into which he never fails to turn the Converſation, whatever was the occaſion of it: Tho' the matter in debate be about *Douay* or *Denain*, it is ten to one but half his Diſcourſe runs upon the Unreaſonableneſs of Bigottry and Prieſt-craft. This makes Mr. *Puzzle* the Admiration of all thoſe who have leſs Senſe than himſelf, and the Contempt of all thoſe who have more. There is none in Town whom *Tom* dreads ſo much as my Friend *Will Dry*. *Will*, who is acquainted with *Tom*'s Logick, when he finds him running off the Queſtion, cuts him ſhort with a *What then? We allow all this to be true, but what is it to our preſent Purpoſe?* I have known *Tom* eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the Superiority of Argument, when he has been non-plus'd on a ſudden by Mr. *Dry*'s deſiring him to tell the Company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In ſhort, *Dry* is a Man of a clear methodical Head, but few Words, and gains the ſame Advantages over *Puzzle*, that a ſmall Body of regular Troops would gain over a numberleſs undiſciplined Militia. C

N° 477. *Saturday, September 6.*

——— An me ludit amabilis
Inſania? audire & videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos & aquæ ſubeunt & auræ. Hor.

SIR,

HAVING lately read your Eſſay on the Pleaſures of the Imagination, I was ſo taken with your Thoughts upon ſome of our *Engliſh* Gardens, that I cannot forbear troubling you with a Letter upon that Subject. I am one, you muſt know, who am looked upon as a Humouriſt

Humouriſt in Gardening. I have ſeveral Acres about my Houſe, which I call my Garden, and which a skilful Gardener would not know what to call. It is a Confuſion of Kitchin and Parterre, Orchard and Flower-Garden, which lie ſo mixt and interwoven with one another, that if a Foreigner who had ſeen nothing of our Country ſhould be convey'd into my Garden at his firſt landing, he would look upon it as a natural Wilderneſs, and one of the uncultivated Parts of our Country. My Flowers grow up in ſeveral Parts of the Garden in the greateſt Luxuriancy and Profuſion. I am ſo far from being fond of any particular one, by reaſon of its Rarity, that if I meet with any one in a Field which pleaſes me, I give it a place in my Garden. By this means, when a Stranger walks with me, he is ſurprized to ſee ſeveral large Spots of Ground cover'd with ten thouſand different Colours, and has often ſingled out Flowers that he might have met with under a common Hedge, in a Field or in a Meadow, as ſome of the greateſt Beauties of the Place. The only Method I obſerve in this Particular, is to range in the ſame Quarter the Products of the ſame Seaſon, that they may make their Appearance together, and compoſe a Picture of the greateſt variety. There is the ſame Irregularity in my Plantations, which run into as great a Wildneſs as their Natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the Soil, and am pleaſed when I am walking in a Labyrinth of my own raiſing, not to know whether the next Tree I ſhall meet with is an Apple or an Oak, an Elm or a Pear-Tree. My Kitchin has likewiſe its particular Quarters aſſigned it; for beſides the wholeſom Luxury which that Place abounds with, I have always thought a Kitchin-Garden a more pleaſant Sight than the fineſt Orangery, or artificial Green-houſe. I love to ſee every thing in its Perfection, and am more pleaſed to ſurvey my Rows of Coleworts and Cabbages, with a thouſand nameleſs Potherbs, ſpringing up in their full Fragrancy and Verdure, than to ſee the tender Plants of Foreign Countries kept alive by artificial Heats, or withering in an Air and Soil that are not adapted to them. I muſt not omit, that there is a Fountain riſing in the upper part of my Garden, which forms a little wandring Rill, and adminiſters to the

Pleaſure

Pleaſure as well as the Plenty of the Place. I have ſo conducted it, that it viſits moſt of my Plantations; and have taken particular Care to let it run in the ſame manner as it would do in an open Field, ſo that it generally paſſes thro' Banks of Violets and Primroſes, Plats of Willow, or other Plants, that ſeem to be of its own producing. There is another Circumſtance in which I am very particular, or, as my Neighbours call me, very whimſical: As my Garden invites into it all the Birds of the Country, by offering them the Conveniency of Springs and Shades, Solitude and Shelter, I do not ſuffer any one to deſtroy their Neſts in the Spring, or drive them from their uſual Haunts in Fruit-time. I value my Garden more for being full of Blackbirds than Cherries, and very frankly give them Fruit for their Songs. By this means I have always the Muſick of the Seaſon in its Perfection, and am highly delighted to ſee the Jay or the Thruſh hopping about my Walks, and ſhooting before my Eye acroſs the ſeveral little Glades and Alleys that I paſs thro'. I think there are as many kinds of Gardening as of Poetry: Your Makers of Parterres and Flower-Gardens, are Epigrammatiſts and Sonneteers in this Art; Contrivers of Bowers and Grotto's, Treillages and Caſcades, are Romance Writers. *Wiſe* and *London* are our heroick Poets; and if, as a Critick, I may ſingle out any Paſſage of their Works to commend, I ſhall take notice of that Part in the upper Garden, at *Kenſington*, which was at firſt nothing but a Gravel-Pit. It muſt have been a fine Genius for Gardening, that could have thought of forming ſuch an unſightly Hollow into ſo beautiful an Area, and to have hit the Eye with ſo uncommon and agreeable a Scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular Spot of Ground the greater Effect, they have made a very pleaſing Contraſt: for as on one ſide of the Walk you ſee this hollow Baſin, with its ſeveral little Plantations lying ſo conveniently under the Eye of the Beholder; on the other ſide of it there appears a ſeeming Mount, made up of Trees riſing one higher than another in proportion as they approach the Center. A Spectator, who has not heard this Account of it, would think this Circular Mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually ſcooped out of that hollow

low Space which I have before mention'd. I never yet met with any one who had walked in this Garden, who was not ſtruck with that Part of it which I have here mention'd. As for my ſelf, you will find, by the Account which I have already given you, that my Compoſitions in Gardening are altogether after the *Pindarick* manner, and run into the beautiful Wildneſs of Nature, without affecting the nicer Elegancies of Art. What I am now going to mention, will, perhaps, deſerve your Attention more than any thing I have yet ſaid. I find that in the Diſcourſe which I ſpoke of at the Beginning of my Letter, you are againſt filling an *Engliſh* Garden with Ever-Greens; and indeed I am ſo far of your Opinion, that I can by no means think the Verdure of an Ever-Green comparable to that which ſhoots out annually, and clothes our Trees in the Summer-Seaſon. But I have often wonder'd that thoſe who are like my ſelf, and love to live in Gardens, have never thought of contriving a *Winter-Garden*, which would conſiſt of ſuch Trees only as never caſt the Leaves. We have very often little Snatches of Sunſhine and fair Weather in the moſt uncomfortable Parts of the Year, and have frequently ſeveral Days in *November* and *January* that are as agreeable as any in the fineſt Months. At ſuch times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater Pleaſure, than to walk in ſuch a *Winter-Garden* as I have propoſed. In the Summer-Seaſon the whole Country blooms, and is a kind of Garden, for which reaſon we are not ſo ſenſible of thoſe Beauties that at this time may be every where met with; but when Nature is in her Deſolation, and preſents us with nothing but bleak and barren Proſpects, there is ſomething unſpeakably chearful in a Spot of Ground which is cover'd with Trees that ſmile amidſt all the Rigours of Winter, and give us a view of the moſt gay Seaſon in the midſt of that which is the moſt dead and melancholy. I have ſo far indulged my ſelf in this Thought, that I have ſet apart a whole Acre of Ground for the executing of it. The Walls are covered with Ivy inſtead of Vines. The Laurel, the Hornbeam, and the Holly, with many other Trees and Plants of the ſame nature, grow ſo thick in it, that you cannot imagine a more lively Scene. The glowing Redneſs of

the

the Berries, with which they are hung at this time, vie with the Verdure of their Leaves, and are apt to inſpire the Heart of the Beholder with that vernal Delight which you have ſomewhere taken notice of in your former Papers. It is very pleaſant, at the ſame time, to ſee the ſeveral kinds of Birds retiring into this little green Spot, and enjoying themſelves among the Branches and Foliage, when my great Garden, which I have before mention'd to you, does not afford a ſingle Leaf for their Shelter.

YOU muſt know, Sir, that I look upon the Pleaſure which we take in a Garden, as one of the moſt innocent Delights in human Life. A Garden was the Habitation of our firſt Parents before the Fall. It is naturally apt to fill the Mind with Calmneſs and Tranquility, and to lay all its turbulent Paſſions at reſt. It gives us a great inſight into the Contrivance and Wiſdom of Providence, and ſuggeſts innumerable Subjects for Meditation. I cannot but think the very Complacency and Satisfaction which a Man takes in theſe Works of Nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous Habit of Mind. For all which Reaſons I hope you will pardon the Length of my preſent Letter.

C *I am,*

SIR, &c.

Monday,

N° 478. *Monday, September* 8.

Usus
Quem penes Arbitrium eſt, & Jus & Norma

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT happened lately, that a Friend of mine, who had many things to buy for his Family, would oblige me to walk with him to the Shops. He was very nice in his way, and fond of having every thing ſhewn, which at firſt made me very uneaſy; but as his Humour ſtill continu'd, the things which I had been ſtaring at along with him, began to fill my Head, and led me into a Set of amuſing Thoughts concerning them.

I FANCIED it muſt be very ſurprizing to any one who enters into a detail of Faſhions, to conſider how far the Vanity of Mankind has laid it ſelf out in Dreſs, what a prodigious number of People it maintains, and what a Circulation of Mony it occaſions. Providence in this Caſe makes uſe of the Folly which we will not give up, and it becomes inſtrumental to the ſupport of thoſe who are willing to labour. Hence it is that Fringe-Makers, Lace-Men, Tire-Women, and a number of other Trades, which would be uſeleſs in a ſimple State of Nature, draw their Subſiſtence; tho' it is ſeldom ſeen that ſuch as theſe are extremely rich, becauſe their original Fault of being founded upon Vanity, keeps them poor by the light Inconſtancy of its Nature. The Variableneſs of Faſhion turns the Stream of Buſineſs which flows from it now into one Channel, and anon into another; ſo that different Sets of People ſink or flouriſh in their turns by it.

FROM the Shops we retir'd to the Tavern, where I found my Frend expreſs ſo much ſatisfaction for the Bargains he had made, that my moral Reflections (if I had told them) might have paſs'd for a Reproof; ſo I choſe rather to fall in with him, and let the Diſcourſe run upon the uſe of Faſhions.

HERE

HERE we remembred how much Man is govern'd by his Senſes, how lively he is ſtruck by the Objects which appear to him in an agreeable manner, how much Clothes contribute to make us agreeable Objects, and how much we owe it to our ſelves that we ſhould appear ſo.

WE conſidered Man as belonging to Societies; Societies as form'd of different Ranks; and different Ranks diſtinguiſhed by Habits, that all proper Duty or Reſpect might attend their Appearance.

WE took notice of ſeveral Advantages which are met with in the Occurrences of Converſation. How the baſhful Man has been ſometimes ſo rais'd, as to expreſs himſelf with an Air of Freedom, when he imagines that his Habit introduces him to Company with a becoming manner: And again, how a Fool in fine Clothes ſhall be ſuddenly heard with Attention, till he has betray'd himſelf; whereas a Man of Senſe appearing with a Dreſs of Negligence, ſhall be but coldly received, till he be proved by Time, and eſtabliſhed in a Character. Such things as theſe we cou'd recollect to have happen'd to our own knowledge ſo very often, that we concluded the Author had his Reaſons, who adviſes his Son to go in Dreſs rather above his Fortune than under it.

AT laſt the Subject ſeem'd ſo conſiderable, that it was propoſed to have a Repoſitory built for Faſhions, as there are Chambers for Medals and other Rarities. The Building may be ſhap'd as that which ſtands among the Pyramids, in the Form of a Woman's Head. This may be rais'd upon Pillars, whoſe Ornaments ſhall bear a juſt relation to the Deſign. Thus there may be an Imitation of Fringe carv'd in the Baſe, a ſort of Appearance of Lace in the Frieze; and a Repreſentation of curling Locks, with Bows of Ribband ſloping over them, may fill up the Work of the Corniſh. The Inſide may be divided into two Apartments appropriated to each Sex. The Apartments may be fill'd with Shelves, on which Boxes are to ſtand as regularly as Books in a Library. Theſe are to have Folding-Doors, which being open'd, you are to behold a Baby dreſſed out in ſome Faſhion which has flouriſh'd, and ſtanding upon a Pedeſtal, where the Time of its Reign is mark'd down. For its further Regulation, let it be order'd

er'd, that every one who invents a Faſhion ſhall bring in is Box, whoſe Front he may at pleaſure have either work'd painted with ſome amorous or gay Device, that, like ooks with gilded Leaves and Covers, it may the ſooner raw the Eyes of the Beholders. And to the end that heſe may be preſerv'd with all due Care, let there be a eeper appointed, who ſhall be a Gentleman qualify'd with competent Knowledge in Clothes; ſo that by this means he Place will be a comfortable Support for ſome Beau who has ſpent his Eſtate in dreſſing.

THE Reaſons offer'd by which we expected to gain he Approbation of the Publick, were as follows.

FIRST, That every one who is conſiderable enough o be a Mode, and has any Imperfection of Nature or Chance, which it is poſſible to hide by the Advantage of Clothes, may, by coming to this Repoſitory, be furniſh'd er ſelf, and furniſh all who are under the ſame Misfor-une, with the moſt agreeable Manner of concealing it; nd that on the other ſide, every one who has any Beauty n Face or Shape, may alſo be furniſhed with the moſt a-greeable Manner of ſhewing it.

SECONDLY, That whereas ſome of our young Gentlemen who travel, give us great reaſon to ſuſpect that hey only go abroad to make or improve a Fancy for Dreſs, Project of this nature may be a means to keep them at ome, which is in effect the keeping of ſo much Mony n the Kingdom. And perhaps the Balance of Faſhion in *Europe*, which now leans upon the ſide of *France*, may be ſo alter'd for the future, that it may become as com-mon with *Frenchmen* to come to *England* for their finiſh-ing Stroke of Breeding, as it has been for *Engliſhmen* to go to *France* for it.

THIRDLY, whereas ſeveral great Scholars, who might have been otherwiſe uſeful to the World, have ſpent their time in ſtudying to deſcribe the Dreſſes of the Ancients from dark Hints, which they are fain to interpret and ſupport with much Learning; it will from henceforth hap-pen, that they ſhall be freed from the Trouble, and the World from uſeleſs Volumes. This Project will be a Re-giſtry, to which Poſterity may have recourſe, for the clearing ſuch obſcure Paſſages as tend that way in Authors; and there-

therefore we ſhall not for the future ſubmit our ſelves t the Learning of Etymology, which might perſuade th Age to come, that the Farthingal was worn for Cheapne or the Furbelo for Warmth.

FOURTHLY, Whereas they who are old themſelve have often a way of railing at the Extravagance of Youth and the whole Age in which their Children live; it is ho ped that this ill Humour will be much ſuppreſs'd, whe we can have recourſe to the Faſhions of their time, pro duce them in our vindication, and be able to ſhew that might have been as expenſive in Queen *Elizabeth's* tim only to waſh and quill a Ruff, as it is now to buy Crava or Neck-Handkerchiefs.

WE deſire alſo to have it taken notice of, That becau we would ſhew a particular reſpect to Foreigners, whic may induce them to perfect their Breeding here in a Know ledge which is very proper for pretty Gentlemen, we hav conceived the Motto for the Houſe in the learned La guage. There is to be a Picture over the Door, with Looking-Glaſs and a Dreſſing-Chair in the middle of i Then on one ſide are to be ſeen, above one another Patch-Boxes, Pin-Cuſhions, and little Bottles; on the other Swords with fine Knots, whoſe Points are hidden, and Fa almoſt cloſed, with the Handles downward, are to ſtan out interchangeably from the Sides, till they meet at th top, and form a Semi-circle over the reſt of the Figure Beneath all, the Writing is to run in this pretty founding Manner:

Adeſte, O quotquot ſunt, Veneres, Gratiæ, Cupidines,
En vobis adſunt in promptu
Faces, Vincula, Spicula,
Hinc eligite, ſumite, regite.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

A. B

THE Propoſal of my Correſpondent I cannot but look upon as an ingenious Method of placing Perſons (whoſe Parts make them ambitious to exert themſelves in frivo lous

us things) in a Rank by themſelves. In order to this, I ould propoſe, That there be a Board of Directors of the ſhionable Society; and becauſe it is a Matter of too much eight for a private Man to determine alone, I ſhould e highly obliged to my Correſpondents if they would ive in Liſts of Perſons qualify'd for this Truſt. If the hief Coffee-houſes, the Converſations of which Places are arry'd on by Perſons, each of whom has his little num-er of Followers and Admirers, would name from among hemſelves two or three to be inſerted, they ſhould be put p with great Faithfulneſs. Old Beaus are to be preſented n the firſt place; but as that Sect, with relation to Dreſs, almoſt extinct, it will, I fear, be abſolutely neceſſary to ake in all Time-Servers, properly ſo deem'd; that is, ſuch s, without any Conviction of Conſcience or View of In-ereſt, change with the World, and that merely from a Terror of being out of faſhion. Such alſo, who from acility of Temper, and too much Obſequiouſneſs, are icious againſt their Will, and follow Leaders whom they o not approve, for want of Courage to go their own way, re capable Perſons for this Superintendency. Thoſe who re loth to grow old, or would do any thing contrary to he Courſe and Order of things, out of fondneſs to be in faſhion, are proper Candidates. To conclude, thoſe who re in faſhion without apparent Merit, muſt be ſuppoſed to have latent Qualities, which would appear in a Poſt of Direction; and therefore are to be regarded in forming theſe Liſts. Any who ſhall be pleaſed, according to theſe, or what further Qualifications may occur to himſelf, to ſend a Liſt, is deſired to do it within fourteen days after this Date.

N. B. *The Place of the Phyſician to this Society, according to the laſt mentioned Qualification, is already engag'd.*

T

Tueſday,

Nº 479. *Tuesday, September* 9.

——— *Dare Jure maritis.* Hor.

MANY are the Epistles I every day receive from Husbands, who complain of Vanity, Pride, bu above all Ill-nature, in their Wives. I cannot te how it is, but I think I see in all their Letters that th Cause of their Uneasiness is in themselves; and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married Condition unhappy but from want of Judgment or Temper in the Man. Th truth is, we generally make love in a Style, and with Sentiments very unfit for ordinary Life: They are half Theatrical, half Romantick. By this Means we raise our Imaginations to what is not to be expected in human Life; and because we did not beforehand think of the Creature we were enamoured of, as subject to Dishumour, Age, Sickness, Impatience or Sullenness, but altogether considered her as the Object of Joy, human Nature it self is often imputed to her as her particular Imperfection or Defect.

I take it to be a Rule proper to be observed in all Occurrences of Life, but more especially in the domestick or matrimonial Part of it, to preserve always a Disposition to be pleased. This cannot be supported but by considering things in their right light, and as Nature has form'd them, and not as our own Fancies or Appetites would have them. He then who took a young Lady to his Bed, with no other Consideration than the Expectation of Scenes of Dalliance, and thought of her (as I said before) only as she was to administer to the Gratification of Desire; as that Desire flags, will, without her fault, think her Charms and her Merit abated: From hence must follow Indifference, Dislike, Peevishness, and Rage. But the Man who brings his Reason to support his Passion, and beholds what he loves as liable to all the Calamities of human Life both in Body and Mind, and even at the best

ſt what muſt bring upon him new Cares and new Re-
ions; ſuch a Lover, I ſay, will form himſelf accord-
gly, and adapt his Mind to the Nature of his Circum-
nces. This latter Perſon will be prepared to be a Fa-
er, a Friend, an Advocate, a Steward for People yet un-
rn, and has proper Affections ready for every Incident
the Marriage State. Such a Man can hear the Cries of
hildren with Pity inſtead of Anger; and when they run
er his Head, he is not diſturb'd at their Noiſe, but is
ad of their Mirth and Health. *Tom Truſty* has told me,
at he thinks it doubles his Attention to the moſt intri-
te Affair he is about, to hear his Children, for whom all
s Cares are applied, make a noiſe in the next Room:
n the other ſide *Will Sparkiſh* cannot put on his Perri-
ig, or adjuſt his Cravat at the Glaſs, for the Noiſe of
oſe damned Nurſes and ſqualling Brats; and then ends
ith a gallant Reflection upon the Comforts of Matrimo-
y, runs out of the Hearing, and drives to the Chocolate-
ouſe.

ACCORDING as the Husband is diſpos'd in him-
lf, every Circumſtance of his Life is to give him Torment
r Pleaſure. When the Affection is well-placed, and ſup-
orted by the Conſiderations of Duty, Honour, and
riendſhip, which are in the higheſt Degree engaged in
his Alliance, there can nothing riſe in the common Courſe
f Life, or from the Blows or Favours of Fortune, in
which a Man will not find Matters of ſome Delight un-
known to a ſingle Condition.

HE who ſincerely loves his Wife and Family, and ſtudies
o improve that Affection in himſelf, conceives Pleaſure
rom the moſt indifferent things; while the married Man,
who has not bid adieu to the Faſhions and falſe Gallantries
f the Town, is perplexed with every thing around him.
n both theſe caſes Men cannot, indeed, make a ſillier Fi-
ure, than in repeating ſuch Pleaſures and Pains to the reſt
f the World; but I ſpeak of them only, as they ſit upon
hoſe who are involved in them. As I viſit all ſorts of
People, I cannot indeed but ſmile, when the good Lady
ells her Husband what extraordinary things the Child ſpoke
ince he went out. No longer than yeſterday I was prevail'd
with to go home with a fond Husband: and his Wife
told

told him, that his Son, of his own head, when the Cloc in the Parlour ſtruck two, ſaid, Pappa would come hom to dinner preſently. While the Father has him in a raptur in his Arms, and is drowning him with Kiſſes, the Wif tells me he is but juſt four years old. Then they bot ſtruggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat hi Obſervation of two a-clock. I was called upon, b Looks upon the Child, and then at me, to ſay ſomething and I told the Father, that this Remark of the Infant o his coming home, and joining the Time with it, was certain Indication that he would be a great Hiſtorian an Chronologer. They are neither of them Fools, yet re ceived my Compliment with great acknowledgment of m Preſcience. I fared very well at Dinner, and heard man other notable Sayings of their Heir, which would hav given very little Entertainment to one leſs turned to Re flection than I was; but it was a pleaſing Speculation t remark on the Happineſs of a Life, in which things o no moment give occaſion of Hope, Self-Satisfaction, an Triumph. On the other hand, I have known an ill-na tur'd Coxcomb, who was hardly improved in any thing but Bulk, for want of this Diſpoſition, ſilence the whol Family, as a Set of ſilly Women and Children, for re counting things which were really above his own Capa city.

WHEN I ſay all this, I cannot deny but there are per verſe Jades that fall to Mens lots, with whom it require more than common Proficiency in Philoſophy to be able to live. When theſe are joined to Men of warm Spirits without Temper or Learning, they are frequently cor rected with Stripes; but one of our famous Lawyers is of opinion, that this ought to be uſed ſparingly; as I remember, thoſe are his very Words: but as it is proper to draw ſome ſpiritual Uſe out of all Afflictions, I ſhould rather recommend to thoſe who are viſited with Women of Spirit, to form themſelves for the World by Patience at home. *Socrates*, who is by all Accounts the undoubted Head of the Sect of the Hen-peck'd, own'd and acknow ledged that he ow'd great part of his Virtue to the Exer ciſe which his uſeful Wife conſtantly gave it. There are ſeveral good Inſtructions may be drawn from his wife

Anſwers

Anſwers to People of leſs Fortitude than himſelf on her Subject. A Friend, with Indignation, asked how ſo good a Man could live with ſo violent a Creature? He obſerv'd to him, *That they who learn to keep a good Seat on horſe-back, mount the leaſt managable they can get, and when they have maſter'd them, they are ſure never to be diſcompos'd on the Backs of Steeds leſs reſtive.* At ſeveral times, to different Perſons, on the ſame Subject, he has ſaid, *My dear Friend, you are beholden to* Xantippe, *that I bear ſo well your flying out into a Diſpute.* To another, *My Hen clacks very much, but ſhe brings me Chickens. They that live in a trading Street, are not diſturbed at the Paſſage of Carts.* I would have, if poſſible, a wiſe Man be contented with his Lot, even with a Shrew; for tho' he cannot make her better, he may, you ſee, make himſelf better by her means.

BUT inſtead of purſuing my Deſign of Diſplaying Conjugal Love in its natural Beauties and Attractions, I am got into Tales to the diſadvantage of that State of Life. I muſt ſay therefore, that I am verily perſuaded that whatever is delightful in human Life, is to be enjoy'd in greater Perfection in the marry'd, than in the ſingle Condition. He that has this Paſſion in perfection, in Occaſions of Joy can ſay to himſelf, beſides his own Satisfaction, *How happy will this make my Wife and Children?* Upon Occurrences of Diſtreſs or Danger can comfort himſelf, *But, all this while my Wife and Children are ſafe.* There is ſomething in it that doubles Satisfactions, becauſe others participate them; and diſpels Afflictions, becauſe others are exempt from them. All who are marry'd without this Reliſh of their Circumſtance, are in either a taſteleſs Indolence and Negligence, which is hardly to be attain'd, or elſe live in the hourly Repetition of ſharp Anſwers, eager Upbraidings, and Diſtracting Reproaches. In a word the married State, with and without the Affection ſuitable to it, is the compleateſt Image of Heaven and Hell we are capable of receiving in this Life.

T

N° 480. *Wedneſday, September* 10.

Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,
Fortis, & in ſeipſo totus teres, atque rotundus. Hor.

THE other Day looking over thoſe old Manuſcripts, of which I have formerly given ſome account, and which relate to the Character of the mighty *Pharamond* of *France*, and the cloſe Friendſhip between him and his Friend *Eucrate*; I found, among the Letters which had been in the cuſtody of the latter, an Epiſtle from a Country Gentleman to *Pharamond*, wherein he excuſes himſelf from coming to Court. The Gentleman, it ſeems, was contented with his Condition, had formerly been in the King's Service, but at the writing the following Letter, had, from Leiſure and Reflection, quite another Senſe of things than that which he had in the more active Part of his Life.

Monſieur Chezluy *to* Pharamond.

Dread Sir,

'I HAVE from your own Hand (encloſed under the Cover of Mr. *Eucrate* of your Majeſty's Bed-Chamber) a Letter which invites me to Court. I underſtand 'this great Honour to be done me out of Reſpect and 'Inclination to me, rather than Regard to your own Ser-'vice: For which reaſon I beg leave to lay before your 'Majeſty my Reaſons for declining to depart from home; 'and will not doubt but, as your Motive in deſiring my 'attendance was to make me a happier Man, when you 'think that will not be effected by my Remove, you will 'permit me to ſtay where I am. Thoſe who have an 'ambition to appear in Courts, have either an opinion that 'their Perſons or their Talents are particularly formed for 'the Service or Ornament of that Place; or elſe are hur-'ried by downright Deſire of Gain, or what they call Ho-

'nour,

'nour, or take upon themſelves whatever the Generoſity
'of their Maſter can give them Opportunities to graſp at.
'But your Goodneſs ſhall not be thus impoſed upon by
'me: I will therefore confeſs to you, that frequent Soli-
'tude, and long Converſation with ſuch who know no
'Arts which poliſh Life, have made me the plaineſt Crea-
'ture in your Dominions. Thoſe leſs Capacities of mo-
'ving with a good Grace, bearing a ready Affability to all
'around me, and acting with eaſe before many, have quite
'left me. I am come to that, with regard to my Perſon,
'that I conſider it only as a Machine I am obliged to take
'care of, in order to enjoy my Soul in its Faculties with
'Alacrity; well remembring, that this Habitation of Clay
'will in a few years be a meaner Piece of Earth than any
'Utenſil about my Houſe. When this is, as it really is,
'the moſt frequent Reflection I have, you will eaſily ima-
'gine how well I ſhould become a Drawing Room: Add
'to this, What ſhall a Man without Deſires do about the
'generous *Pharamond*? Monſieur *Eucrate* has hinted to
'me, that you have thoughts of diſtinguiſhing me with
'Titles. As for my ſelf, in the Temper of my preſent
'Mind, Appellations of Honour would but embaraſs
'Diſcourſe, and new Behaviour towards me perplex me
'in every Habitude of Life. I am alſo to acknowledge to
'you, that my Children, of whom your Majeſty conde-
'ſcended to enquire, are all of them mean, both in their
'Perſons and Genius. The Eſtate my eldeſt Son is Heir
'to, is more than he can enjoy with a good Grace. My
'Self-love will not carry me ſo far, as to impoſe upon
'Mankind the Advancement of Perſons (merely for their
'being related to me) into high Diſtinctions, who ought
'for their own ſakes, as well as that of the Publick, to
'affect Obſcurity. I wiſh, my generous Prince, as it is
'in your power to give Honours and Offices, it were al-
'ſo to give Talents ſuitable to them: Were it ſo, the
'noble *Pharamond* would reward the Zeal of my Youth
'with Abilities to do him ſervice in my Age.

'THOSE who accept of Favour without Merit, ſup-
'port themſelves in it at the expence of your Majeſty.
'Give me leave to tell you, Sir, this is the Reaſon that we

in the Country hear ſo often repeated the Word *Prerogative*. That Part of your Law which is reſerved in your ſelf for the readier Service and Good of the Publick, ſlight Men are eternally buzzing in our Ears to cover their own Follies and Miſcarriages. It would be an Addition to the high Favour you have done me, if you would let *Eucrate* ſend me word how often, and in what Caſes you allow a Conſtable to inſiſt upon the Prerogative. From the higheſt to the loweſt Officer in your Dominions, ſomething of their own Carriage they would exempt from Examination under the Shelter of the Word *Prerogative*. I would fain, moſt noble *Pharamond*, ſee one of your Officers aſſert your Prerogative by good and gracious Actions. When is it uſed to help the Afflicted, to reſcue the Innocent, to comfort the Stranger? Uncommon Methods, apparently undertaken to attain worthy Ends, would never make Power invidious. You ſee, Sir, I talk to you with the Freedom your noble Nature approves, in all whom you admit to your Converſation.

'BUT, to return to your Majeſty's Letter, I humbly conceive, that all Diſtinctions are uſeful to Men, only as they are to act in publick; and it would be a romantick Madneſs, for a Man to be a Lord in his Cloſet. Nothing can be honourable to a Man apart from the World, but the Reflection upon worthy Actions; and he that places Honour in a Conſciouſneſs of Well-doing, will have but little reliſh for any outward Homage that is paid him, ſince what gives him diſtinction to himſelf, cannot come within the Obſervation of his Beholders. Thus all the Words of Lordſhip, Honour, and Grace, are only Repetitions to a Man that the King has order'd him to be called ſo; but no Evidences that there is any thing in himſelf that would give the Man who applies to him thoſe Ideas, without the Creation of his Maſter.

'I HAVE, moſt noble *Pharamond*, all Honours and all Titles in your own Approbation; I triumph in them as they are your Gift, I refuſe them as they are to give me the Obſervation of others. Indulge me, my noble Maſter, in this Chaſtity of Renown; let me know my

'ſelf

'ſelf in the Favour of *Pharamond*; and look down upon 'the Applauſe of the People.

I am,
in all Duty and Loyalty,
Your Majeſty's moſt obedient
Subject and Servant.
Jean Chezluy.

SIR,

'I NEED not tell you with what Diſadvantages Men 'of low Fortunes and great Modeſty come into the 'World; what wrong Meaſures their Diffidence of them-'ſelves, and Fear of offending, often obliges them to 'take; and what a Pity it is that their greateſt Virtues and 'Qualities, that ſhould ſooneſt recommend them, are the 'main Obſtacle in the way of their Preferment.

'THIS, Sir, is my Caſe; I was bred at a Country 'School, where I learned *Latin* and *Greek*. The Misfor-'tunes of my Family forced me up to Town, where a 'Profeſſion of the politer ſort has protected me againſt 'Infamy and Want. I am now Clerk to a Lawyer, and, 'in times of Vacancy and Receſs from Buſineſs, have 'made my ſelf Maſter of *Italian* and *French*; and tho' 'the Progreſs I have made in my Buſineſs has gain'd me 'Reputation enough for one of my ſtanding, yet my Mind 'ſuggeſts to me every day, that it is not upon that Foun-'dation I am to build my Fortune.

'THE Perſon I have my preſent dependance upon, 'has it in his Nature, as well as in his Power, to advance 'me, by recommending me to a Gentleman that is going 'beyond Sea in a publick Employment. I know the 'printing this Letter would point me out to thoſe I want 'Confidence to ſpeak to, and I hope it is not in your 'Power to refuſe making any body happy.

'*September* 9. 1712. *Yours*, &c. M. D.

T

N° 481. *Thurſday, September* 11.

——————Uti non
Compoſitus melius cum Bitho Bacchius, in jus
Acres procurrunt—————— Hor.

IT is ſometimes p'eaſant enough to conſider the different Notions, which different Perſons have of the ſame thing. If Men of low Condition very often ſet a Value on Things, which are not prized by thoſe who are in a higher Station of Life, there are many things theſe eſteem which are in no Value among Perſons of an inferior Rank. Common People are, in particular, very much aſtoniſhed, when they hear of thoſe ſolemn Conteſts and Debates, which are made among the Great upon the Punctilio's of a publick Ceremony; and wonder to hear that any Buſineſs of Conſequence ſhould be retarded by thoſe little Circumſtances, which they repreſent to themſelves as trifling and inſignificant. I am mightily pleaſed with a Porter's Deciſion in one of *Mr. Southern's* Plays, which is founded upon that fine Diſtreſs of a virtuous Woman's marrying a ſecond Husband, while her firſt was yet living. The firſt Husband, who was ſuppoſed to have been dead, returning to his Houſe after a long Abſence, raiſes a noble Perplexity for the Tragick Part of the Play. In the mean while, the Nurſe and the Porter conferring upon the Difficulties that would enſue in ſuch a caſe, honeſt *Sampſon* thinks the matter may be eaſily decided, and ſolves it very judiciouſly, by the old Proverb, that if his firſt Maſter be ſtill living, *The Man muſt have his Mare again.* There is nothing in my time which has ſo much ſurprized and confounded the greateſt part of my honeſt Countrymen, as the preſent Controverſy between Count *Rechteren* and Monſieur *Meſnager*, which employs the wiſe Heads of ſo many Nations, and holds all the Affairs of *Europe* in ſuſpence.

UPON

UPON my going into a Coffee-houſe yeſterday, and lending an ear to the next Table, which was encompaſſed with a Circle of inferior Politicians, one of them, after having read over the News very attentively, broke out into the following Remarks. I am afraid, ſays he, this unhappy Rupture between the Footmen at *Utrecht* will retard the Peace of Chriſtendom. I wiſh the Pope may not be at the bottom of it. His Holineſs has a very good hand at fomenting a Diviſion, as the poor *Swiſs Cantons* have lately experienced to their Coſt. If Monſieur *What-d'ye-call-him*'s Domeſticks will not come to an Accommodation, I do not know how the Quarrel can be ended, but by a Religious War.

WHY truly, ſays a *Wiſeacre* that ſat by him, were I as the King of *France*, I would ſcorn to take part with the Footmen of either ſide: Here's all the Buſineſs of *Europe* ſtands ſtill, becauſe Monſieur *Meſnager*'s Man has had his Head broke. If Count *Rechrum* had given them a Pot of Ale after it, all would have been well, without any of this Buſtle; but they ſay he's a warm Man, and does not care to be made Mouths at.

UPON this, one, that had held his Tongue hitherto, began to exert himſelf; declaring, that he was very well pleaſed the Plenipotentiaries of our Chriſtian Princes took this matter into their ſerious Conſideration; for that Lacqueys were never ſo ſaucy and pragmatical, as they are now-a-days, and that he ſhould be glad to ſee them taken down in the Treaty of Peace, if it might be done without prejudice to the Publick Affairs.

ONE who ſat at the other end of the Table, and ſeemed to be in the Intereſts of the *French* King, told them, that they did not take the matter right, for that his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty did not reſent this matter becauſe it was an Injury done to Monſieur *Meſnager*'s Footmen; for ſays he, what are Monſieur *Meſnager*'s Footmen to him? but becauſe it was done to his Subjects. Now, ſays he, let me tell you, it would look very odd for a Subject of *France* to have a bloody Noſe, and his Sovereign not to take notice of it. He is obliged in Honour to defend his People againſt Hoſtilities; and if the *Dutch* will be ſo

inſolent to a crowned Head, as, in any wiſe, to cuff or kick thoſe who are under *his* Protection, I think he is in the right to call them to an account for it.

THIS Diſtinction ſet the Controverſy upon a new foot, and ſeemed to be very well approved by moſt that heard it, till a little warm Fellow, who declared himſelf a Friend to the Houſe of *Auſtria*, fell moſt unmercifully upon his *Gallick* Majeſty, as encouraging his Subjects to make mouths at their Betters, and afterwards ſkreening them from the Puniſhment that was due to their Inſolence. To which he added, that the *French* Nation was ſo addicted to Grimace, that if there was not a ſtop put to it at the general Congreſs, there would be no walking the Streets for them in a time of Peace, eſpecially if they continued Maſters of the *Weſt-Indies*. The little Man proceeded with a great deal of Warmth, declaring, that if the Allies were of his Mind, he would oblige the *French* King to burn his Gallies, and tollerate the Proteſtant Religion in his Dominions, before he would ſheath his Sword. He concluded with calling Monſieur *Meſnager* an inſignificant Prig.

THE Diſpute was now growing very warm, and one does not know where it would have ended, had not a young Man of about one and twenty, who ſeems to have been brought up with an Eye to the Law, taken the Debate into his hand, and given it as his Opinion, that neither Count *Rechteren* nor Monſieur *Meſnager* had behaved themſelves right in this Affair. Count *Rechteren*, ſays he, ſhould have made Affidavit that his Servants had been affronted, and then Monſieur *Meſnager* would have done him Juſtice, by taking away their Liveries from them, or ſome other way that he might have thought the moſt proper; for let me tell you, if a Man makes a mouth at me, I am not to knock the Teeth out of it for his pains. Then again, as for Monſieur *Meſnager*, upon his Servant's being beaten, why! he might have had his Action of Aſſault and Battery. But as the caſe now ſtands, if you will have my Opinion, I think they ought to bring it to Referees.

I HEARD a great deal more of this Conference, but I muſt confeſs with little Edification; for all I could learn

learn at laſt from theſe honeſt Gentlemen, was, that the matter in Debate was of too high a nature for ſuch heads as theirs, or mine, to comprehend. O

Nº 482. *Friday, September* 12.

Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant. Lucr.

WHEN I have publiſhed any ſingle Paper that falls in with the popular Taſte, and pleaſes more than ordinary, it always brings me in a great return of Letters. My *Tueſday*'s Diſcourſe, wherein I gave ſeveral Admonitions to the Fraternity of the *Henpeck'd*, has already produced me very many Correſpondents; the reaſon I cannot gueſs at, unleſs it be that ſuch a Diſcourſe is of general Uſe, and every married Man's Money. An honeſt Tradeſman, who dates his Letter from *Cheapſide*, ſends me Thanks in the name of a Club, who, he tells me, meet as often as their Wives will give them leave, and ſtay together till they are ſent for home. He informs me, that my Paper has adminiſtred great Conſolation to their whole Club, and deſires me to give ſome further Account of *Socrates*, and to acquaint them in whoſe Reign he lived, whether he was a Citizen or Courtier, whether he buried *Xantippe*, with many other particulars: For that by his Sayings he appears to have been a very wiſe Man, and a good Chriſtian. Another, who writes himſelf *Benjamin Bamboo*, tells me, that being coupled with a Shrew, he had endeavoured to tame her by ſuch lawful means as thoſe which I mentioned in my laſt *Tueſday*'s Paper, and that in his Wrath he had often gone further than *Bracton* allows in thoſe caſes; but that for the future he was reſolved to bear it like a Man of Temper and Learning, and conſider her only as one who lives in his Houſe to teach him Philoſophy. *Tom Dapperwit* ſays, that he agrees with me in that whole Diſcourſe, excepting only the laſt Sentence, where I af-

firm the married State to be either a Heaven or a Hell *Tom.* has been at the charge of a Penny upon this occaſion, to tell me, that by his Experience it is neither one nor the other, but rather that middle kind of State commonly known by the name of *Purgatory*.

THE Fair Sex have likewiſe obliged me with their Reflections upon the ſame Diſcourſe. A Lady, who calls herſelf *Euterpe*, and ſeems a Woman of Letters, asks me whether I am for eſtabliſhing the *Salick* Law in every Family, and why it is not fit that a Woman who has Diſcretion and Learning ſhould ſit at the Helm, when the Huſband is weak and illiterate? Another, of a quite contrary Character, ſubſcibes herſelf *Xantippe*, and tells me, that ſhe follows the Example of her Name-ſake; for being married to a Bookiſh Man, who has no knowledge of the World, ſhe is forced to take their Affairs into her own hands, and to ſpirit him up now and then, that he may not grow muſty, and unfit for Converſation.

AFTER this Abridgment of ſome Letters which are come to my hands upon this occaſion, I ſhall publiſh one of them at large.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"YOU have given us a lively Picture of that kind of "Husband who comes under the Denomination of "the Hen-peck'd; but I do not remember that you have "ever touched upon one that is of the quite different "Character, and who, in ſeveral Places of *England*, goes "by the Name of a Cot-Queen. I have the Misfortune "to be joined for Life with one of this Character, who in "reality is more a Woman than I am. He was bred up "under the Tuition of a tender Mother, till ſhe had made "him as good an Houſewife as herſelf. He could pre"ſerve Apricocks, and make Gellies, before he had been "two Years out of the Nurſery. He was never ſuffered "to go abroad, for fear of catching Cold: when he "ſhould have been hunting down a Buck, he was by "his Mother's ſide learning how to ſeaſon it, or put it "in Cruſt; and was making Paper-Boats with his Siſters, "at an Age when other young Gentlemen are croſſing the

Seas,

'Seas, or travelling into Foreign Countries. He has the 'whiteſt Hand that you ever ſaw in your Life, and raiſes 'Paſte better than any Woman in *England*. Theſe Qua-'lifications make him a ſad Husband: He is perpetually in 'the Kitchin, and has a thouſand Squabbles with the Cook-'maid. He is better acquainted with the Milk-Score, than 'his Steward's Accounts. I fret to death when I hear him 'find fault with a Diſh that is not dreſſed to his liking, 'and inſtructing his Friends that dine with him in the beſt 'Pickle for a Walnut, or Sauce for an Haunch of Veni-'ſon. With all this, he is a very good-natured Husband, 'and never fell out with me in his Life but once, upon 'the over-roaſting of a Diſh of Wild-Fowl: At the ſame 'time I muſt own I would rather he was a Man of a 'rough Temper, that would treat me harſhly ſometimes, 'than of ſuch an effeminate buſy Nature in a Province 'that does not belong to him. Since you have given us 'the Character of a Wife who wears the Breeches, pray 'ſay ſomething of a Husband that wears the Petticoat. 'Why ſhould not a Female Character be as ridiculous in a 'Man, as a Male Character in one of our Sex?

O *I am*, &c.

N° 483. *Saturday, September* 13.

Nec Deus interſit niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit——— Hor.

WE cannot be guilty of a greater Act of Uncharitableneſs, than to interpret the Afflictions which befal our Neighbours, as *Puniſhments* and *Judgments*. It aggravates the Evil to him who ſuffers, when he looks upon himſelf as the Mark of Divine Vengeance, and abates the Compaſſion of thoſe towards him, who regard him in ſo dreadful a Light. This Humour of turning every Misfortune into a Judgment, proceeds from wrong Notions

Notions of Religion, which, in its own nature, produces Good-will towards Men, and puts the mildeſt Conſtruction upon every Accident that befalls them. In this caſe, therefore, it is not Religion that ſours a Man's Temper, but it is his Temper that ſours his Religion: People of gloomy unchearful Imaginations, or of envious malignant Tempers, whatever kind of Life they are engaged in, will diſcover their natural Tincture of Mind in all their Thoughts, Words, and Actions. As the fineſt Wines have often the Taſte of the Soil, ſo even the moſt religious Thoughts often draw ſomething that is particular from the Conſtitution of the Mind in which they ariſe. When Folly or Superſtition ſtrike in with this natural Depravity of Temper, it is not in the power, even of Religion it ſelf, to preſerve the Character of the Perſon who is poſſeſſed with it, from appearing highly abſurd and ridiculous.

A N old Maiden Gentlewoman, whom I ſhall conceal under the Name of *Nemeſis*, is the greateſt Diſcoverer of Judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what Sin it was that ſet ſuch a Man's Houſe on fire, or blew down his Barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young Lady that loſt her Beauty by the Small-Pox, ſhe fetches a deep Sigh, and tells you, that when ſhe had a fine Face ſhe was always looking on it in her Glaſs. Tell her of a Piece of good Fortune that has befallen one of her Acquaintance; and ſhe wiſhes it may proſper with her, but her Mother uſed one of her Nieces very barbarouſly. Her uſual Remarks turn upon People who had great Eſtates, but never enjoyed them, by reaſon of ſome Flaw in their own, or their Father's Behaviour. She can give you the Reaſon why ſuch a one died childleſs: Why ſuch an one was cut off in the Flower of his Youth: Why ſuch an one was unhappy in her Marriage: Why one broke his Leg on ſuch a particular Spot of Ground, and why another was killed with a Back-Sword, rather than with any other kind of Weapon. She has a Crime for every Misfortune that can befal any of her Acquaintance; and when ſhe hears of a Robbery that has been made, or a Murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the Guilt of the ſuffering Perſon, than on that of the Thief

Thief or the Aſſaſſin. In ſhort, ſhe is ſo good a Chriſtian, that whatever happens to her ſelf is a Tryal, and whatever happens to her Neighbours is a Judgment.

THE very Deſcription of this Folly, in ordinary Life, is ſufficient to expoſe it; but when it appears in a Pomp and Dignity of Stile, it is very apt to amuſe and terrify the Mind of the Reader. *Herodotus* and *Plutarch* very often apply their Judgments as impertinently as the old Woman I have before mentioned, though their manner of relating them makes the Folly it ſelf appear venerable. Indeed, moſt Hiſtorians, as well Chriſtian as Pagan, have fallen into this idle Superſtition, and ſpoken of ill Succeſs, unforeſeen Diſaſters, and terrible Events, as if they had been let into the Secrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private Conduct by which the World is governed. One would think ſeveral of our own Hiſtorians in particular had many Revelations of this kind made to them. Our old *Engliſh* Monks ſeldom let any of their Kings depart in Peace, who had endeavoured to diminiſh the Power or Wealth of which the Eccleſiaſticks were in thoſe times poſſeſſed. *William the Conqueror*'s Race generally found their Judgments in the *New Foreſt*, where their Father had pulled down Churches and Monaſteries. In ſhort, read one of the Chronicles written by an Author of this frame of Mind, and you would think you were reading a Hiſtory of the Kings of *Iſrael* or *Judah*, where the Hiſtorians were actually inſpired, and where, by a particular Scheme of Providence, the Kings were diſtinguiſhed by Judgments or Bleſſings, according as they promoted Idolatry or the Worſhip of the true God.

I CANNOT but look upon this manner of judging upon Misfortunes, not only to be very uncharitable in regard to the Perſon on whom they fall, but very preſumptuous in regard to him who is ſuppoſed to inflict them: It is a ſtrong Argument for a State of Retribution hereafter, that in this World virtuous Perſons are very often unfortunate, and vicious Perſons proſperous; which is wholly repugnant to the Nature of a Being who appears infinitely wiſe and good in all his Works, unleſs we may ſuppoſe that ſuch a promiſcuous and undiſtinguiſhing Diſtribution

ſtribution of Good and Evil, which was neceſſary for carrying on the Deſigns of Providence in this Life, will be rectified and made amends for in another. We are not therefore to expect that Fire ſhould fall from Heaven in the ordinary Courſe of Providence; nor when we ſee triumphant Guilt or depreſſed Virtue in particular Perſons that Omnipotence will make bare its holy Arm in the Defence of the one, or Puniſhment of the other. It is ſufficient that there is a Day ſet apart for the hearing and requiting of both according to their reſpective Merits.

THE Folly of aſcribing temporal Judgments to any particular Crimes, may appear from ſeveral Conſiderations I ſhall only mention two: Firſt, That, generally ſpeaking, there is no Calamity or Affliction, which is ſuppoſed to have happened as a Judgment to a vicious Man, which does not ſometimes happen to Men of approved Religion and Virtue. When *Diagoras* the Atheiſt was on board one of the *Athenian* Ships, there aroſe a very violent Tempeſt; upon which the Mariners told him, that it was a juſt Judgment upon them for having taken ſo impious a Man on board. *Diagoras* begged them to look upon the reſt of the Ships that were in the ſame Diſtreſs, and aſked them whether or no *Diagoras* was on board every Veſſel in the Fleet. We are all involved in the ſame Calamities and ſubject to the ſame Accidents; and when we ſee any one of the Species under any particular Oppreſſion, we ſhould look upon it as ariſing from the common Lot of human Nature, rather than from the Guilt of the Perſon who ſuffers.

ANOTHER Conſideration, that may check our Preſumption in putting ſuch a Conſtruction upon a Misfortune, is this, that it is impoſſible for us to know what are Calamities and what are Bleſſings. How many Accidents have paſſed for Misfortunes, which have turned to the Welfare and Proſperity of the Perſons to whoſe Lot they have fallen? How many Diſappointments have, in their Conſequences, ſaved a Man from Ruin? If we could look into the Effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon Bleſſings and Judgments; but for a Man to give his Opinion of what he ſees but in part

and

nd in its Beginnings, is an unjuſtifiable Piece of Raſhneſs nd Folly. The Story of *Biton* and *Clitobus*, which was n great Reputation among the Heathens, (for we ſee it quoted by all the antient Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, who have written upon the Immortality of the Soul,) may each us a Caution in this matter. Theſe two Brothers, being the Sons of a Lady who was Prieſteſs to *Juno*, drew their Mother's Chariot to the Temple at the time of a great Solemnity, the Perſons being abſent who by their Office were to have drawn her Chariot on that Occaſion. The Mother was ſo tranſported with this Inſtance of filial Duty, that ſhe petition'd her Goddeſs to beſtow upon them the greateſt Gift that could be given to Men; upon which they were both caſt into a deep Sleep, and the next Morning found dead in the Temple. This was ſuch an Event, as would have been conſtrued into a Judgment, had it happen'd to the two Brothers after an Act of Diſobedience, and would doubtleſs have been repreſented as ſuch by any antient Hiſtorian who had given us an account of it. O

N° 484. *Monday, September* 15.

Neque cuiquam tam ſtatim clarum ingenium eſt, ut poſſit emergere; niſi illi materia, occaſio, fautor etiam, commendatorque contingat. Plin. Epiſt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

OF all the young Fellows who are in their Progreſs thro' any Profeſſion, none ſeem to have ſo good a Title to the Protection of the Men of Eminence in it as the modeſt Man; not ſo much becauſe his Modeſty is a certain Indication of his Merit, as becauſe 'tis a certain Obſtacle to the producing of it. Now, as of all Profeſſions this Virtue is thought to be more particularly unneceſſary in that of the Law than in any other, I ſhall only apply my ſelf to the Relief of ſuch who follow this

'this Profeſſion with this diſadvantage. What aggravates 'the matter is, that thoſe Perſons who, the better to pre- 'pare themſelves for this Study, have made ſome Pro- 'greſs in others, have, by addicting themſelves to Let- 'ters, encreaſed their natural Modeſty, and conſequently 'heighten'd the Obſtruction to this ſort of Preferment; 'ſo that every one of theſe may emphatically be ſaid to 'be ſuch a one as *laboureth and taketh pains, and is ſtill 'the more behind.* It may be a Matter worth diſcuſſing 'then, Why that which made a Youth ſo amiable to the 'Ancients, ſhould make him appear ſo ridiculous to the 'Moderns? and, Why in our days there ſhould be Neg- 'lect, and even Oppreſſion of young Beginners, inſtead 'of that Protection which was the Pride of theirs? In 'the Profeſſion ſpoken of, 'tis obvious to every one whoſe 'Attendance is required at *Weſtminſter-Hall*, with what dif- 'ficulty a Youth of any Modeſty has been permitted to 'make an Obſervation, that could in no wiſe detract from 'the Merit of his Elders, and is abſolutely neceſſary for 'the advancing his own. I have often ſeen one of theſe 'not only moleſted in his utterance of ſomething very 'pertinent, but even plunder'd of his Queſtion, and by a 'ſtrong Serjeant ſhoulder'd out of his Rank, which he 'has recover'd with much difficulty and confuſion. Now 'as great part of the Buſineſs of this Profeſſion might be 'diſpatched by one that perhaps

——— *Abeſt virtute diſerti*
Meſſala, nec ſcit quantum Cauſellius Aulus; Hor.

'ſo I can't conceive the Injuſtice done to the Publick, if 'the Men of Reputation in this Calling would introduce 'ſuch of the young ones into Buſineſs, whoſe Application 'to this Study will let them into the Secrets of it, as much 'as their Modeſty will hinder them from the Practice: I 'ſay, it would be laying an everlaſting Obligation upon 'a young Man, to be introduc'd at firſt only as a Mute, 'till by this Countenance, and a Reſolution to ſupport 'the good Opinion conceiv'd of him in his Betters, his 'Complexion ſhall be ſo well ſettled, that the Litigious of 'this Iſland may be ſecure of his obſtreperous Aid. If I

'might

might be indulged to ſpeak in the Style of a Lawyer, would ſay, That any one about thirty years of Age, might make a common Motion to the Court with as much Elegance and Propriety as the moſt aged Advocates in the Hall.

'I CAN'T advance the Merit of Modeſty by any Argument of my own ſo powerfully, as by enquiring into the Sentimenrs the greateſt among the Ancients of different Ages entertain'd upon this Virtue. If we go back to the Days of *Solomon*, we ſhall find Favour a neceſſary Conſequence to a ſhame-fac'd Man. *Pliny*, the greateſt Lawyer and moſt elegant Writer of the Age he liv'd in, in ſeveral of his Epiſtles is very ſollicitous in recommending to the Publick ſome young Men of his own Profeſſion, and very often undertakes to become an Advocate, upon condition that ſome one of theſe his Favourites might be joined with him, in order to produce the Merit of ſuch, whoſe Modeſty otherwiſe would have ſuppreſſed it. It may ſeem very marvellous to a fau[illegible] Modern, that *Multum ſanguinis, multum verecundiæ, multum ſollicitudinis in ore; to have the Face firſt full of Blood, then the Countenance daſhed with Modeſty, and then the whole Aſpect as of one dying with Fear, when a Man begins to ſpeak*; ſhould be eſteem'd by *Pliny* the neceſſary Qualifications of a fine Speaker. *Shakeſpear* alſo has expreſs'd himſelf in the ſame favourable Strain of Modeſty, when he ſays,

——*In the Modeſty of fearful Duty*
I read as much as from the rattling Tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious Eloquence——

'NOW ſince theſe Authors have profeſs'd themſelves 'for the modeſt Man, even in the utmoſt Confuſions of 'Speech and Countenance, why ſhould an intrepid Utte-'rance and a reſolute Vociferation thunder ſo ſucceſsfully 'in our Courts of Juſtice? And why ſhould that Confi-'dence of Speech and Behaviour, which ſeems to ac-'knowledge no Superior, and to defy all Contradiction, 'prevail over that Deference and Reſignation with which

'the

'the modeſt man implores that favourable Opinion which
'the other ſeems to command?

'AS the Caſe at preſent ſtands, the beſt Conſolation
'that I can adminiſter to thoſe who cannot get into that
'Stroke of Buſineſs (as the Phraſe is) which they deſerve,
'is to reckon every particular Acquiſition of Knowledge in
'this Study as a real Increaſe of their Fortune; and fully to
'believe, that one day this imaginary Gain will certainly
'be made out by one more ſubſtantial. I wiſh you would
'talk to us a little on this Head, you would oblige,

Sir, Your moſt humble Servant.

THE Author of this Letter is certainly a Man of good Senſe; but I am perhaps particular in my Opinion on this occaſion; for I have obſerved, that under the Notion of Modeſty, Men have indulged themſelves in a ſpiritleſs Sheepiſhneſs, and been for ever loſt to themſelves, their Families, their Friends, and their Country. When a Man has taken care to pretend to nothing but what he may juſtly aim at, and can execute as well as any other, without Injuſtice to any other; it is ever want of Breeding or Courage to be brow-beaten or elbow'd out of his honeſt Ambition. I have ſaid often, Modeſty muſt be an Act of the Will, and yet it always implies Self-Denial: For if a Man has an ardent Deſire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and, from an unmanly Baſhfulneſs, ſhrinks away, and lets his Merit languiſh in Silence, he ought not to be angry at the World that a more unskilful Actor ſucceeds in his Part, becauſe he has not Confidence to come upon the Stage himſelf. The Generoſity my Correſpondent mentions of *Pliny*, cannot be enough applauded. To cheriſh the Dawn of Merit, and haſten its Maturity, was a Work worthy a noble *Roman* and a liberal Scholar. That Concern which is deſcribed in the Letter, is to all the World the greateſt Charm imaginable: but then the modeſt Man muſt proceed, and ſhew a latent Reſolution in himſelf; for the Admiration of his Modeſty ariſes from the Manifeſtation of his Merit. I muſt confeſs we live in an Age wherein a few empty Bluſterers carry away the Praiſe of Speaking, while a Crowd of Fellows over-ſtock'd with

with Knowledge are run down by them: I ſay over-ſtock'd, becauſe they certainly are ſo as to their Service of Mankind, if from their very Store they raiſe to themſelves Ideas of Reſpect, and Greatneſs of the Occaſion, and I know not what, to diſable themſelves from explaining their Thoughts. I muſt confeſs, when I have ſeen *Charles Frankair* riſe up with a commanding Mien, and Torrent of handſom Words, talk a Mile off the Purpoſe, and drive down twenty baſhful Boobies of ten times his Senſe, who at the ſame time were envying his Impudence and deſpiſing his Underſtanding, it has been Matter of great Mirth to me; but it ſoon ended in a ſecret Lamentation, that the Fountains of every thing praiſe-worthy in theſe Realms, the Univerſities, ſhould be ſo muddled with a falſe Senſe of this Vertue, as to produce Men capable of being ſo abuſed. I will be bold to ſay, that it is a ridiculous Education which does not qualify a Man to make his beſt Appearance before the greateſt Man and the fineſt Woman to whom he can addreſs himſelf. Were this judiciouſly corrected in the Nurſeries of Learning, pert Coxcombs would know their Diſtance: But we muſt bear with this falſe Modeſty in our young Nobility and Gentry, till they ceaſe at *Oxford* and *Cambridge* to grow dumb in the Study of Eloquence. T

N° 485. *Tueſday, September* 16.

Nihil tam firmum eſt, cui periculum non ſit, etiam ab Invalido. Quint. Curt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'MY Lord *Clarendon* has obſerved, *That few Men have done more harm than thoſe who have been thought to be able do leaſt; and there cannot be a greater Error, than to believe a Man whom we ſee qualified with too mean Parts to do good, to be therefore incapable of doing hurt. There is a Supply of Malice, of Pride, of Induſtry, and even of Folly, in the Weakeſt,*

'*when*

'*when he ſets his heart upon it, that makes a ſtrange*
'*progreſs in Miſchief.* What may ſeem to the Reader
'the greateſt Paradox in the Reflection of the Hiſtorian,
'is, I ſuppoſe, that Folly, which is generally thought inca-
'pable of contriving or executing any Deſign, ſhould be
'ſo formidable to thoſe whom it exerts it ſelf to moleſt.
'But this will appear very plain, if we remember that *So-*
'*lomon* ſays, *It is as Sport to a Fool to do miſchief*; and
'that he might the more emphatically expreſs the calami-
'tous Circumſtances of him who falls under the diſpleaſure
'of this wanton Perſon, the ſame Author adds further,
'That *a Stone is heavy, and the Sand weighty, but a*
'*Fool's Wrath is heavier than them both.* It is impoſſible
'to ſuppreſs my own Illuſtration upon this Matter, which
'is, That as the Man of Sagacity beſtirs himſelf to diſtreſs
'his Enemy by Methods probable and reducible to Reaſon,
'ſo the ſame Reaſon will fortify his Enemy to elude theſe
'his regular Efforts; but your Fool projects, acts, and
'concludes with ſuch notable Inconſiſtence, that no re-
'gular Courſe of thought can evade or counterplot his pro-
'digious Machinations. My Frontiſpiece, I believe, may
'be extended to imply, That ſeveral of our Misfortunes
'ariſe from Things, as well as Perſons, that ſeem of very
'little conſequence. Into what tragical Extravagancies
'does *Shakeſpear* hurry *Othello* upon the loſs of an Hand-
'kerchief only? and what Barbarities does *Deſdemona* ſuffer
'from a ſlight Inadvertency in regard to this fatal Trifle!
'If the Schemes of all enterprizing Spirits were to be care-
'fully examined, ſome intervening Accident, not conſide-
'rable enough to occaſion any debate upon, or give 'em
'any apprehenſion of ill Conſequence from it, will be
'found to be the occaſion of their ill Succeſs, rather than
'any Error in Points of Moment and Difficulty, which na-
'turally engag'd their matureſt Deliberations. If you go
'to the Levee of any great Man, you will obſerve him
'exceeding gracious to ſeveral very inſignificant Fellows;
'and this upon this Maxim, That the Neglect of any Per-
'ſon muſt ariſe from the mean Opinion you have of his
'Capacity to do you any ſervice or prejudice; and that
'this calling his Sufficiency in queſtion, muſt give him In-

'clination,

clination, and where this is, there never wants Strength or Opportunity to annoy you. There is no body ſo weak of Invention, that can't aggravate or make ſome little Stories to vilify his Enemy; and there are very few but have good Inclinations to hear 'em, and 'tis infinite Pleaſure to the Majority of Mankind to level a Perſon ſuperior to his Neighbours. Beſides, in all matters of Controverſy, that Party which has the greateſt Abilities labours under this Prejudice, that he will certainly be ſuppoſed, upon account of his Abilities, to have done an Injury, when perhaps he has received one. It would be tedious to enumerate the Strokes that Nations and particular Friends have ſuffer'd from Perſons very contemptible.

'I THINK *Henry* IV, of *France*, ſo formidable to his Neighbouss, could no more be ſecur'd againſt the reſolute Villany of *Ravillac*, then *Villiers*, Duke of *Buckingham*, could be againſt that of *Felton*. And there is no incens'd Perſon ſo deſtitute, but can provide himſelf with a Knife or a Piſtol, if he finds ſtomach to apply them. That Things and Perſons of no moment ſhould give ſuch powerful Revolutions to the progreſs of thoſe of the greateſt, ſeems a providential Diſpoſition to baſſe and abate the Pride of human Sufficiency; as alſo to engage the Humanity and Benevolence of Superiors to all below 'em, by letting them into this Secret, that the Stronger depends upon the Weaker.

I am, Sir, your very humble Servant.

Dear Sir, *Temple, Paper-Buildings.*

'I RECEIVED a Letter from you ſome time ago, which I ſhould have anſwered ſooner, had you informed me in yours to what part of this Iſland I might have directed my Impertinence; but having been let into the Knowledge of that Matter, this handſome Excuſe is no longer ſerviceable. My Neighbour *Prettyman* ſhall be the Subject of this Letter; who falling in with the SPECTATOR's Doctrine concerning the Month of *May*, began from that Seaſon to dedicate himſelf to the Service of the Fair in the following manner. I obſerved

'at

'at the beginning of the Month he bought him a new
'Night-gown, either ſide to be worn outwards, both
'equally gorgeous and attractive; but till the end of the
'Month I did not enter ſo fully into the knowledge of
'his Contrivance, as the uſe of that Garment has ſince
'ſuggeſted to me. Now you muſt know that all new
'Clothes raiſe and warm the Bearer's Imagination into a
'Conceit of his being a much finer Gentleman than he
'was before, baniſhing all Sobriety and Reflection, and giv-
'ing him up to Gallantry and Amour. Inflam'd therefore
'with this way of thinking, and full of the Spirit of the
'Month of *May*, did this mercileſs Youth reſolve upon
'the Buſineſs of Captivating. At firſt he confin'd himſelf
'to his Room only, now and then appearing at his Win-
'dow in his Night-gown, and practiſing that eaſy Poſture
'which expreſſes the very Top and Dignity of Languiſh-
'ment. It was pleaſant to ſee him diverſify his Loveli-
'neſs, ſometimes obliging the Paſſengers only with a Side-
'Face, with a Book in his Hand; ſometimes being ſo ge-
'nerous as to expoſe the whole in the fulneſs of its Beau-
'ty; at other times, by a judicious throwing back his Pe-
'riwig, he would throw in his Ears. You know he is
'that ſort of Perſon which the Mob call a handſome jolly
'Man; which appearance can't miſs of Captives in this
'part of the Town. Being emboldened by daily Succeſs,
'he leaves his Room with a Reſolution to extend his
'Conqueſts; and I have apprehended him in his Night-
'gown ſmiting in all parts of this Neighbourhood.

'THIS I, being of an amorous Complexion, ſaw
'with Indignation, and had Thoughts of purchaſing a Wig
'in theſe Parts; into which, being at a greater Diſtance
'from the Earth, I might have thrown a very liberal
'Mixture of white Horſe-hair, which would make a fairer,
'and conſequently a handſomer Appearance, while my Si-
'tuation would ſecure me againſt any Diſcoveries. But
'the Paſſion to the handſome Gentleman ſeems to be ſo
'fixed to that part of the Building, that it may be ex-
'tremely difficult to divert it to mine; ſo that I am re-
'ſolved to ſtand boldly to the Complexion of my own
'Eye-brow, and prepare me an immenſe black Wig of
'the

the ſame ſort of Structure with that of my Rival. Now, tho' by this I ſhall not, perhaps, leſſen the number of the Admirers of his Complexion, I ſhall have a fairer chance to divide the Paſſengers by the irreſiſtible Force of mine.

'I EXPECT ſudden Diſpatches from you, with Advice of the Family you are in now, how to deport my ſelf upon this ſo delicate a Conjuncture; with ſome comfortable Reſolutions in favour of the handſome black Man againſt the handſome fair one.

I am, SIR, your moſt humble Servant,

C.

N. B. *He who writ this, is a black Man two Pair of Stairs; the Gentleman of whom he writes, is fair, and one Pair of Stairs.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I ONLY ſay, that it is impoſſible for me to ſay how much I am

Yours,

Robin Shorter.

P. S. 'I SHALL think it a little hard, if you do not take as much notice of this Epiſtle, as you have of the ingenious Mr. *Short's*. I am not afraid to let the World ſee which is the deeper Man of the two.

ADVERTISEMENT.

London, September 15.

WHEREAS a young Woman on horſeback, in an Equeſtrian Habit, on the 13th Inſtant in the Evening, met the SPECTATOR *within a Mile and an half of this Town, and looking in the Face of Juſtice, pull'd off her Hat, in which there was a Feather, with the Mien and Air of a young Officer, ſaying at the ſame time, Your Servant Mr.* SPEC. *Words to that purpoſe; This is to give notice, that if any Perſon can diſcover the Name, and Place of Abode of the ſaid Offender, ſo as ſhe can be brought to Juſtice, the Informant ſhall have all fitting Encouragement.* T

Wedneſday,

Nº 486. *Wedneſday, September* 17.

Audire eſt operæ pretium procedere recte
Qui mechis non vultis ——— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are very many of my Acquaintance Fol-
'lowers of *Socrates*, with more particular regard t
'that part of his Philoſophy which we, among o
'ſelves, call his *Domeſticks*; under which Denomination, o
'Title, we include all the Conjugal Joys and Suffering
'We have indeed, with very great Pleaſure, obſerved th
'Honour you do the whole Fraternity of the Hen-peck'd
'in placing that illuſtrious Man at our Head, and it does
'a very great Meaſure baffle the Raillery of pert Rogue
'who have no advantage above us, but in that they a
'ſingle. But when you look about into the Croud of Ma
'kind, you will find the Fair Sex reigns with greater Ty
'ranny over Lovers than Husbands. You ſhall hardl
'meet one in a thouſand who is wholly exempt from thi
'Dominion, and thoſe that are ſo, are capable of n
'Taſte of Life, and breathe and walk about the Earth
'Inſignificants. But I am going to deſire your further
'Favour in behalf of our harmleſs Brotherhood, and hop
'you will ſhew in a true Light the unmarried Hen-peck'd
'as well as you have done Juſtice to us, who ſubmit to th
'Conduct of our Wives. I am very particularly acquainte
'with one who is under entire Submiſſion to a kind Gir
'as he calls her; and tho' he knows I have been Wi
'neſs both to the ill Uſage he has received from her, an
'his Inability to reſiſt her Tyranny, he ſtill pretends t
'make a Jeſt of me for a little more than ordinary Ob
'ſequiouſneſs to my Spouſe. No longer than *Tueſday*
'laſt he took me with him to viſit his Miſtreſs; and h
'having, it ſeems, been a little in diſgrace before
'thought by bringing me with him ſhe would confirm

'herſelf, and inſenſibly fall into general Diſcourſe with him; 'and ſo he might break the Ice, and ſave himſelf all the 'ordinary Compunctions and Mortifications ſhe uſed to 'make him ſuffer before ſhe would be reconciled, after 'any act of Rebellion on his part. When we came into 'the Room, we were received with the utmoſt Coldneſs; 'and when he preſented me as Mr. Such-a-one, his very 'good Friend, ſhe juſt had patience to ſuffer my Saluta-'tion; but when he himſelf, with a very gay Air, of-'fered to follow me, ſhe gave him a thundering Box on 'the Ear, called him pitiful poor-ſpirited Wretch, how 'durſt he ſee her Face? His Wig and Hat fell on diffe-'rent parts of the Floor. She ſeized the Wig too ſoon 'for him to recover it, and kicking it down Stairs, threw 'her ſelf into an oppoſite Room, pulling the Door after 'her with a force, that you would have thought the Hinges 'would have given way. We went down, you muſt 'think, with no very good Countenances; and as we 'ſneaked off, and were driving home together, he con-'feſſed to me, that her Anger was thus highly raiſed, be-'cauſe he did not think fit to fight a Gentleman who had 'ſaid, ſhe was what ſhe was; but, ſays he, a kind Let-'ter or two, or fifty pieces, will put her in humour again. 'I asked him why he did not part with her; he anſwered, 'he loved her with all the tenderneſs imaginable, and ſhe 'had too many Charms to be abandoned for a little quick-'neſs of Spirit. Thus does this illegitimate Hen-pecked 'overlook the Huſſy's having no regard to his very 'Life and Fame, in putting him upon an infamous Diſ-'pute about her Reputation; yet has he the Confidence 'to laugh at me, becauſe I obey my poor Dear in keep-'ing out of harm's way, and not ſtaying too late from 'my own Family, to paſs through the Hazards of a 'Town full of Ranters and Debauchees. You that are 'a Philoſopher ſhould urge in our behalf, that when we 'bear with a froward Woman, our Patience is preſerved, 'in conſideration that a breach with her might be a Diſho-'nour to Children who are deſcended from us, and whoſe 'Concern makes us tolerate a thouſand Frailties, for fear 'they ſhould redound Diſhonour upon the Innocent. This

and the like Circumſtances, which carry with them the moſt valuable Regards of human Life, may be mentioned for our long Suffering; but in the caſe of Gallants, they ſwallow ill Uſage from one to whom they have no Obligation, but from a baſe Paſſion, which it is mean to indulge, and which it would be glorious to overcome.

'THESE ſort of Fellows are very numerous, and ſome have been conſpicuouſly ſuch, without Shame; nay they have carried on the Jeſt in the very Article of Death, and, to the Diminution of the Wealth and Happineſs of their Families, in bar of thoſe honourably near to them, have left immenſe Wealth to their Paramours. What is this but being a Cully in the Grave! Sure this is being Hen-peck'd with a Vengeance! But without dwelling upon theſe leſs frequent Inſtances of eminent Cullyiſm, what is there ſo common as to hear a Fellow curſe his Fate that he cannot get rid of a Paſſion to a Jilt, and quote a Half-Line out of a Miſcellany Poem to prove his Weakneſs is natural? If they will go on thus, I have nothing to ſay to it: But then let them not pretend to be free all this while, and laugh at us poor married Patients.

'I HAVE known one Wench in this Town carry a haughty Dominion over her Lovers ſo well, that ſhe has at the ſame time been kept by a Sea-Captain in the *Straits*, a Merchant in the City, a Country Gentleman in *Hampſhire*, and had all her Correſpondences managed by one ſhe kept for her own Uſes. This happy Man (as the Phraſe is) uſed to write very punctually every Poſt, Letters for the Miſtreſs to tranſcribe. He would ſit in his Night-Gown and Slippers, and be as grave giving an Account, only changing Names, that there was nothing in thoſe idle Reports they had heard of ſuch a Scoundrel as one of the other Lovers was; and how could he think ſhe could condeſcend ſo low, after ſuch a fine Gentleman as each of them? For the ſame Epiſtle ſaid the ſame thing to and of every one of them. And ſo Mr. Secretary and his Lady went to Bed with great Order.

'TO

TO be ſhort, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, we Husbands « ſhall never make the Figure we ought in the Imagina- « tions of young Men growing up in the World, except « you can bring it about that a Man of the Town ſhall be « as infamous a Character as a Woman of the Town. « But of all that I have met in my time, commend me « to *Betty Duall*: She is the Wife of a Sailor, and the kept « Miſtreſs of a Man of Quality; ſhe dwells with the latter « during the Sea-faring of the former. The Husband asks « no Queſtions, ſees his Apartments furniſhed with Riches « not his, when he comes into Port, and the Lover is as « joyful as a Man arrived at his Haven when the other puts « to Sea. *Betty* is the moſt eminently victorious of any of « her Sex, and ought to ſtand recorded the only Woman « of the Age in which ſhe lives, who has poſſeſſed at the « ſame time two abuſed, and two contented——— T

N° 487. *Thurſday, September* 18.

———Cum proſtrata ſopore
Urget membra quies, & mens ſine pondere ludit. Petr.

THO' there are many Authors, who have written on Dreams, they have generally conſidered them only as Revelations of what has already happened n diſtant parts of the World, or as Preſages of what is to appen in future Periods of time.

I SHALL conſider this Subject in another Light, as reams may give us ſome Idea of the great Excellency of Human Soul, and ſome Intimations of its Independen- y on Matter.

IN the firſt place, our Dreams are great Inſtances of at Activity which is natural to the human Soul, and which is not in the power of Sleep to deaden or abate. When e Man appears tired and worn out with the Labours of e Day, this active part in his Compoſition is ſtill buſied

and unwearied. When the Organs of Senſe want their due Repoſe and neceſſary Reparations, and the Body is no longer able to keep pace with that ſpiritual Subſtance to which it is united, the Soul exerts her ſelf in her ſeveral Faculties, and continues in the Action till her Partner is again qualified to bear her Company. In this caſe Dreams look like the Relaxations and Amuſements of the Soul when ſhe is diſencumbred of her Machine, her Sports and Recreations, when ſhe has laid her Charge aſleep.

IN the ſecond place, Dreams are an Inſtance of the Agility and Perfection which is natural to the Faculties of the Mind, when they are diſengaged from the Body. The Soul is clogged and retarded in her Operations, when ſhe acts in conjunction with a Companion that is ſo heavy and unwieldy in its Motions. But in Dreams it is wonderful to obſerve with what a Sprightlineſs and Alacrity ſhe exerts her ſelf. The flow of Speech make unpremeditate Harangues, or converſe readily in Languages that they are but little acquainted with. The Grave abound in Pleſantries, the Dull in Repartees and Points of Wit. There is not a more painful Action of the Mind, than Invention; yet in Dreams it works with that Eaſe and Activity that we are not ſenſible when the Faculty is employed. For inſtance, I believe every one, ſome time or other dreams that he is reading Papers, Books, or Letters; in which caſe the Invention prompts ſo readily, that the Mind is impoſed upon, and miſtakes its own Suggeſtions for the Compoſitions of another.

I SHALL, under this Head, quote a Paſſage out of the *Religio Medici*, in which the ingenious Author gives an account of himſelf in his dreaming and his waking Thoughts. *We are ſometimes more than our ſelves in our Sleeps, and the Slumber of the Body ſeems to be but the Waking of the Soul. It is the Ligation of Senſe, but the Liberty of Reaſon; and our waking Conceptions do not match the Fancies of our Sleeps. At my Nativity my Aſcendant was the watery Sign of* Scorpius: *I was born in the Planetary Hour of* Saturn, *and I think I have a piece of that leaden Planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor diſpoſed for the Mirth and Galliardize of Company*

et in one Dream I can compoſe a whole Comedy, behold he Action, apprehend the Jeſts, and laugh my ſelf awake at the Conceits thereof. Were my Memory as faithful as my Reaſon is then fruitful, I would never ſtudy but in my Dreams; and this time alſo would I chuſe for my Devotions: but our groſſer Memories have then ſo little hold of our abſtracted Underſtandings, that they forget the Story, and can only relate to our awaked Souls a confuſed and broken Tale of that that has paſſed——Thus it is obſerved that Men ſometimes, upon the Hour of their Departure, do ſpeak and reaſon above themſelves; for then the Soul beginning to be freed from the Ligaments of the Body, begins to reaſon like her ſelf, and to diſcourſe in a ſtrain above Mortality.

WE may likewiſe obſerve in the third place, that the Paſſions affect the Mind with greater ſtrength when we are aſleep, than when we are awake. Joy and Sorrow give us more vigorous Senſations of Pain or Pleaſure at this time, than any other. Devotion likewiſe, as the excellent Author above-mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightned and inflamed, when it riſes in the Soul at a time that the Body is thus laid at reſt. Every Man's Experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable, that this may happen differently, in different Conſtitutions. I ſhall conclude this Head with the two following Problems, which I ſhall leave to the Solution of my Reader. Suppoſing a Man always happy in his Dreams, and miſerable in his waking Thoughts, and that his Life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miſerable? Were a Man a King in his Dreams, and a Beggar awake, and dreamt as conſequentially, and in as continued unbroken Schemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a King or a Beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

THERE is another Circumſtance, which methinks gives us a very high Idea of the Nature of the Soul, in regard to what paſſes in Dreams, I mean that innumerable Multitude and Variety of Ideas which then ariſe in her. Were that active and watchful Being only conſcious of her own Exiſtence at ſuch a time, what a painful Solitude would

her Hours of Sleep be? Were the Soul ſenſible of her being alone in her ſleeping Moments, after the ſame manner that ſhe is ſenſible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when ſhe dreams that ſhe is in ſuch a Solitude?

——————*Semperque relinqui*
Sola ſibi ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam—————— Virg.

BUT this Obſervation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful Power in the Soul, of producing her own Company on theſe Occaſions. She converſes with numberleſs Beings of her own Creation, and is tranſported into ten thouſand Scenes of her own raiſing. She is her ſelf the Theatre, the Actor, and the Beholder. This puts me in mind of a Saying which I am infinitely pleaſed with, and which *Plutarch* aſcribes to *Heraclitus, That all Men whilſt they are awake are in one common World; but that each of them, when he is aſleep, is in a World of his own.* The waking Man is converſant in the World of Nature, when he ſleeps he retires to a private World that is particular to himſelf. There ſeems ſomething in this Conſideration that intimates to us a natural Grandeur and Perfection in the Soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I MUST not omit that Argument for the Excellency of the Soul, which I have ſeen quoted out of *Tertullian*, namely, its Power of divining in Dreams. That ſeveral ſuch Divinations have been made, none can queſtion, who believes the Holy Writings, or who has but the leaſt degree of a common Hiſtorical Faith; there being innumerable Inſtances of this nature in ſeveral Authors, both Antient and Modern, Sacred and Profane. Whether ſuch dark Preſages, ſuch Viſions of the Night poceed from any latent Power in the Soul, during this her ſtate of Abſtraction, or from any Communication with the Supreme Being, or from any Operation of Subordinate Spirits, has been a great Diſpute among the Learned; the matter of Fact is, I think, inconteſtable, and has been looked upon as ſuch by the greateſt Writers, who have been never ſuſpected either of Superſtition or Enthuſiaſm.

I DO not ſuppoſe, that the Soul in theſe Inſtances is entirely looſe and unfettered from the Body: It is ſufficient, if ſhe is not ſo far ſunk, and immerſed in Matter, nor intangled and perplexed in her Operations, with ſuch Motions of Blood and Spirits, as when ſhe actuates the Machine in its waking Hours. The Corporeal Union is ſlackned enough to give the Mind more Play. The Soul ſeems gathered within her ſelf, and recovers that Spring which is broke and weakened, when ſhe operates more in concert with the Body.

THE Speculations I have here made, if they are not Arguments, they are at leaſt ſtrong Intimations, not only of the Excellency of a Human Soul, but of its Independance on the Body; and if they do not prove, do at leaſt confirm theſe two great Points, which are eſtabliſhed by many other Reaſons that are altogether unanſwerable. O

Nº 488. *Friday, September* 19.

Quanti empta? parvi. Quanti ergo? octo aſſibus. Ehu!
Hor.

I FIND, by ſeveral Letters which I receive daily, that many of my Readers would be better pleaſed to pay Three Half-Pence for my Paper, than Two-Pence. The ingenious *T. W.* tells me, that I have deprived him of the beſt part of his Breakfaſt, for that ſince the riſe of my Paper, he is forced every Morning to drink his Diſh of Coffee by it ſelf, without the Addition of the *Spectator*, that uſed to be better than Lace to it. *Eugenius* informs me very obligingly, that he never thought he ſhould have diſliked any Paſſage in my Paper, but that of late there have been two Words in every one of them, which he could heartily wiſh left out, *viz. Price Two-Pence.* I have a Letter from a Soap-boiler, who condoles with me very affectionately, upon the neceſſity we both lie under of ſet-

ting an higher Price on our Commodities, ſince the late Tax has been laid upon them, and deſiring me, when I write next on that Subject, to ſpeak a Word or two upon the preſent Duties on Caſtle-Soap. But there is none of theſe my Correſpondents, who writes with a greater Turn of good Senſe and Elegance of Expreſſion, than the generous *Philomedes*, who adviſes me to value every *Spectator* at Six Pence, and promiſes that he himſelf will engage for above a Hundred of his Acquaintance, who ſhall take it in at that Price.

LETTERS from the Female World are likewiſe come to me, in great quantities, upon the ſame Occaſion; and as I naturally bear a great Deference to this part of our Species, I am very glad to find that thoſe who approve my Conduct in this particular, are much more numerous than thoſe who condemn it. A large Family of Daughters have drawn me up a very handſome Remonſtrance, in which they ſet forth, that their Father having refuſed to take in the *Spectator*, ſince the additional Price was ſet upon it, they offered him unanimouſly to bate him the Article of Bread and Butter in the Tea-Table Account, provided the *Spectator* might be ſerved up to them every Morning as uſual. Upon this the old Gentleman, being pleaſed, it ſeems, with their Deſire of improving themſelves, has granted them the continuance both of the *Spectator* and their Bread and Butter; having given particular Orders, that the Tea-Table ſhall be ſet forth every Morning with its Cuſtomary Bill of Fare, and without any manner of Defalcation. I thought my ſelf obliged to mention this particular, as it does Honour to this worthy Gentleman; and if the young Lady *Latitia*, who ſent me this Account, will acquaint me with his Name, I will inſert it at length in one of my Papers, if he deſires it.

I SHOULD be very glad to find out any Expedient that might alleviate the Expence which this my Paper brings to any of my Readers; and, in order to it, muſt propoſe two Points to their Conſideration. Firſt, that if they retrench any the ſmalleſt Particular in their ordinary Expence, it will eaſily make up the Half-penny a-day, which we have now under Conſideration. Let a Lady ſacrifice

but

but a ſingle Ribband to her morning Studies, and it will be ſufficient: Let a Family burn but a Candle a-night leſs than the uſual Number, and they may take in the *Spectator* without detriment to their private Affairs.

IN the next place, if my Readers will not go to the Price of buying my Papers by retail, let them have patience, and they may buy them in the Lump, without the burden of a Tax upon them. My Speculations, when they are ſold ſingle, like Cherries upon the Stick, are Delights for the Rich and Wealthy; after ſome time they come to Market in greater quantities, and are every ordinary Man's Money. The Truth of it is, they have a certain Flavour at their firſt Appearance, from ſeveral accidental Circumſtances of Time, Place and Perſon, which they may loſe if they are not taken early; but in this caſe every Reader is to conſider, whether it is not better for him to be half a Year behind-hand with the faſhionable and polite part of the World, than to ſtrain himſelf beyond his Circumſtances. My Bookſeller has now about Ten Thouſand of the third and fourth Volumes, which he is ready to publiſh, having already diſpoſed of as large an Edition both of the firſt and ſecond Volume. As he is a Perſon whoſe Head is very well turned to his Buſineſs, he thinks they would be a very proper Preſent to be made to Perſons at Chriſtenings, Marriages, Viſiting-Days, and the like joyful Solemnities, as ſeveral other Books are frequently given at Funerals. He has printed them in ſuch a little portable Volume, that many of them may be ranged together upon a ſingle Plate; and is of opinion, that a Salver of *Spectators* would be as acceptable an Entertainment to the Ladies, as a Salver of Sweetmeats.

I SHALL conclude this Paper with an Epigram lately ſent to the Writer of the *Spectator*, after having returned my Thanks to the ingenious Author of it.

SIR,

HAVING heard the following Epigram very much commended, I wonder that it has not yet had a place in any of your Papers: I think the Suffrage of our Poet Laureat ſhould not be overlooked, which ſhows the

'Opinion he entertains of your Paper, whether the Notion 'he proceeds upon be true or falſe, I make bold to convey 'it to you, not knowing if it has yet come to your hands

On the SPECTATOR.

By Mr. *TATE*.

——Aliuſque & idem
Naſceris—— *Hor.*

WHEN firſt the Tatler *to a Mute was turn'd,*
Great Britain *for her Cenſor's Silence mourn'd:*
Robb'd of his ſprightly Beams, ſhe wept the Night,
'Till the Spectator *roſe, and blaz'd as bright.*
So the firſt Man the Sun's firſt Setting view'd,
And ſigh'd, till circling Day his Joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that ſecond Sun to name,
Whether a bright Succeſſor, or the ſame.
So we: but now from this Suſpence are freed,
Since all agree, who both with Judgment read,
'Tis the ſame Sun, and does himſelf ſucceed.

O

Nº 489. *Saturday, September* 20.

——Βαθυῤῥείταο μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο. *Hom.*

SIR,

UPON reading your *Eſſay* concerning the Pleaſures of the Imagination, I find, among the three Sources of thoſe Pleaſures which you have diſcovered, that *Greatneſs* is one. This has ſuggeſted to me the reaſon why, of all Objects that I have ever ſeen, there is none which affects my Imagination ſo much as the Sea or Ocean. I cannot ſee the Heavings of this prodigious Bulk of Waters, even in a Calm, without a very pleaſing Aſtoniſhment; but when it is worked up in a Tempeſt, ſo that the Hori-

Horizon on every ſide is nothing but foaming Billows and floating Mountains, it is impoſſible to deſcribe the agreeable Horrour that riſes from ſuch a Proſpect. A troubled Ocean, to a Man who ſails upon it, is, I think, the biggeſt Object that he can ſee in motion, and conſequently gives his Imagination one of the higheſt kinds of Pleaſure that can ariſe from Greatneſs. I muſt confeſs, it is impoſſible for me to ſurvey this World of fluid Matter, without thinking on the Hand that firſt poured it out, and made a proper Channel for its Reception. Such an Object naturally raiſes in my Thoughts the Idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his Exiſtence as much as metaphyſical Demonſtration. The Imagination prompts the Underſtanding, and by the Greatneſs of the ſenſible Object, produces in it the Idea of a Being who is neither circumſcribed by Time nor Space.

AS I have made ſeveral Voyages upon the Sea, I have often been toſſed in Storms, and on that occaſion have frequently reflected on the Deſcriptions of them in ancient Poets. I remember *Longinus* highly recommends one in *Homer*, becauſe the Poet has not amuſed himſelf with little Fancies upon the occaſion, as Authors of an inferiour Genius, whom he mentions, had done, but becauſe he has gathered together thoſe Circumſtances which are the moſt apt to terrify the Imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a Tempeſt. It is for the ſame reaſon, that I prefer the following Deſcription of a Ship in a Storm, which the Pſalmiſt has made, before any other I have ever met with. *They that go down to the Sea in Ships, that do Buſineſs in great Waters: Theſe ſee the Works of the Lord, and his Wonders in the Deep. For he commandeth and raiſeth the ſtormy Wind, which lifteth up the Waters thereof. They mount up to the Heaven, they go down again to the Depths, their Soul is melted becauſe of Trouble. They reel to and fro, and ſtagger like a drunken Man, and are at their Wits End. Then they cry unto the Lord in their Trouble, and he bringeth them out of their Diſtreſſes. He maketh the Storm a Calm, ſo that the Waves thereof are ſtill. Then they are glad becauſe they be quiet, ſo he bringeth them to their deſired Haven.*

BY

BY the way, how much more comfortable, as well as rational, is this Syſtem of the Pſalmiſt, than the Pagan Scheme in *Virgil*, and other Poets, where one Deity is repreſented as raiſing a Storm, and another as laying it? Were we only to conſider the Sublime in this Piece of Poetry, what can be nobler than the Idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raiſing a Tumult among the Elements, and recovering them out of their Confuſion, thus troubling and becalming Nature?

GREAT Painters do not only give us Landskips of Gardens, Groves, and Meadows, but very often employ their Pencils upon Sea-Pieces: I could wiſh you would follow their Example. If this ſmall Sketch may deſerve a Place among your Works, I ſhall accompany it with a divine Ode, made by a Gentleman upon the Concluſion of his Travels.

I.

HOW are thy Servants bleſt, O Lord!
How ſure is their Defence!
Eternal Wiſdom is their Guide,
Their Help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign Realms, and Lands remote,
Supported by thy Care,
Thro' burning Climes I paſs'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted Air.

III.

Thy Mercy ſweeten'd ev'ry Soil,
Made ev'ry Region pleaſe;
The hoary Alpine *Hills it warm'd,*
And ſmooth'd the Tyrrhene *Seas.*

IV.

Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted Eyes
Thou ſaw'ſt the wide extended Deep
In all its Horrors riſe!

V.

Confuſion dwelt in ev'ry Face,
And Fear in ev'ry Heart;
When Waves on Waves, and Gulphs in Gulphs,
O'ercame the Pilot's Art.

VI.

VI.

et then from all my Griefs, O Lord,
Thy Mercy ſet me free,
hilſt in the Confidence of Pray'r
My Soul took hold on thee.

VII.

er tho' in dreadful Whirles we hung
High on the broken Wave,
knew thou wert not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

VIII.

he Storm was laid, the Winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy Will;
he Sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was ſtill.

IX.

n midſt of Dangers, Fears and Death,
Thy Goodneſs I'll adore,
nd praiſe thee for thy Mercies paſt;
And humbly hope for more.

X.

y Life, if thou preſerv'ſt my Life,
Thy Sacrifice ſhall be;
nd Death, if Death muſt be my Doom,
Shall join my Soul to thee.

O

N° 490. *Monday, September* 22.

Domus & placens Uxor. Hor.

I HAVE very long entertain'd an Ambition to make the Word *Wife* the moſt agreeable and delightful Name in Nature. If it be not ſo in it ſelf, all the wiſer Part of Mankind from the Beginning of the World to this Day has conſented in an Error: But our Unhappineſs in *England* has been, that a few looſe Men of Genius for Pleaſure,

ſure, have turn'd it all to the Gratification of ungovern'd Deſires, in deſpite of good Senſe, Form and Order; when in truth, any Satisfaction beyond the Boundaries of Reaſon is but a Step towards Madneſs and Folly. But is the Senſe of Joy and Accompliſhment of Deſire no way to be indulged or attain'd? and have we Appetites given us not to be at all gratify'd? Yes certainly. Marriage is an Inſtitution calculated for a conſtant Scene of Delight as much as our Being is capable of. Two Perſons who have choſen each other out of all the Species, who deſign to be each other's mutual Comfort and Entertainment, have in that Action bound themſelves to be good-humour'd, affable, diſcreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with reſpect to each other's Frailties and Perfections, to the end of their Lives. The Wiſer of the two (and it always happens one of them is ſuch) will for her or his own ſake, keep things from Outrage with the utmoſt Sanctity. When this Union is thus preſerved (as I have often ſaid) the moſt indifferent Circumſtance adminiſters Delight. Their Condition is an endleſs Source of new Gratifications. The married Man can ſay, If I am unacceptable to all the World beſide, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with Joy and Tranſport, and think herſelf obliged to double her Kindneſs and Careſſes of me from the Gloom with which ſhe ſees me overcaſt. I need not diſſemble the Sorrow of my Heart to be agreeable there, that very Sorrow quickens her Affection.

THIS Paſſion towards each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very Conſtitution, and the Kindneſs flows as eaſily and ſilently as the Blood in the Veins. When this Affection is enjoy'd in the moſt ſublime degree, unskilful Eyes ſee nothing of it; but when it is ſubject to be changed, and has an Allay in it that may make it end in Diſtaſte, it is apt to break into Rage, or overflow into Fondneſs, before the reſt of the World.

UXANDER and *Viramira* are amorous and young, have been married theſe two Years; yet do they ſo much diſtinguiſh each other in Company, that in your Converſation with the Dear Things you are ſtill put to a ſort of Croſs-Purpoſes. Whenever you addreſs your ſelf in ordi-

nary

nary Diſcourſe to *Viramira*, ſhe turns her Head another way, and the anſwer is made to the dear *Uxander*: If you tell a merry Tale, the Application is ſtill directed to her Dear; and when ſhe ſhould commend you, ſhe ſays to him, as if he had ſpoke it, That is, my Dear, ſo pretty——— This puts me in mind of what I have ſomewhere read in the admired Memoirs of the famous *Cervantes*, where, while honeſt *Sancho Panco* is putting ſome neceſſary humble Queſtion concerning *Rozinante*, his Supper, or his Lodging, the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance is ever improving the harmleſs lowly Hints of his Squire to poetical Conceit, Rapture and Flight, in Contemplation of the dear *Dulcinea* of his Affections.

ON the other ſide, *Dictamnus* and *Moria* are ever ſquabling, and you may obſerve them all the time they are in Company in a State of Impatience. As *Uxander* and *Viramira* wiſh you all gone, that they may be at freedom for Dalliance; *Dictamnus* and *Moria* wait your Abſence, that they may ſpeak their harſh Interpretations on each others Words and Actions during the time you were with them.

IT is certain that the greater Part of the Evils attending this Condition of Life, ariſes from Faſhion. Prejudice in this caſe is turn'd the wrong way, and inſtead of expecting more Happineſs than we ſhall meet with in it, we are laugh'd into a Prepoſſeſſion, that we ſhall be diſappointed if we hope for laſting Satisfactions.

WITH all Perſons who have made good Senſe the Rule of Action, Marriage is deſcrib'd as the State capable of the higheſt human Felicity. *Tully* has Epiſtles full of affectionate Pleaſure, when he writes to his Wife, or ſpeaks of his Children. But above all the Hints of this kind I have met with in Writers of ancient date, I am pleas'd with an Epigram of *Martial*, in honour of the Beauty of his Wife *Cleopatra*. Commentators ſay it was written the day after his Wedding-Night. When his Spouſe was retir'd to the Bathing-room in the Heat of the Day, he, it ſeems, came in upon her when ſhe was juſt going into the Water. To her Beauty and Carriage on this occaſion we owe the following Epigram, which I ſhew'd my Friend WILL. HO-

HONEYCOMB in *French*, who has tranſlated it as follows, without underſtanding the Original. I expect it will pleaſe the *Engliſh* better than the *Latin* Reader.

When my bright Conſort, now nor Wife nor Maid,
Aſhamed and wanton, of Embrace afraid,
Fled to the Streams, the Streams my Fair betray'd;
To my fond Eyes ſhe all tranſparent ſtood,
She bluſh'd, I ſmil'd at the ſlight covering Flood.
Thus thro' the Glaſs the lovely Lilly glows,
Thus thro' the ambient Gem ſhines forth the Roſe.
I ſaw new Charms, and plung'd to ſeize my Store,
Kiſſes I ſnatch'd, the Waves prevented more.

MY Friend would not allow that this luſcious Account could be given of a Wife, and therefore uſed the Word *Conſort*; which, he learnedly ſaid, would ſerve for a Miſtreſs as well, and give a more gentlemanly Turn to the Epigram. But, under favour of him and all other ſuch fine Gentlemen, I cannot be perſuaded but that the Paſſion a Bridegroom has for a virtuous young Woman, will, by little and little, grow into Friendſhip, and then it is aſcended to a higher Pleaſure than it was in its firſt Fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate Man who has enter'd into this State, and left the Habitudes of Life he might have enjoy'd with a faithful Friend. But when the Wife proves capable of filling ſerious as well as joyous Hours, ſhe brings Happineſs unknown to Friendſhip it ſelf. *Spencer* ſpeaks of each kind of Love with great Juſtice, and attributes the higheſt Praiſe to Friendſhip; and indeed there is no diſputing that Point, but by making that Friendſhip take its place between two married Perſons.

Hard is the Doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of Love together meet,
And to diſpart the Heart with Power extreme,
Whether ſhall weigh the Ballance down; to wit,
The dear Affection unto Kindred ſweet,
Or raging Fire of Love to Womenkind,
Or Zeal of Friends combin'd by Virtues meet.

But, of them all, the Band of virtuous Mind
Methinks the gentle Heart ſhould moſt aſſured bind.

For natural Affection ſoon doth ceaſe,
And quenched is with Cupid's *greater Flame;*
But faithful Friendſhip doth them both ſuppreſs,
And them with maſtering Diſcipline doth tame,
Through Thoughts aſpiring to eternal Fame.
For as the Soul doth rule the Earthly Maſs,
And all the Service of the Body frame;
So Love of Soul doth Love of Body paſs,
As leſs than perfect Gold ſurmounts the meaneſt Braſs.

T

N° 491. *Tueſday, September* 23.

——— *Digna ſatis fortuna reviſit.*

IT is common with me to run from Book to Book to exerciſe my Mind with many Objects, and qualify my ſelf for my daily Labours. After an Hour ſpent in this ſcattering way of Reading, ſomething will remain to be food to the Imagination. The Writings that pleaſe me moſt in ſuch Occaſions are Stories, for the Truth of which there is good Authority. The Mind of Man is naturally a Lover of Juſtice, and when we read a Story wherein a Criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no Quality which is the Object of Pity, the Soul enjoys a certain Revenge for the Offence done to its Nature, in the wicked Actions committed in the preceding part of the Hiſtory. This will be better underſtood by the Reader from the following Narration it ſelf, than from any thing which I can ſay to introduce it.

WHEN *Charles* Duke of *Burgundy*, ſirnamed *The Bold*, reigned over ſpacious Dominions now ſwallowed up by the Power of *France*, he heaped many Favours and Honours upon *Claudius Rynſault*, a *German*, who

who had ſerv'd him in his Wars againſt the inſults of his Neighbours. A great part of *Zealand* was at that time in ſubjection to that Dukedom. The Prince himſelf was a Perſon of ſingular Humanity and Juſtice. *Rhynſault*, with no other real Quality than Courage, had Diſſimulation enough to paſs upon his generous and unſuſpicious Maſter for a Perſon of blunt Honeſty and Fidelity, without any Vice that could biaſs him from the Execution of Juſtice. His Highneſs prepoſſeſſed to his Advantage, upon the Deceaſe of the Governour of his chief Town of *Zealand* gave *Rhynſault* that Command. He was not long ſeated in that Government, before he caſt his Eyes upon *Sapphira*, a Woman of exquiſite Beauty, the Wife of *Paul Danvelt*, a wealthy Merchant of the City under his Protection and Government. *Rhynſault* was a Man of a warm Conſtitution, and violent Inclination to Women, and not unskilled in the ſoft Arts which win their Favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the Satisfactions which are reaped from the Poſſeſſion of Beauty, but was an utter Stranger to the Decencies, Honours and Delicacies that attend the Paſſion towards them in elegant Minds. However he had ſo much of the World, that he had a great ſhare of the Language which uſually prevails upon the weaker Part of that Sex, and he could with his Tongue utter a Paſſion with which his Heart was wholly untouch'd. He was one of thoſe brutal Minds which can be gratified with the Violation of Innocence and Beauty, without the leaſt Pity, Paſſion or Love to that with which they are ſo much delighted. Ingratitude is a Vice inſeparable to a luſtful Man; and the Poſſeſſion of a Woman by him who has no thought but allaying a Paſſion painful to himſelf, is neceſſarily followed by Diſtate and Averſion. *Rhynſault* being reſolv'd to accompliſh his Will on the Wife of *Danvelt*, left no Art untried to get into a Familiarity at her Houſe; but ſhe knew his Character and Diſpoſition too well, not to ſhun all Occaſions that might enſnare her into his Converſation. The Governor deſpairing of Succeſs by ordinary Means, apprehended and impriſoned her Husband, under pretence of an Information that he was guilty of a Correſpondence with the Enemies of the Duke, to betray the Town into their

heir Poſſeſſion. This Deſign had its deſired Effect; and he Wife of the unfortunate *Danvelt*, the day before that which was appointed for his Execution, preſented her ſelf n the Hall of the Governor's Houſe, and as he paſs'd hro' the Apartment, threw her ſelf at his Feet, and holdng his Knees, beſeeched his Mercy. *Rhynſault* beheld er with a diſſembled Satisfaction, and aſſuming an Air of Thought and Authority, he bid her ariſe, and told her ſhe uſt follow him to his Cloſet; and asking her whether he knew the Hand of the Letter he pulled out of his ocket, went from her, leaving this Admonition aloud, *f you will ſave your Husband, you muſt give me an acunt of all you know without Prevarication; for every ody is ſatisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide om you the Names of the reſt of the Conſpirators, or ny other Particulars whatſoever.* He went to his Cloſet, nd ſoon after the Lady was ſent for to an Audience. The Servant knew his diſtance when Matters of State were o be debated, and the Governor, laying aſide the Air with which he had appear'd in publick, began to be the upplicant, to rally an Affliction, which it was in her Power aſily to remove, and relieve an innocent Man from his Imriſonment. She eaſily perceiv'd his Intention, and bathed n Tears, began to deprecate ſo wicked a Deſign. Luſt, ke Ambition, takes all the Faculties of the Mind and Body into its Service and Subjection. Her becoming Tears, er honeſt Anguiſh, the wringing of her Hands, and the many Changes of her Poſture and Figure in the Vehemence f ſpeaking, were but ſo many Attitudes in which he eheld her Beauty, and further Incentives of his Deſire. All Humanity was loſt in that one Appetite, and he ſignified to her in ſo many plain Terms, that he was unhappy till he had poſſeſs'd her, and nothing leſs ſhou'd be the Price of her Husband's Life; and ſhe muſt, before the following Noon, pronounce the Death or Enlargement of *Danvelt*. After this Notification, when he ſaw *Sapphira* enough again diſtracted to make the Subject of their Diſcourſe to common Eyes appear different from what it was, he called Servants to conduct her to the Gate. Loaden with inſupportable Affliction, ſhe immediately repairs to her Husband,

Husband, and having ſignified to his Goalers, that ſhe had a Propoſal to make to her Husband from the Governor, ſhe was left alone with him, reveal'd to him all that had paſs'd, and repreſented the endleſs Conflict ſhe was in between Love to his Perſon, and Fidelity to his Bed. It is eaſie to imagine the ſharp Affliction this honeſt Pair was in upon ſuch an Incident, in Lives not us'd to any but ordinary Occurrences. The Man was bridled by Shame from ſpeaking what his Fear prompted, upon ſo near an approach of Death; but let fall Words that ſignify'd to her, he ſhould not think her polluted, though ſhe had not yet confeſs'd to him that the Governor had violated her Perſon, ſince he knew her Will had no part in the Action. She parted from him with this oblique Permiſſion to ſave a Life he had not Reſolution enough to reſign for the ſafety of his Honour.

THE next Morning the unhappy *Sapphira* attended the Governor, and being led into a remote Apartment, ſubmittted to his Deſires. *Rhynſault* commended her Charms, claim'd a Familiarity after what had paſs'd between them, and with an Air of Gaiety, in the Language of a Gallant, bid her return, and take her Husband out of Priſon: But, continu'd he, my Fair-One muſt not be offended that I have taken care he ſhould not be an Interruption to our future Aſſignations. Theſe laſt Words foreboded what ſhe found when ſhe came to the Goal, her Husband executed by the Order of *Rhynſault*.

IT was remarkable that the Woman, who was full of Tears and Lamentations during the whole Courſe of her Affliction, utter'd neither Sigh nor Complaint, but ſtood fix'd with Grief at this Conſummation of her Misfortunes. She betook her ſelf to her abode, and after having in Solitude paid her Devotions to him who is the Avenger of Innocence, ſhe repair'd privately to Court. Her Perſon and a certain Grandeur of Sorrow negligent of Forms gain'd her Paſſage into the Preſence of the Duke her Sovereign. As ſoon as ſhe came into the Preſence, ſhe broke forth into the following Words, *Behold, O mighty* Charles, *a Wretch weary of Life, though it has always been ſpent with Innocence and Virtue. It is not in your power to redreſs my Injuries,*

Injuries, but it is to avenge them. And if the Protection of the Diſtreſſed, and the Puniſhment of Oppreſſors, is a Task worthy a Prince, I bring the Duke of Burgundy *ample matter for doing Honour to his own great Name, and wiping Infamy off of mine.*

WHEN ſhe had ſpoke this, ſhe deliver'd the Duke a Paper reciting her Story. He read it with all the Emotions that Indignation and Pity could raiſe in a Prince jealous of his Honour in the Behaviour of his Officers, and Proſperity of his Subjects.

Upon an appointed Day, *Rhynſault* was ſent for to Court, and in the Preſence of a few of the Council, confronted by *Sapphira:* the Prince asking, *Do you know that Lady? Rhynſault*, as ſoon as he could recover his Surprize, told the Duke he would marry her, if his Highneſs would pleaſe to think that a Reparation. The Duke ſeem'd contented with this Anſwer, and ſtood by during the immediate Solemnization of the Ceremony. At the Concluſion of it he told *Rhynſault*, *Thus far you have done as conſtrain'd by my Authority: I ſhall not be ſatisfied of your kind Uſage of her, without you ſign a Gift of your whole Eſtate to her after your Deceaſe.* To the Performance of this alſo the Duke was a Witneſs. When theſe two Acts were executed, the Duke turned to the Lady, and told her, it now remains for me to put you in quiet Poſſeſſion of what your Husband has ſo bountifully beſtow'd on you; and order'd the immediate Execution of *Rhynſault*. T

Nº 492. *Wedneſday, September* 24.

Quicquid eſt boni moris Levitate extinguitur. Sen.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge, September* 18.

'I AM a young Woman of eighteen Years of Age, and, 'I do aſſure you, a Maid of unſpotted Reputation, 'founded upon a very careful Carriage in all my Looks, 'Words

'Words and Actions. At the ſame time I muſt own t
'you, that it is with much conſtraint to Fleſh and Bloo
'that my Behaviour is ſo ſtrictly irreproachable; for I a
'naturally addicted to Mirth, to Gaiety, to a free Air, t
'Motion and Gadding. Now what gives me a great de
'of Anxiety, and is ſome Diſcouragement in the Purſu
'of Virtue, is, that the young Women who run int
'greater Freedoms with the Men are more taken notic
'of than I am. The Men are ſuch unthinking Sots, tha
'they do not prefer her who reſtrains all her Paſſions an
'Affections and keeps much within the Bounds of wha
'is lawful, to her who goes to the utmoſt Verge of In
'nocence, and parlies at the very Brink of Vice, whethe
'ſhe ſhall be a Wife or a Miſtreſs. But I muſt appeal t
'your Spectatorial Wiſdom, who, I find, have paſſed ver
'much of your Time in the Study of Woman, whether thi
'is not a moſt unreaſonable Proceeding. I have read ſome
'where, that *Hobbes* of *Malmesbury* aſſerts, that continen
'Perſons have more of what they contain, than thoſe who
'give a looſe to their Deſires. According to this Rule, le
'there be equal Age, equal Wit, and equal Good-Humour,
'in the Woman of Prudence, and her of Liberty; what
'Stores has he to expect, who takes the former? What
'Refuſe muſt he be contented with, who chuſes the lat-
'ter? Well, but I ſate down to write to you to vent my
'Indignation againſt ſeveral pert Creatures who are ad-
'dreſs'd to and courted in this Place, while poor I, and
'two or three like me, are wholly unregarded.

'EVERY one of theſe affect gaining the Hearts of
'your Sex: This is generally attempted by a particular
'manner of carrying themſelves with Familiarity. *Glycera*
'has a dancing Walk, and keeps time in her ordinary
'Gate. *Chloe*, her Siſter, who is unwilling to interrupt her
'Conqueſts, comes into the Room before her with a fa-
'miliar Run. *Dulciſſa* takes Advantage of the Approach
'of the Winter, and has introduc'd a very pretty Shiver,
'cloſing up her Shoulders, and ſhrinking as ſhe moves.
'All that are in this Mode carry their Fans between both
'Hands before them. *Dulciſſa* her ſelf, who is Author of
'this Air, adds the pretty Run to it; and has alſo, when

'ſhe

ſhe is in very good Humour, a taking Familiarity in throwing her ſelf into the loweſt Seat in the Room, and letting her hoop'd Petticoats fall with a lucky Decency about her. I know ſhe practiſes this way of ſitting down in her Chamber; and indeed ſhe does it as well as you may have ſeen an Actreſs fall down dead in a Tragedy. Not the leaſt Indecency in her Poſture. If you have obſerv'd what pretty Carcaſſes are carry'd off at the end of a Verſe at the Theatre, it will give you a Notion how *Dulciſſa* plumps into a Chair. Here's a little Country Girl that's very cunning, that makes her uſe of being young and unbred, and outdoes the Inſnarers, who are almoſt twice her Age. The Air that ſhe takes is to come into Company after a Walk, and is very ſucceſsfully out of Breath upon occaſion. Her Mother is in the Secret, and calls her Romp, and then looks round to ſee what young Men ſtare at her.

'IT would take up more than can come into one of your Papers, to enumerate all the particular Airs of the younger Company in this Place. But I cannot omit *Dulceorella*, whoſe manner is the moſt indolent imaginable, but ſtill as watchful of Conqueſt as the buſieſt Virgin among us. She has a peculiar Art of ſtaring at a young Fellow, till ſhe ſees ſhe has got him, and inflam'd him by ſo much Obſervation. When ſhe ſees ſhe has him, and he begins to toſs his Head upon it, ſhe is immediately ſhort-ſighted, and labours to obſerve what he is at a diſtance with her Eyes half ſhut. Thus the Captive that thought her firſt ſtruck, is to make very near Approaches, or be wholly diſregarded. This Artifice has done more Execution than all the ogling of the reſt of the Women here, with the utmoſt Variety of half Glances, attentive Heedleſſneſſes, childiſh Inadvertencies, haughty Contempts, or artificial Overſights. After I have ſaid thus much of Ladies among us who fight thus regularly, I am to complain to you of a Set of familiar Romps, who have broken thro' all common Rules, and have thought of a very effectual way of ſhewing more Charms than all of us. Theſe, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, are the Swingers. You are to know theſe careleſs pretty

Creatures

'Creatures are very Innocents again; and it is to be n
'matter what they do, for 'tis all harmleſs Freedom. The
'get on Ropes, as you muſt have ſeen the Children, an
'are ſwung by their Men Viſitants. The Jeſt is, that M
'ſuch a one can name the Colour of Mrs. Such-a-one
'Stockings; and ſhe tells him, he is a lying Thief, ſo h
'is, and full of Roguery; and ſhe'll lay a Wager, and h
'Siſter ſhall tell the Truth if he ſays right, and he can
'tell what Colour her Garters are of. In this Diverſio
'there are very many pretty Shrieks, not ſo much for fe
'of falling, as that their Petticoats ſhou'd untye: For the
'is a great care had to avoid Improprieties; and the Lov
'who ſwings the Lady, is to tye her Clothes very clo
'with his Hatband, before ſhe admits him to throw up h
'Heels.

'NOW, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, except you can no
'theſe Wantonneſſes in their Beginnings, and bring us fo
'ber Girls into Obſervation, there is no help for it, w
'muſt ſwim with the Tide; the Coquets are too powe
'ful a Party for us. To look into the Merit of a regul
'and well-behav'd Woman, is a ſlow thing. A looſe tr
'vial Song gains the Affections, when a wiſe Homily
'not attended to. There is no other way but to make w
'upon them, or we muſt go over to them. As for m
'part, I will ſhew all the World it is not for want o
'Charms that I ſtand ſo long maſked; and if you do no
'take meaſures for the immediate Redreſs of us Rigid
'as the Fellows call us, I can move with a ſpeaking Mie
'can look ſignificantly, can liſp, can trip, can loll, ca
'ſtart, can bluſh, can rage, can weep, if I muſt do it, an
'can be frighted, as agreeably as any She in *England*. A
'which is humbly ſubmitted to your Spectatorial Conſi
'deration with all Humility, by

Your moſt humble Servant,

T

Matilda Mohai

Thurſday

N° 493. *Thurſday, September* 25.

Qualem commendes etiam atque etiam adſpice, ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem. Hor.

IT is no unpleaſant matter of Speculation to conſider the recommendatory Epiſtles that paſs round this Town from hand to hand, and the abuſe People put upon one nother in that kind. It is indeed come to that paſs, that nſtead of being the Teſtimony of Merit in the Perſon recommended, the true reading of a Letter of this ſort is, *The Bearer hereof is ſo uneaſy to me, that it will be an Act of Charity in you to take him off my Hands; whether ou prefer him or not, it is all one, for I have no manner f Kindneſs for him, or Obligation to him or his; and do hat you pleaſe as to that.* As negligent as Men are in his reſpect, a point of Honour is concerned in it; and here is nothing a Man ſhould be more aſhamed of, than aſſing a worthleſs Creature into the Service or Intereſts f a Man who has never injured you. The Women indeed re a little too keen in their Reſentments, to treſpaſs often his way: But you ſhall ſometimes know that the Miſtreſs nd the Maid ſhall quarrel, and give each other very free anguage, and at laſt the Lady ſhall be pacified to turn er out of doors, and give her a very good Word to any ody elſe. Hence it is that you ſee, in a Year and Half's ime, the ſame Face a Domeſtick in all parts of the Town. Good-breeding and Good-nature lead People in a great eaſure to this Injuſtice: When Suitors of no Conſideation will have Confidence enough to preſs upon their uperiors, thoſe in Power are tender of ſpeaking the Exceptions they have againſt them, and are mortgaged into romiſes out of their Impatience of Importunity. In this atter caſe, it would be a very uſeful Enquiry to know the Hiſtory of Recommendations: There are, you muſt know,

certain Abettors of this way of Torment, who make it Profeſſion to manage the Affairs of Candidates: Theſe Gentlemen let out their Impudence to their Clients, and ſupply any Defective Recommendation, by informing how ſuch and ſuch a Man is to be attacked. They will tell you get the leaſt Scrap from Mr. Such-a-one, and leave the re to them. When one of theſe Undertakers have your Buſi neſs in hand, you may be ſick, abſent in Town or Coun try, and the Patron ſhall be worried, or you prevail. I re member to have been ſhewn a Gentleman ſome Years ago who puniſh'd a whole People for their Facility in givi their Credentials. This Perſon had belonged to a Regi ment which did Duty in the *Weſt-Indies*, and by the Mor tality of the Place happened to be commanding Officer i the Colony. He oppreſſed his Subjects with great frank neſs, till he became ſenſible that he was heartily hated b every Man under his Command. When he had carri his Point, to be thus deteſtable, in a pretended Fit of Di humour, and feigned Uneaſineſs of living where he foun he was ſo univerſally unacceptable, he communicated t the chief Inhabitants a Deſign he had to return for *Eng land*, provided they would give him ample Teſtimonials o their Approbation. The Planters came into it to a Ma and in proportion to his deſerving the quite contrary, t Words Juſtice, Generoſity, and Courage, were inſerted i his Commiſſion, not omitting the general Good-liking o People of all Conditions in the Colony. The Gentlem returns for *England*, and within few Months after ca back to them their Governour on the Strength of their ow Teſtimonials.

SUCH a Rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to e Recommenders, in the ordinary courſe of things fro one hand to another; but how would a Man bear to ha it ſaid to him, the Perſon I took into Confidence on t Credit you gave him, has proved falſe, unjuſt, and has n anſwered any way the Character you gave me of him?

I CANNOT but conceive very good hopes of th Rake *Jack Toper* of the *Temple*, for an honeſt Scrupulo neſs in this Point. A Friend of his meeting with a Serv that had formerly lived with *Jack*, and having a mind t tal

take him, ſent to him to know what Faults the Fellow had, ſince he could not pleaſe ſuch a careleſs Fellow as he was. His Anſwer was as follows:

SIR,

'*THOMAS* that lived with me was turned away be-
'cauſe he was too good for me. You know I live in
'Taverns; he is an orderly ſober Raſcal, and thinks much
'to ſleep in an Entry till two in a Morning. He told me
'one day when he was dreſſing me, that he wondered I
'was not dead before now, ſince I went to dinner in the
'Evening, and went to ſupper at two in the Morning.
'We were coming down *Eſſex-ſtreet* one Night a little
'fluſtered, and I was giving him the Word to alarm the
'Watch; he had the Impudence to tell me it was againſt
'the Law. You that are married, and live one Day after
'another the ſame Way, and ſo on the whole Week, I
'dare ſay will like him, and he will be glad to have his
'Meat in due Seaſon. The Fellow is certainly very honeſt.
'My Service to your Lady. *Yours*, J. T:

NOW this was very fair Dealing. *Jack* knew very well, that tho' the Love of Order made a Man very aukward in his Equipage, it was a valuable Quality among the queer People who live by Rule; and had too much good Senſe and good Nature to let the Fellow ſtarve, becauſe he was not fit to attend his Vivacities.

I SHALL end this Diſcourſe with a Letter of Recommendation from *Horace* to *Claudius Nero*. You will ſee in that Letter a ſlowneſs to ask a Favour, a ſtrong reaſon for being unable to deny his good Word any longer, and that it is a Service to the Perſon to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked: All which are neceſſary Circumſtances; both in Juſtice and Good-breeding, if a Man would ask ſo as to have reaſon to complain of a Denial; and indeed a Man ſhould not in ſtrictneſs ask otherwiſe. In hopes the Authority of *Horace*, who perfectly underſtood how to live with great Men, may have a good Effect towards amending this Facility in People of Condition, and the Confidence of thoſe who apply to them without Merit, I have tranſlated the Epiſtle.

To CLAUDIUS NERO.

SIR,

'SEPTIMIUS, who waits upon you with this, is 'very well acquainted with the place you are pleased 'to allow me in your Friendship. For when he be- 'seeches me to recommend him to your Notice, in such 'a manner as to be received by you, who are delicate in 'the choice of your Friends and Domesticks, he knows 'our Intimacy, and understands my Ability to serve him 'better than I do my self. I have defended my self a- 'gainst his Ambition to be yours, as long as I possibly 'could; but fearing the Imputation of hiding my Power 'in you out of mean and selfish Considerations, I am at 'last prevailed upon to give you this Trouble. Thus, to 'avoid the Appearance of a greater Fault, I have put on 'this Confidence. If you can forgive this Transgression 'of Modesty in behalf of a Friend, receive this Gentleman 'into your Interests and Friendship, and take it from me 'that he is an honest and a brave Man. T

N° 494. *Friday, September 26.*

Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maximè detestabilem quorum est tandem Philosophorum? Cic.

ABOUT an Age ago it was the fashion in *England*, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much Sanctity as possible into his Face, and in particular to abstain from all Appearances of Mirth and Pleasantry, which were looked upon as the Marks of a carnal Mind. The Saint was of a sorrowful Countenance, and generally eaten up with Spleen and Melancholy. A Gentleman, who was lately a great Ornament to the learned World, has diverted me more than once with an account of

of the Reception which he met with from a very famous Independent Miniſter, who was Head of a College in thoſe times. This Gentleman was then a young Adventurer in the Republick of Letters, and juſt fitted out for the Univerſity with a good Cargo of *Latin* and *Greek*. His Friends were reſolved that he ſhould try his Fortune at an Election which was drawing near in the College, of which the Independent Miniſter whom I have before mentioned was Governor. The Youth, according to Cuſtom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the Door by a Servant, who was one of that gloomy Generation that were then in faſhion. He conducted him, with great Silence and Serioufneſs, to a long Gallery which was darkned at Noonday, and had only a ſingle Candle burning in it. After a ſhort ſtay in this melancholy Apartment, he was led into a Chamber hung with Black, where he entertained himſelf for ſome time by the glimmering of a Taper, till at length the Head of the College came out to him, from an inner Room, with half a dozen Night-Caps upon his Head, and religious Horror in his Countenance. The young Man trembled; but his Fears encreaſed, when, inſtead of being ask'd what Progreſs he had made in Learning, he was examined how he abounded in Grace. His *Latin* and *Greek* ſtood him in little ſtead; he was to give an account only of the ſtate of his Soul, whether he was of the Number of the Elect; what was the occaſion of his Converſion; upon what day of the Month, and hour of the Day it happened; how it was carried on, and when compleated. The whole Examination was ſummed up with one ſhort Queſtion, namely, *Whether he was prepared for Death?* The Boy, who had been bred up by honeſt Parents, was frighted out of his Wits at the Solemnity of the Proceeding, and by the laſt dreadful Interrogatory; ſo that upon making his Eſcape out of this Houſe of Mourning, he could never be brought a ſecond time to the Examination, as not being able to go through the Terrors of it.

NOTWITHSTANDING this general Form and Outſide of Religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many Perſons, who, by a natural Unchearfulneſs

of Heart, miſtaken Notions of Piety, or Weakneſs of Underſtanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of Life, and give up themſelves a Prey to Grief and Melancholy. Superſtitious Fears and groundleſs Scruples cut them off from the Pleaſures of Converſation, and all thoſe ſocial Entertainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable; as if Mirth was made for Reprobates, and Chearfulneſs of Heart denied thoſe who are the only Perſons that have a proper Title to it.

SOMBRIUS is one of theſe Sons of Sorrow. He thinks himſelf obliged in Duty to be ſad and diſconſolate. He looks on a ſudden fit of Laughter as a breach of his baptiſmal Vow. An innocent Jeſt ſtartles him like Blaſphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a Title of Honour, he lifts up his Hands and Eyes; deſcribe a publick Ceremony, he ſhakes his Head; ſhew him a gay Equipage, he bleſſes himſelf. All the little Ornaments of Life are Pomps and Vanities. Mirth is wanton, and Wit profane. He is ſcandalized at Youth for being lively, and at Childhood for being playful. He ſits at a Chriſtning, or a Marriage-Feaſt, as at a Funeral; ſighs at the Concluſion of a merry Story, and grows devout when the reſt of the Company grow pleaſant. After all, *Sombrius* is a religious Man, and would have behaved himſelf very properly, had he lived when Chriſtianity was under a general Perſecution.

I WOULD by no means preſume to tax ſuch Characters with Hypocriſy, as is done too frequently; that being a Vice which I think none but he, who knows the Secrets of Mens Hearts, ſhould pretend to diſcover in another, where the Proofs of it do not amount to a Demonſtration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent Perſons, who are weighed down by this habitual Sorrow of Heart, they rather deſerve our Compaſſion than our Reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to conſider, whether ſuch a Behaviour does not deter Men from a religious Life, by repreſenting it as an unſociable State, that extinguiſhes all Joy and Gladneſs, darkens the Face of Nature, and deſtroys the Reliſh of Being it ſelf.

I

I HAVE, in former Papers, ſhewn how great a Tendency there is to Chearfulneſs in Religion, and how ſuch a Frame of Mind is not only the moſt lovely, but the moſt commendable in a virtuous Perſon. In ſhort, thoſe who repreſent Religion in ſo unamiable a Light, are like the Spies, ſent by *Moſes* to make a Diſcovery of the Land of *Promiſe*, when by their Reports they diſcouraged the People from entering upon it. Thoſe who ſhew us the Joy, the Chearfulneſs, the Good-humour, that naturally ſpring up in this happy State, are like the Spies bringing along with them the Cluſters of Grapes, and delicious Fruits, that might invite their Companions into the pleaſant Country which produced them.

AN eminent Pagan Writer has made a Diſcourſe, to ſhew that the Atheiſt, who denies a God, does him leſs Diſhonour than the Man who owns his Being, but at the ſame time believes him to be cruel, hard to pleaſe, and terrible to human Nature. For my own part, ſays he, I would rather it ſhould be ſaid of me, that there was never any ſuch a Man as *Plutarch*, than that *Plutarch* was ill-natured, capricious, or inhumane.

IF we may believe our Logicians, Man is diſtinguiſhed from all other Creatures by the faculty of Laughter. He has a Heart capable of Mirth, and naturally diſpoſed to it. It is not the buſineſs of Virtue to extirpate the Affections of the Mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and reſtrain, but was not deſigned to baniſh Gladneſs from the Heart of Man. Religion contracts the Circle of our Pleaſures, but leaves it wide enough for her Votaries to expatiate in. The Contemplation of the Divine Being, and the Exerciſe of Virtue, are in their own Nature ſo far from excluding all Gladneſs of Heart, that they are perpetual Sources of it. In a word, the true Spirit of Religion cheers, as well as compoſes the Soul; it baniſhes indeed all Levity of Behaviour, all vicious and diſſolute Mirth, but in exchange fills the Mind with a perpetual Serenity, uninterrupted Chearfulneſs, and an habitual Inclination to pleaſe others, as well as to be pleaſed in it ſelf. O

N° 495. *Saturday, September 27.*

Duris ut ilex tonſa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido
Per damna, per cædes ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro. Hor.

AS I am one, who, by my Profeſſion, am obliged to look into all kinds of Men, there are none whom I conſider with ſo much pleaſure, as thoſe who have any thing new or extraordinary in their Characters, or ways of living. For this reaſon I have often amuſed myſelf with Speculations on the Race of People called *Jews*, many of whom I have met with in moſt of the conſiderable Towns which I have paſſed through in the Courſe of my Travels. They are, indeed, ſo diſſeminated through all the trading parts of the World, that they are become the Inſtruments by which the moſt diſtant Nations converſe with one another, and by which Mankind are knit together in a general Correſpondence: They are like the Pegs and Nails in a great Building, which, though they are but little valued in themſelves, are abſolutely neceſſary to keep the whole Frame together.

THAT I may not fall into any common beaten Tracks of Obſervation, I ſhall conſider this People in three Views: Firſt, with regard to their Number; Secondly, their Diſperſion; and, Thirdly, their Adherence to their Religion: and afterwards endeavour to ſhew, Firſt, what natural Reaſons, and, Secondly, what providential Reaſons may be aſſigned for theſe three remarkable Particulars.

THE *Jews* are looked upon by many to be as numerous at preſent, as they were formerly in the Land of *Canaan*.

THIS is wonderful, conſidering the dreadful Slaughter made of them under ſome of the *Roman* Emperors, which Hiſto-

Hiſtorians deſcribe by the Death of many Hundred Thouſands in a War; and the innumerable Maſſacres and Perſecutions they have undergone in *Turkey*, as well as in all Chriſtian Nations of the World. The *Rabbins*, to expreſs the great Havock which has been ſometimes made of them, tell us, after their uſual manner of Hyperbole, that there were ſuch Torrents of holy Blood ſhed as carried Rocks of a hundred Yards in Cirumference above three Miles into the Sea.

THEIR Diſperſion is the ſecond remarkable Particular in this People. They ſwarm over all the *Eaſt*; and are ſettled in the remoteſt Parts of *China*: They are ſpread through moſt of the Nations of *Europe* and *Africa*, and many Families of them are eſtabliſhed in the *Weſt-Indies*: not to mention whole Nations bordering on *Preſter-John*'s Country, and ſome diſcovered in the inner Parts of *America*, if we may give any Credit to their own Writers.

THEIR firm Adherence to their Religion, is no leſs remarkable than their Numbers and Diſperſion, eſpecially conſidering it as perſecuted or contemned over the Face of the whole Earth. This is likewiſe the more remarkable, if we conſider the frequent Apoſtacies of this People, when they lived under their Kings, in the Land of *Promiſe*, and within ſight of their Temple.

IF in the next place we examine, what may be the natural Reaſons for theſe three Particulars which we find in the *Jews*, and which are not to be found in any other Religion or People, I can, in the firſt place, attribute their Numbers to nothing but their conſtant Employment, their Abſtinence, their Exemption from Wars, and, above all, their frequent Marriages; for they look on Celibacy as an accurſed State, and generally are married before Twenty, as hoping the *Meſſiah* may deſcend from them.

THE Diſperſion of the *Jews* into all the Nations of the Earth, is the ſecond remarkable Particular of that People, though not ſo hard to be accounted for. They were always in Rebellions and Tumults while they had the Temple and Holy City in View, for which reaſon they have often been driven out of their old Habitations in the Land of *Promiſe*. They have as often been baniſhed

out of moſt other Places where they have ſettled, which muſt very much diſperſe and ſcatter a People, and oblige them to ſeek a livelihood where they can find it. Beſides, the whole People is now a Race of ſuch Merchants as are Wanderers by Profeſſion, and at the ſame time, are in moſt, if not all, Places incapable of either Lands or Offices, that might engage them to make any part of the World their Home.

THIS Diſperſion would probably have loſt their Religion, had it not been ſecured by the ſtrength of its Conſtitution: For they are to live all in a Body, and generally within the ſame Encloſure; to marry among themſelves, and to eat no Meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This ſhuts them out from all Table-Converſation, and the moſt agreeable Intercourſes of Life; and, by conſequence, excludes them from the moſt probable Means of Converſion.

IF, in the laſt place, we conſider what Providential Reaſon may be aſſigned for theſe three Particulars, we ſhall find that their Numbers, Diſperſion, and Adherence to their Religion, have furniſhed every Age, and every Nation of the World, with the ſtrongeſt Arguments for the Chriſtian Faith, not only as theſe very Particulars are foretold of them, but as they themſelves are the Depoſitaries of theſe and all the other Prophecies, which tend to their own Confuſion. Their Number furniſhes us with a ſufficient Cloud of Witneſſes that atteſt the Truth of the Old Bible. Their Diſperſion ſpreads theſe Witneſſes thro' all parts of the World. The Adherence to their Religion makes their Teſtimony unqueſtionable. Had the whole Body of the *Jews* been converted to Chriſtianity, we ſhould certainly have thought all the Prophecies of the old Teſtament, that relate to the Coming and Hiſtory of our Bleſſed Saviour, forged by Chriſtians, and have looked upon them, with the Prophecies of the *Sybils*, as made many Years after the Events they pretended to foretell. O

Monday

N° 496. *Monday, September* 29.

Gnatum pariter uti his decuit aut etiam amplius,
Quod illa ætas magis ad hæc utenda idonea eſt.
Terent. Heaut. A. 1. Sc. 1.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THOSE Ancients who were the moſt accurate in their Remarks on the Genius and Temper of Mankind, by conſidering the various Bent and Scope of our Actions throughout the Progreſs of Life, have with great Exactneſs allotted Inclinations and Objects of Deſire particular to every Stage, according to the different Circumſtances of our Converſation and Fortune, thro' the ſeveral Periods of it. Hence they were diſpoſed eaſily to excuſe thoſe Exceſſes which might poſſibly ariſe from a too eager Purſuit of the Affections more immediately proper to each State: They indulged the Levity of Childhood with Tenderneſs, overlooked the Gayety of Youth with Good-nature, tempered the forward Ambition and Impatience of ripen'd Manhood with Diſcretion, and kindly imputed the tenacious Avarice of old Men to their want of reliſh for any other Enjoyment. Such Allowances as theſe were no leſs advantageous to common Society than obliging to particular Perſons; for by maintaining a Decency and Regularity in the Courſe of Life, they ſupported the Dignity of human Nature, which then ſuffers the greateſt Violence when the order of things is inverted; and in nothing is it more remarkably vilify'd and ridiculous, than when Feebleneſs prepoſterouſly attempts to adorn it ſelf with that outward Pomp and Luſtre, which ſerve only to ſet off the Bloom of Youth with better advantage. I was inſenſibly carried into Reflections of this nature, by juſt now meeting *Paulino* (who is in his Climacterick) bedeck'd with the utmoſt Splendour of Dreſs and Equipage,

and

'and giving an unbounded Looſe to all manner of Pleaſure, 'whilſt his only Son is debarr'd all innocent Diverſion, 'and may be ſeen frequently ſolacing himſelf in the *Mall* 'with no other Attendance than one antiquated Servant of 'his Father's for a Companion and Director.

'IT is a monſtrous want of Reflection, that a Man 'cannot conſider, that when he cannot reſign the Pleaſures 'of Life in his decay of Appetite and Inclination to them, 'his Son muſt have a much uneaſier Task to reſiſt the Im-'petuoſity of growing Deſires. The Skill therefore ſhould, 'methinks, be to let a Son want no lawful Diverſion, in 'proportion to his future Fortune, and the Figure he is to 'make in the World. The firſt Step towards Virtue that I 'have obſerved in young Men of Condition that have run 'into Exceſſes, has been that they had a regard to their 'Quality and Reputation in the Management of their Vices. 'Narrowneſs in their Circumſtances has made many Youths, 'to ſupply themſelves as Debauchees, commence Cheats 'and Raſcals. The Father who allows his Son to his ut-'moſt ability avoids this latter Evil, which as to the World 'is much greater than the former. But the contrary Pra-'ctice has prevail'd ſo much among ſome Men, that I 'have known them deny them what was merely neceſſary 'for Education ſuitable to their Quality. Poor young *An-'tonio* is a lamentable Inſtance of ill Conduct in this kind. 'The young Man did not want natural Talents; but the 'Father of him was a Coxcomb, who affected being a 'fine Gentleman ſo unmercifully, that he could not endure 'in his ſight, or the frequent mention of one, who was 'his Son, growing into Manhood, and thruſting him out 'of the gay World. I have often thought the Father took 'a ſecret pleaſure in reflecting that when that fine Houſe 'and Seat came into the next hands, it would revive his 'Memory, as a Perſon who knew how to enjoy them, 'from Obſervation of the Ruſticity and Ignorance of his 'Succeſſor. Certain it is that a Man may, if he will, let 'his Heart cloſe to the having no regard to any thing but 'his dear ſelf, even with excluſion of his very Children. 'I recommend this Subject to your conſideration, and am,

SIR, Your moſt humble Servant, T. B.

My

Mr. SPECTATOR, *London, Sept.* 26. 1712.

I AM juſt come from *Tunbridge*, and have ſince my return read Mrs. *Matilda Mohair*'s Letter to you: She pretends to make a mighty Story about the Diverſion of Swinging in that Place. What was done, was only among Relations; and no Man ſwung any Woman who was not ſecond Couſin at fartheſt. She is pleaſed to ſay, care was taken that the Gallants tied the Ladies Legs before they were wafted into the Air. Since ſhe is ſo ſpiteful, I'll tell you the plain truth; there was no ſuch Nicety obſerved, ſince we were all, as I juſt now told you, near Relations; but Mrs. *Mohair* her ſelf has been ſwung there, and ſhe invents all this Malice, becauſe it was obſerved ſhe has crooked Legs, of which I was an Eye-Witneſs.

Your humble Servant,

Rachael Shoeſtring.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge, Sept.* 26. 1712.

WE have juſt now read your Paper, containing Mrs. *Mohair*'s Letter. It is an Invention of her own from one end to the other; and I deſire you would print the encloſed Letter by it ſelf, and ſhorten it ſo as to come within the Compaſs of your Half-Sheet. She is the moſt malicious Minx in the World, for all ſhe looks ſo innocent. Don't leave out that Part about her being in love with her Father's Butler, which makes her ſhun Men; for that is the trueſt of it all.

Your humble Servant,

Sarah Trice.

P. S. 'She has crooked Legs.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge, Sept.* 26, 1712.

ALL that Mrs. *Mohair* is ſo vexed at againſt the good Company of this Place, is, that we all know ſhe has crooked Legs. This is certainly true. I don't care for putting my Name, becauſe one would not be in the power of the Creature.

Your humble Servant unknown.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge, Sept.* 26. 1711.

'THAT inſufferable Prude Mrs. *Mohair*, who has told ſuch Stories of the Company here, is with Child, for all her nice Airs and her crooked Legs. Pray be ſure to put her in for both thoſe two things, and you'll oblige every body here, eſpecially

Your humble Servant,

T Alice Bluegarter.

N° 497. *Tueſday, September* 30.

Οὗτός ἐϛι γαλεώτης γέρων. Menander.

A FAVOUR well beſtow'd, is almoſt as great an honour to him who confers it, as to him who receives it. What indeed makes for the ſuperior Reputation of the Patron in this caſe, is, that he is always ſurrounded with ſpecious Pretences of unworthy Candidates, and is often alone in the kind Inclination he has towards the Well-deſerving. Juſtice is the firſt Quality in the Man who is in a Poſt of Direction; and I remember to have heard an old Gentleman talk of the Civil Wars, and in his Relation give an account of a General Officer, who with this one Quality, without any ſhining Endowments, became ſo popularly beloved and honoured, that all Deciſions between Man and Man were laid before him by the Parties concerned in a private way; and they would lay by their Animoſities implicitly, if he bid them be Friends, or ſubmit themſelves in the wrong without reluctance, if he ſaid it, without waiting the Judgment of Court-Martials. His manner was to keep the Dates of all Commiſſions in his Cloſet, and wholly diſmiſs from the Service ſuch as were deficient in their Duty; and after that, took care to preſer according to the Order of Battel. His Familiars were his entire Friends, and could have no intereſted Views in courting his Acquaintance; for his Affection was no Step to their Preferment, tho' it was to their Reputation. By this

means

means a kind Aſpect, a Salutation, a Smile, and giving out his Hand, had the weight of what is eſteem'd by vulgar Minds more ſubſtantial. His Buſineſs was very ſhort, and he who had nothing to do but Juſtice, was never affronted with a Requeſt of a familiar daily Viſitant for what was due to a brave Man at a diſtance. Extraordinary Merit he uſed to recommend to the King for ſome Diſtinction at home, till the Order of Battel made way for his riſing in the Troops. Add to this, that he had an excellent manner of getting rid of ſuch whom he obſerved were good at a *Halt*, as his Phraſe was. Under this Deſcription he comprehended all thoſe who were contented to live without reproach, and had no Promptitude in their Minds towards Glory. Theſe Fellows were alſo recommended to the King, and taken off of the General's hands into Poſts wherein Diligence and common Honeſty were all that were neceſſary. This General had no weak Part in his Line; but every Man had as much Care upon him, and as much Honour to loſe as himſelf. Every Officer could anſwer for what paſs'd where he was, and the General's Preſence was never neceſſary any where, but where he had placed himſelf at the firſt Diſpoſition, except that Accidents happen'd from extraordinary Efforts of the Enemy which he could not foreſee; but that it was remarkable that it never fell out from Failure in his own Troops. It muſt be confeſs'd, the World is juſt ſo much out of order, as an unworthy Perſon poſſeſſes what ſhould be in the Direction of him who has better Pretenſions to it.

INSTEAD of ſuch a Conduct as this old Fellow us'd to deſcribe in his General, all the Evils which have ever happen'd among Mankind have aroſe from the wanton Diſpoſition of the Favours of the Powerful. It is generally all that Men of Modeſty and Virtue can do, to fall in with ſome whimſical Turn in a Great Man, to make way for things of real and abſolute Service. In the time of Don *Sebaſtian* of *Portugal*, or ſome time ſince, the firſt Miniſter would let nothing come near him but what bore the moſt profound Face of Wiſdom and Gravity. They carry'd it ſo far, that, for the greater Shew of their profound Knowledge, a Pair of Spectacles, tied on their Noſes with

a black Ribband round their Heads, was what compleated the Dreſs of thoſe who made their court at his Levee, and none with naked Noſes were admitted to his Preſence. A blunt honeſt Fellow, who had a Command in the Train of Artillery, had attempted to make an impreſſion upon the Porter day after day in vain, till at length he made his appearance in a very thoughtful dark ſute of Clothes. and two Pair of Spectacles on at once. He was conducted from Room to Room with great deference, to the Miniſter; and carrying on the Farce of the Place, he told his Excellence, That he had pretended in this manner to be wiſer than he really was, but with no ill Intention; but he was honeſt Such-a-one of the Train, and he came to tell him that they wanted Wheel-barrows and Pick-axes. The thing happened not to diſpleaſe, the Great Man was ſeen to ſmile, and the ſucceſsful Officer was reconducted with the ſame profound Ceremony out of the Houſe.

WHEN *Leo* X. reigned Pope of *Rome*, his Holineſs, tho' a Man of Senſe, and of an excellent Taſte of Letters, of all things affected Fools, Buffoons, Humouriſts, and Coxcombs: Whether it were from Vanity, and that he enjoy'd no Talents in other Men but what were inferiour to him, or whatever it was, he carried it ſo far, that his whole Delight was in finding out new Fools, and, as our Phraſe is, playing them off, and making them ſhew themſelves to advantage. A Prieſt of his former Acquaintance ſuffered a great many Diſappointments in attempting to find acceſs to him in a regular Character, till at laſt in deſpair he retired from *Rome*, and returned in an Equipage ſo very fantaſtical, both as to the Dreſs of himſelf and Servants, that the whole Court were in an Emulation who ſhould firſt introduce him to his Holineſs. What added to the Expectation his Holineſs had of the Pleaſure he ſhould have in his Follies, was, that this Fellow, in a Dreſs the moſt exquiſitely ridiculous, deſired he might ſpeak to him alone, for he had Matters of the higheſt Importance, upon which he wanted a Conference. Nothing could be denied to a Coxcomb of ſo great hope; but when they were apart, the Impoſtor revealed himſelf, and ſpoke as follows:

DO not be ſurpriz'd, moſt holy Father, at ſeeing, inſtead of a Coxcomb to laugh at, your old Friend, who has taken this way of Acceſs to admoniſh you of your own Folly. Can any thing ſhew your Holineſs how unworthily you treat Mankind, more than my being put upon this difficulty to ſpeak with you? It is a degree of Folly to delight to ſee it in others, and it is the greateſt Inſolence imaginable to rejoice in the Diſgrace of human Nature. It is a criminal Humility in a Perſon of your Holineſs's Underſtanding, to believe you cannot excel but in the Converſation of Half-wits, Humoriſts, Coxcombs, and Buffoons. If your Holineſs has a mind to be diverted like a rational Man, you have a great opportunity for it, in diſrobing all the Impertinents you have favour'd, of all their Riches and Trappings at once, and beſtowing them on the Humble, the Virtuous, and the Meek. If your Holineſs is not concerned for the ſake of Virtue and Religion, be pleaſed to reflect, that for the ſake of your own Safety it is not proper to be ſo very much in jeſt. When the Pope is thus merry, the People will in time begin to think many things, which they have hitherto beheld with great Veneration, are in themſelves Objects of Scorn and Deriſion. If they once get a Trick of knowing how to laugh, your Holineſs's ſaying this Sentence in one Night-Cap and t'other with the other, the Change of your Slippers, bringing you your Staff in the midſt of a Prayer, then ſtripping you of one Veſt and clapping on a ſecond during divine Service, will be found out to have nothing in it. Conſider, Sir, that at this rate a Head will be reckoned never the wiſer for being bald; and the ignorant will be apt to ſay, that going bare-foot does not at all help on in the way to Heaven. The red Cap and the Coul will fall under the ſame Contempt; and the Vulgar will tell us to our Faces that we ſhall have no Authority over them, but from the Force of our Arguments, and the Sanctity of our Lives. T

Wedneſday,

Nº 498. *Wednesday, October* 1.

——— *Frustra retinacula tendens*
Fertur equis Auriga, neque audit currus habenas.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL *of* Great Britain.

From the farther end of the Widow's Coffee-house in Devereux Court, *Monday Evening, twenty eight Minutes and a half past Six.*

Dear Dumb,

"IN short, to use no further Preface, if I should tell you that I have seen a Hackney-Coachman, when he has come to set down his Fare, which has consisted of two or three very fine Ladies, hand them out, and salute every one of them with an Air of Familiarity, without giving the least offence, you would perhaps think me guilty of a Gasconade. But to clear my self from that Imputation, and to explain this Matter to you, I assure you that there are many Illustrious Youths within this City, who frequently recreate themselves by driving of a Hackney-Coach: But those whom, above all others, I would recommend to you, are the young Gentlemen belonging to the Inns of Court. We have, I think, about a dozen Coachmen, who have Chambers here in the *Temple*; and as it is reasonable to believe others will follow their Example, we may perhaps in time (if it shall be thought convenient) be drove to *Westminster* by our own Fraternity, allowing every fifth Person to apply his Meditations this way, which is but a modest Computation, as the Humour is now likely to take. It is to be hop'd likewise, that there are in the other Nurseries of the Law to be found a proportionable number of these hopeful Plants, springing up to the everlasting Renown of their native Country. Of how long standing this Humour has been,

been, I know not; the firſt time I had any particular Reaſon to take notice of it, was about this time twelve-month, when being upon *Hampſtead-Heath* with ſome of theſe ſtudious young Men, who went thither purely for the ſake of Contemplation, nothing would ſerve them but I muſt go thro' a Courſe of this Philoſophy too: and being ever willing to embelliſh my ſelf with any commendable Qualification, it was not long e'er they perſuaded me into the Coach-box; nor indeed much longer, before I underwent the Fate of my Brother *Phaeton*, for having drove about fifty Paces with pretty good ſucceſs, thro' my own natural Sagacity, together with the good Inſtructions of my Tutors, who, to give them their due, were on all hands encouraging and aſſiſting me in this laudable undertaking; I ſay, Sir, having drove about fifty Paces with pretty good Succeſs, I muſt needs be exerciſing the Laſh, which the Horſes reſented ſo ill from my hands, that they gave a ſudden Start, and thereby pitched me directly upon my Head, as I very well remembred about half an Hour afterwards, which not only deprived me of all the Knowledge I had gain'd for fifty Yards before, but had like to have broken my Neck into the bargain. After ſuch a ſevere Reprimand, you may imagine I was not very eaſily prevail'd with to make a ſecond attempt; and indeed, upon mature deliberation, the whole Science ſeem'd, at leaſt to me, to be ſurrounded with ſo many Difficulties, that notwithſtanding the unknown Advantages which might have accrued to me thereby, I gave over all hopes of attaining it; and I believe had never thought of it more, but that my Memory has been lately refreſhed by ſeeing ſome of thoſe ingenious Gentlemen ply in the open Streets, one of whom I ſaw receive ſo ſuitable a Reward to his Labours, that tho' I know you are no Friend to Story-telling, yet I muſt beg leave to trouble you with this at large.

'ABOUT a fortnight ſince, as I was diverting my ſelf with a pennyworth of Walnuts at the *Temple*-Gate, a lively young Fellow in a Fuſtian Jacket ſhot by me, beckon'd a Coach, and told the Coachman he wanted to go as far as *Chelſey*: They agreed upon the Price, and this young

young Gentleman mounts the Coach-box; the Fellow ſtaring at him, deſir'd to know if he ſhould not drive till they were out of town? No, no, replied he: He was then going to climb up to him, but received another Check, and was then ordered to get into the Coach, or behind it, for that he wanted no Inſtructors; but be ſure you Dog you, ſays he, don't you bilk me. The Fellow thereupon ſurrender'd his Whip, ſcratch'd his head, and crept into the Coach. Having my ſelf occaſion to go into the *Strand* about the ſame time, we ſtarted both together; but the Street being very full of Coaches, and he not ſo able a Coachman as perhaps he imagined himſelf, I had ſoon got a little way before him; often, however, having the curioſity to caſt my eye back upon him, to obſerve how he behaved himſelf in this high Station; which he did with great Compoſure, till he came to the Paſs, which is a military Term the Brothers of the Whip have given the Strait at St. Clement's Church: when he was arrived near this Place, where are always Coaches in waiting, the Coachmen began to ſuck up the Muſcles of their Cheeks, and to tip the wink upon each other, as if they had ſome Roguery in their heads, which I was immediately convinced of; for he no ſooner came within reach, but the firſt of them with his Whip took the exact dimenſion of his Shoulders, which he very ingeniouſly call'd endorſing; and indeed I muſt ſay, that every one of them took due care to endorſe him as he came thro' their hands. He ſeem'd at firſt a little uneaſy under the Operation, and was going in all haſte to take the Numbers of their Coaches; but at length by the Mediation of the worthy Gentleman in the Coach, his Wrath was aſſwaged, and he prevail'd upon to purſue his Journey; tho' indeed I thought they had clapt ſuch a Spoke in his Wheel, as had diſabled him from being a Coachman for that day at leaſt: For I am only miſtaken, Mr. SPEC. if ſome of theſe Endorſements were not wrote with ſo ſtrong a Hand, that they are ſtill legible. Upon my enquiring the Reaſon of this unuſual Salutation, they told me, that it was a Cuſtom among them, whenever they ſaw a Brother

tottering

tottering or unſtable in his Poſt, to lend him a hand in order to ſettle him again therein: For my part I thought their Allegations but reaſonable, and ſo march'd off. Beſides our Coachmen, we abound in divers other ſorts of ingenious robuſt Youth, who, I hope, will not take it ill if I refer giving you an account of their ſeveral Recreations to another Opportunity. In the mean time, if you would but beſtow a little of your wholſome Advice upon our Coachmen, it might perhaps be a Reprieve to ſome of their Necks. As I underſtand you have ſeveral Inſpectors under you, if you would but ſend one amongſt us here in the *Temple*, I am perſuaded he would not want Employment. But I leave this to your own Conſideration, and am,

SIR, Your humble Servant,

Moſes Greenbag.

'*P. S.* I have heard our Criticks in the Coffee-houſes hereabout talk mightily of the Unity of Time and Place: According to my Notion of the Matter, I have endeavoured at ſomething like it in the Beginning of my Epiſtle. I deſire to be inform'd a little as to that particular. In my next I deſign to give you ſome accouut of excellent Watermen, who are bred to the Law, and far out-do the Land-Students abovementioned. T

N° 499. *Thurſday, October* 2.

——— Nimis uncis
Naribus indulges——— Perſ.

MY Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB has told me, for above this half Year, that he had a great mind to try his Hand at a *Spectator*, and that he would have one of his writing in my Works. This Morning I received from him the following Letter, which, after having

having rectified ſome little orthographical Miſtakes, I ſhall make a Preſent of to the Publick.

Dear SPEC.

'I WAS, about two Nights ago, in Company with very 'agreeable young People of both Sexes, where talk- 'ing of ſome of your Papers which are written on conju- 'gal Love, there aroſe a Diſpute among us, whether there 'were not more bad Husbands in the World than bad 'Wives. A Gentleman, who was Advocate for the Ladies, 'took this occaſion to tell us the ſtory of a famous Siege 'in *Germany*, which I have ſince found related in my hi- 'ſtorical Dictionary, after the following manner. When 'the Emperor *Conrade* the Third had beſieged *Guelphus*, 'Duke of *Bavaria*, in the City of *Hensberg*, the Women 'finding that the Town could not poſſibly hold out long, 'petitioned the Emperor that they might depart out of it 'with ſo much as each of them could carry. The Empe- 'ror knowing they could not convey away many of their 'Effects, granted them their Petition; When the Women, 'to his great Surprize, came out of the Place with every 'one her Husband upon her back. The Emperor was ſo 'moved at the ſight, that he burſt into Tears, and after 'having very much extolled the Women for their conju- 'gal Affection, gave the Men to their Wives, and received 'the Duke into his Favour.

'THE Ladies did not a little triumph at this Story, 'asking us, at the ſame time, whether in our Conſcience 'we believed that the Men of any Town in *Great Britain* 'would, upon the ſame Offer, and at the ſame Conjun- 'cture, have loaden themſelves with their Wives; or ra- 'ther, whether they would not have been glad of ſuch an 'opportunity to get rid of them? To this my very good 'Friend *Tom Dapperwit*, who took upon him to be the 'Mouth of our Sex, replied, that they would be very much 'to blame if they wou'd not do the ſame good Office for 'the Women, conſidering that their Strength would be 'greater, and their Burdens lighter. As we were amuſing 'our ſelves with Diſcourſes of this nature, in order to paſs 'away the Evening, which now begins to grow tedious,

'W

'we fell into that laudable and primitive Diverſion of 'Queſtions and Commands. I was no ſooner veſted with 'the regal Authority, but I enjoined all the Ladies, under 'pain of my Diſpleaſure, to tell the Company ingenuouſly, 'in caſe they had been in the Siege abovementioned, and 'had the ſame offers made them as the good Women of 'that Place, what every one of them would have brought 'off with her, and have thought moſt worth the ſaving? 'There were ſeveral merry Anſwers made to my Queſtion, 'which entertained us till Bed-time. This filled my Mind 'with ſuch a huddle of Ideas, that upon my going to 'ſleep, I fell into the following Dream.

'I ſaw a Town of this Iſland, which ſhall be name-'leſs, inveſted on every ſide, and the Inhabitants of it ſo 'ſtraitned as to cry for Quarter. The General refuſed 'any other Terms than thoſe granted to the abovemen-'tioned Town of *Hensberg*, namely, that the married 'Women might come out with what they could bring 'along with them. Immediately the Gate flew open, and 'a Female proceſſion appeared. Multitudes of the Sex fol-'lowing one another in a row, and ſtaggering under their 'reſpective Burdens. I took my ſtand upon an Emi-'nence in the Enemies Camp, which was appointed for 'the general Rendezvous of theſe Female Carriers, being 'very deſirous to look into their ſeveral Ladings. The 'firſt of them had a huge Sack upon her Shoulders, which 'ſhe ſet down with great Care: Upon the opening of it, 'when I expected to have ſeen her Husband ſhot out of 'it, I found it was filled with China-Ware. The next ap-'peared in a more decent Figure, carrying a handſome 'young Fellow upon her back: I could not forbear com-'mending the young Woman for her conjugal Affection, 'when to my great Surprize, I found that ſhe had left the 'good Man at home, and brought away her Gallant. I 'ſaw the third, at ſome diſtance, with a little withered 'Face peeping over her Shoulder, whom I could not ſuſpect 'for any but her Spouſe, till upon her ſetting him down 'I heard her call him dear Pugg, and found him to be her 'Favourite Monkey. A fourth brought a huge Bale of 'Cards along with her; and the fifth a *Bolonia* Lap-Dog;

'for her Husband, it ſeems, being a very burly Man, ſhe 'thought it would be leſs trouble for her to bring away 'little *Cupid*. The next was the Wife of a rich Uſurer, 'loaden with a Bag of Gold; ſhe told us that her Spouſe 'was very old, and by the courſe of Nature could not 'expect to live long; and that to ſhew her tender regards 'for him, ſhe had ſaved that which the poor Man loved 'better than his Life. The next came towards us with 'her Son upon her back, who, we were told, was the 'greateſt Rake in the Place, but ſo much the Mother's 'Darling, that ſhe left her Husband behind with a large 'Family of hopeful Sons and Daughters, for the ſake of 'this graceleſs Youth.

'It would be endleſs to mention the ſeveral Perſons, 'with their ſeveral Loads, that appeared to me in this 'ſtrange Viſion. All the place about me was covered with 'packs of Ribband, Brocades, Embroidery, and ten thou- 'ſand other Materials, ſufficient to have furniſhed a whole 'Street of Toy-ſhops. One of the Women, having a 'Husband who was none of the heavieſt, was bringing him 'off upon her Shoulders, at the ſame time that ſhe carried 'a great bundle of *Flanders-lace* under her Arm; but find- 'ing her ſelf ſo over-loaden, that ſhe could not ſave both 'of them, ſhe dropp'd the good Man, and brought away 'the Bundle. In ſhort, I found but one Husband among 'this great Mountain of Baggage, who was a lively Cobler, 'that kicked and ſpurr'd all the while his Wife was carry- 'ing him on, and, as it was ſaid, had ſcarce paſſed a day 'in his Life without giving her the Diſcipline of the Strap.

'I CANNOT conclude my Letter, Dear SPEC. 'without telling thee one very odd Whim in this my 'Dream, I ſaw, methought, a dozen Women employed 'in bringing off one Man; I could not gueſs who it ſhould 'be, till upon his nearer approach I diſcovered thy ſhort 'Phiz. The Women all declared that it was for the ſake of 'thy Works, and not thy Perſon, that they brought them 'off, and that it was on condition that thou ſhould'ſt con- 'tinue the *Spectator*. If thou thinkeſt this Dream will 'make a tolerable one, it is at thy Service, from,

Dear SPEC. *Thine, ſleeping and waking,*

WILL HONEYCOMB.

THE Ladies will ſee, by this Letter, what I have often told them, that WILL is one of thoſe old-faſhioned Men of Wit and Pleaſure of the Town, that ſhews his Parts by raillery on Marriage, and one who has often tried his Fortune that way without Succeſs. I cannot however diſmiſs his Letter, without obſerving, that the true Story on which it is built does Honour to the Sex, and that in order to abuſe them, the Writer is obliged to have recourſe to Dream and Fiction. O

N° 500. *Friday, October* 3.

——Huc natas adjice ſeptem,
Et totidem juvenes, & mox generoſque nurusque.
Quærite nunc, habeat quam noſtra ſuperbia cauſam.
Ov. Met.

SIR,

YOU who are ſo well acquainted with the Story of *Socrates*, muſt have read how, upon his making a Diſcourſe concerning Love, he preſſed his Point with ſo much Succeſs, that all the Batchelors in his Audience took a Reſolution to marry by the firſt Opportunity, and that all the married Men immediately took Horſe and galloped home to their Wives. I am apt to think your Diſcourſes, in which you have drawn ſo many agreeable Pictures of Marriage, have had a very good Effect this way in *England*. We are obliged to you, at leaſt for having taken off that ſenſeleſs Ridicule, which for many Years the Witlins of the Town have turned upon their Fathers and Mothers. For my own part, I was born in Wedlock, and I don't care who knows it; For which reaſon, among many others, I ſhould look upon my ſelf as a moſt inſufferable Coxcomb, did I endeavour to maintain that Cuckoldom was inſeparable from Marriage, or to make uſe of *Husband* and *Wife* as terms of Reproach. Nay, Sir, I will go one ſtep further, and declare to you before the whole World, that I am a mar-

'ried Man, and at the ſame time I have ſo much Aſſu-
'rance as not to be aſhamed of what I have done.

'AMONG the ſeveral Pleaſures that accompany this
'ſtate of Life, and which you have deſcribed in your for-
'mer Papers, there are two you have not taken notice of,
'and which are ſeldom caſt into the Account, by thoſe
'who write on this Subject. You muſt have obſerved, in
'your Speculations on human Nature, that nothing is more
'gratifying to the Mind of Man than Power or Domi-
'nion; and this I think my ſelf amply poſſeſſed of, as I
'am the Father of a Family. I am perpetually taken up
'in giving out Orders, in preſcribing Duties, in hearing
'Parties, in adminiſtring Juſtice, and in diſtributing Re-
'wards and Puniſhments. To ſpeak in the Language of
'the Centurion, *I ſay unto one, Go, and he goeth; and*
'*to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my Servant, Do*
'*This, and he doth it.* In ſhort, Sir, I look upon my
'Family as a Patriarchal Sovereignity, in which I am
'my ſelf both King and Prieſt. All great Governments
'are nothing elſe but Cluſters of theſe little private Roy-
'alties, and therefore I conſider the Maſters of Families
'as ſmall Deputy-Governors preſiding over the ſeveral lit-
'tle Parcels and Diviſions of their Fellow-Subjects. As I
'take great pleaſure in the Adminiſtration of my Govern-
'ment in particular, ſo I look upon my ſelf not only as a
'more uſeful, but as a much greater and happier Man than
'any Batchelor in *England* of my own Rank and Con-
'dition.

'THERE is another accidental Advantage in Marriage,
'which has likewiſe fallen to my ſhare, I mean the hav-
'ing a multitude of Children. Theſe I cannot but re-
'gard as very great Bleſſings. When I ſee my little Troop
'before me, I rejoice in the Additions which I have made
'to my Species, to my Country, and to my Religion, in
'having produced ſuch a Number of reaſonable Creatures,
'Citizens, and Chriſtians. I am pleaſed to ſee my ſelf
'thus perpetuated; and as there is no Production com-
'parable to that of a human Creature, I am more proud of
'having been the occaſion of ten ſuch glorious Produ-
'ctions, than if I had built a hundred Pyramids at my
'own

'own Expence, or publiſhed as many Volumes of the 'fineſt Wit and Learning. In what a beautiful Light has 'the Holy Scripture repreſented *Abdon*, one of the Judges 'of *Iſrael*, who had forty Sons and thirty Grandſons, that 'rode on threeſcore and ten Aſs-Colts, according to the 'Magnificence of the Eaſtern Countries? How muſt the 'Heart of the old Man rejoice, when we ſaw ſuch a beau-'tiful Proceſſion of his own Deſcendants, ſuch a nume-'rous Cavalcade of his own raiſing? For my own part, 'I can ſit in my Parlour with great content, when I take 'a review of half a dozen of my little Boys mounted 'upon Hobby-Horſes, and of as many little Girls tutor-'ing their Babies, each of them endeavouring to ex-'cel the reſt, and to do ſomething that may gain my 'Favour and Approbation. I cannot queſtion but he who 'has bleſſed me with ſo many Children, will aſſiſt my 'Endeavours in providing for them. There is one thing 'I am able to give each of them, which is a virtuous 'Education. I think it is Sir *Francis Bacon*'s Obſervation, 'that in a numerous Family of Children the eldeſt is often 'ſpoiled by the Proſpect of an Eſtate, and the youngeſt 'by being the Darling of the Parent; but that ſome one 'or other in the middle, who has not perhaps been re-'garded, has made his way in the World, and over-topped 'the reſt. It is my Buſineſs to implant in every one of 'my Children the ſame Seeds of Induſtry, and the ſame 'honeſt Principles. By this means I think I have a fair 'Chance, that one or other of them may grow conſide-'rable in ſome or other way of Life, whether it be in the 'Army, or in the Fleet, in Trade, or any of the three 'learned Profeſſions; for you muſt know, Sir, that from 'long Experience and Obſervation, I am perſuaded of 'what ſeems a Paradox to moſt of thoſe with whom I 'converſe, namely, That a Man who has many Children, 'and gives them a good Education, is more likely to 'raiſe a Family, than he who has but one, notwithſtand-'ing he leaves him his whole Eſtate. For this reaſon I 'cannot forbear amuſing my ſelf with finding out a Gene-'ral, an Admiral, or an Alderman of *London*, a Divine, 'a Phyſician, or a Lawyer, among my little People who

'are now perhaps in Petticoats; and when I ſee the motherly Airs of my little Daughters when they are playing with their Puppets, I cannot but flatter my ſelf that their Husbands and Children will be happy in the Poſſeſſion of ſuch Wives and Mothers.

'IF you are a Father, you will not perhaps think this Letter Impertinent: but if you are a ſingle Man, you will not know the Meaning of it, and probably throw it into the Fire: Whatever you determine of it, you may aſſure your ſelf that it comes from one who is

Your moſt humble Servant,
and Well-wiſher,

O Philogamus.

Nº 501. *Saturday, October* 4.

Durum: ſed levius fit patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere eſt nefas. Hor.

AS ſome of the fineſt Compoſitions among the Ancients are in Allegory, I have endeavoured, in ſeveral of my Papers, to revive that way of Writing, and hope I have not been altogether unſucceſsful in it; for I find there is always a great demand for thoſe particular Papers, and cannot but obſerve that ſeveral Authors have endeavoured of late to excel in Works of this Nature. Among theſe, I do not know any one who has ſucceeded better than a very ingenious Gentleman, to whom I am obliged for the following Piece, and who was the Author of the Viſion in the CCCCLXth Paper. O.

HOW are we tortured with the Abſence of what we covet to poſſeſs, when it appears to be loſt to us! What Excurſions does the Soul make in Imagination after it! And how does it turn into it ſelf again, more fooliſhly fond and dejected, at the Diſappointment? Our Grief, inſtead of having recourſe to Reaſon, which might reſtrain it,

it, ſearches to find a further Nouriſhment. It calls upon Memory to relate the ſeveral Paſſages and Circumſtances of Satisfactions which we formerly enjoy'd; the Pleaſures we purchaſed by thoſe Riches that are taken from us; or the Power and Splendour of our departed Honours; or the Voice, the Words, the Looks, the Temper, and Affections of our Friends that are deceaſed. It needs muſt happen from hence, that the Paſſion ſhould often ſwell to ſuch a ſize as to burſt the Heart which contains it, if Time did not make theſe Circumſtances leſs ſtrong and lively, ſo that Reaſon ſhould become a more equal Match for the Paſſion, or if another Deſire which becomes more preſent did not overpower them with a livelier Repreſentation. Theſe are Thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of Viſion upon this Subject, and may therefore ſtand for a proper Introduction to a relation of it.

I FOUND my ſelf upon a naked Shore, with Company whoſe afflicted Countenances witneſſed their Conditions. Before us flowed a Water deep, ſilent, and called the River of *Tears*, which iſſuing from two Fountains on an upper Ground, encompaſſed an iſland that lay before us. The Boat which plied in it was old and ſhattered, having been ſometimes overſet by the Impatience and Haſte of ſingle Paſſengers to arrive at the other ſide. This immediately was brought to us by *Misfortune* who ſteers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a Woman of a mild and compoſed Behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by repreſenting the Dangers which would attend our Voyage. Hereupon ſome who knew her for *Patience*, and ſome of thoſe too who till then cry'd the loudeſt, were perſuaded by her, and returned back. The reſt of us went in, and ſhe (whoſe Good-nature would not ſuffer her to forſake Perſons in Trouble) deſired leave to accompany us, that ſhe might at leaſt adminiſter ſome ſmall Comfort or Advice while we ſailed. We were no ſooner embarked but the Boat was puſhed off, the Sheet was ſpread; and being filled with *Sighs*, which are the Winds of that Country, we made a paſſage to the farther Bank, through ſeveral Difficulties of which the moſt of us ſeemed utterly regardleſs.

WHEN we landed, we perceived the Iſland to be ſtrangely over-caſt with Fogs, which no Brightneſs could pierce, ſo that a kind of gloomy Horror ſat always brooding over it. This had ſomething in it very ſhocking to eaſy Tempers, inſomuch that ſome others, whom *Patience* had by this time gained over, left us here, and privily convey'd themſelves round the Verge of the Iſland to find a Ford by which ſhe told them they might eſcape.

FOR my part, I ſtill went along with thoſe who were for piercing into the Centre of the Place; and joining our ſelves to others whom we found upon the ſame Journey, we marched ſolemnly as at a Funeral, through bordering Hedges of Roſemary, and through a Grove of Yew-Trees, which love to over-ſhadow Tombs and flouriſh in Church-Yards. Here we heard on every ſide the Wailings and Complaints of ſeveral of the Inhabitants, who had caſt themſelves diſconſolately at the Feet of Trees; and as we chanced to approach any of theſe, we might perceive them wringing their Hands, beating their Breaſts, tearing their Hair, or after ſome other manner viſibly agitated with Vexation. Our Sorrows were heightened by the Influence of what we heard and ſaw, and one of our Number was wrought up to ſuch a Pitch of Wildneſs, as to talk of hanging himſelf upon a Bough which ſhot temptingly acroſs the Path we travelled in; but he was reſtrain'd from it by the kind Endeavours of our above-mentioned Companion.

WE had now gotten into the moſt dusky ſilent part of the Iſland, and by the redoubled Sounds of Sighs, which made a doleful whiſtling in the Branches, the thickneſs of Air which occaſioned faintiſh Reſpiration, and the violent Throbings of Heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the *Grotto of Grief*. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy Cave, ſunk deep in a Dale, and watered by Rivulets that had a Colour between Red and Black. Theſe crept ſlow and half congealed amongſt its windings, and mixed their heavy Murmurs with the Echo of Groans that rolled through all the Paſſages. In the moſt retired Part of it ſat the *doleful Being* her ſelf; the Path to her was ſtrewed with Goads, Stings, and Thorns;

and

and her Throne on which ſhe ſat was broken into a Rock, with ragged Pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy Miſt hung above her, her Head oppreſſed with it reclined upon her Arm: Thus did ſhe reign over her diſconſolate Subjects, full of her ſelf to ſtupidity, in eternal Penſiveneſs, and the profoundeſt Silence. On one ſide of her ſtood *Dejection* juſt dropping into a Swoon, and *Paleneſs* waſting to a Skeleton; on the other ſide were *Care* inwardly tormented with Imaginations, and *Anguiſh* ſuffering outward *Troubles* to ſuck the Blood from her Heart in the Shape of *Vultures*. The whole Vault had a genuine Diſmalneſs in it, which a few ſcattered Lamps, whoſe bluiſh Flames aroſe and ſunk in their Urns, diſcovered to our Eyes with Encreaſe. Some of us fell down, overcome and ſpent with what they ſuffered in the way, and were given over to thoſe Tormentors that ſtood on either hand of the Preſence; others, galled and mortified with Pain, recover'd the Entrance, where *Patience*, whom we had left behind, was ſtill waiting to receive us.

WITH her (whoſe Company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the Grotto, and aſcended at the back of it, out of the mournful Dale in whoſe Bottom it lay. On this Eminence we halted, by her Advice, to pant for Breath; and lifting our Eyes, which till then were fixed downwards, felt a ſullen ſort of Satisfaction, in obſerving through the Shades what Numbers had entred the Iſland. This Satisfaction, which appears to have Ill-nature in it, was excuſable, becauſe it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have reſpect to that of others; and therefore we did not conſider them as ſuffering, but our ſelves as not ſuffering in the moſt forlorn Eſtate. It had alſo the Ground-work of Humanity and Compaſſion in it, tho' the Mind was then too dark and too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards, it began to diſcover it ſelf, and from obſerving that others were unhappy, we came to queſtion one another, when it was that we met, and what were the ſad occaſions that brought us together. Then we heard our Stories, we compared them, we mu-

tually gave and received Pity, and ſo by degrees became tolerable Company.

A CONSIDERABLE part of the troubleſome Road was thus deceived; at length the Openings among the Trees grew larger, the Air ſeemed thinner, it lay with leſs oppreſſion upon us, and we could now and then diſcern tracks in it of a lighter Greyneſs, like the Breakings of Day, ſhort in duration, much enlivening, and called in that Country *Gleams of Amuſement*. Within a ſhort while theſe Gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance; the *Sighs* that hitherto filled the Air with ſo much dolefulneſs, altered to the ſound of common Breezes, and in general the Horrors of the Iſland were abated.

WHEN we had arrived at laſt at the Ford by which we were to paſs out, we met with thoſe faſhionable Mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who being unwilling to go as far as we, had coaſted by the Shore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that by ſhewing themſelves to the World only at the time when we did, they might ſeem alſo to have been among the Troubles of the Grotto. Here the Waters, that rolled on the other ſide ſo deep and ſilent, were much dried up, and it was an eaſier matter for us to wade over.

THE River being croſſed, we were received upon the further Bank by our Friends and Acquaintance, whom *Comfort* had brought out to congratulate our Appearance in the World again. Some of theſe blamed us for ſtaying ſo long away from them, others adviſed us againſt all Temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our Trouble, by asking any particulars of the Journey; and all concluded, that in a caſe of ſo much melancholy Affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter Companion than *Patience*. Here *Patience*, appearing ſerene at her Praiſes, delivered us over to *Comfort*. *Comfort* ſmiled at his receiving the Charge; immediately the Sky purpled on that ſide to which he turned, and double Day at once broke in upon me.

Nº 502. *Monday, October 6.*

Melius, pejus, proſit, obſit, nil vident niſi quod lubent.
Ter.

WHEN Men read, they taſte the matter with which they are entertained, according as their own reſpective Studies and Inclinations have prepared them, and make their Reflections accordingly. Some peruſing *Roman* Writers, would find in them, whatever the Subject of the Diſcourſes were, parts which implied the Grandeur of that People in their Warfare or their Politicks. As for my part, who am a mere SPECTATOR, I drew this Morning Concluſions of their Eminence in what I think great, to wit, in having worthy Sentiments, from the reading a Comedy of *Terence*. The Play was the *Self-Tormentor*. It is from the Beginning to the End a perfect Picture of human Life, but I did not obſerve in the whole one Paſſage that could raiſe a Laugh. How well diſpoſed muſt that People be, who could be entertained with Satisfaction by ſo ſober and polite Mirth? In the firſt Scene of the Comedy, when one of the old Men accuſes the other of Impertinence for interpoſing in his Affairs, he anſwers, *I am a Man, and cannot help feeling any Sorrow that can arrive at Man.* It is ſaid, this Sentence was received with an univerſal Applauſe. There cannot be a greater Argument of the general good Underſtanding of a People, than a ſudden Conſent to give their Approbation of a Sentiment which has no Emotion in it. If it were ſpoken with ever ſo great Skill in the Actor, the manner of uttering that Sentence could have nothing in it which could ſtrike any but People of the greateſt Humanity, nay People elegant and skilful in Obſervations upon it. It is poſſible he might have laid his Hand on his Breaſt, and with a winning Inſinuation in his Countenance, expreſſed

to his Neighbour that he was a Man who made his case his own; yet I'll engage a Player in *Covent-Garden* might hit such an Attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded. I have heard that a Minister of State in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth* had all manner of Books and Ballads brought to him, of what kind soever, and took great notice how much they took with the People; upon which he would, and certainly might, very well judge of their present Dispositions, and the most proper way of applying them according to his own purposes. What passes on the Stage, and the Reception it meets with from the Audience, is a very useful Instruction of this kind. According to what you may observe there on our Stage, you see them often moved so directly against all common Sense of Humanity, that you would be apt to pronounce us a Nation of Savages. It cannot be called a Mistake of what is pleasant, but the very contrary to it is what most assuredly takes with them. The other Night an old Woman carried off with a pain in her Side, with all the Distortions and Anguish of Countenance which is natural to one in that Condition, was laughed and clapped off the Stage. *Terence*'s Comedy, which I am speaking of, is indeed written as if he hoped to please none but such as had as good a Taste as himself. I could not but reflect upon the natural Description of the innocent young Woman made by the Servant to his Master. *When I came to the House*, said he, *an old Woman opened the Door, and I followed her in, because I could by entring upon them unawares better observe what was your Mistress's ordinary manner of spending her Time, the only way of judging any one's Inclinations and Genius. I found her at her Needle in a sort of second Mourning, which she wore for an Aunt she had lately lost. She had nothing on but what shewed she dressed only for herself. Her Hair hung negligently about her Shoulders. She had none of the Arts with which others use to set themselves off, but had that Negligence of Person which is remarkable in those who are careful of their Minds———Then she had a Maid who was at work near her, that was a Slattern, because her Mistress was careless; which I take to be another*

ther Argument of your ſecurity in her; for the Go-betweens *of Women of Intrigue are rewarded too well to be dirty. When you were named, I told her you deſired to ſee her, ſhe threw down her Work for Joy, covered her Face, and decently hid her Tears* —— He muſt be a very good Actor, and draw Attention rather from his own Character than the Words of the Author, that could gain it among us for this Speech, though ſo full of Nature and good Senſe.

THE intolerable Folly and Confidence of Players putting in Words of their own, does in a great meaſure feed the abſurd Taſte of the Audience. But however that is, it is ordinary for a Cluſter of Coxcombs to take up the Houſe to themſelves, and equally inſult both the Actors and the Company. Theſe Savages, who want all manner of Regard and Deference to the reſt of Mankind, come only to ſhew themſelves to us, without any other purpoſe than to let us know they deſpiſe us.

THE groſs of an Audience is compoſed of two ſorts of People, thoſe who know no Pleaſure but of the Body, and thoſe who improve or command corporeall Pleaſures by the addition of fine Sentiments of the Mind. At preſent the intelligent part of the Company are wholly ſubdued, by the Inſurrections of thoſe who know no Satisfactions but what they have in common with all other Animals.

THIS is the reaſon that when a Scene tending to Procreation is acted, you ſee the whole Pit in ſuch a Chuckle, and old Letchers, with Mouths open, ſtare at the looſe Geſticulations on the Stage with ſhameful Earneſtneſs; when the juſteſt Pictures of human Life in its calm Dignity, and the propereſt Sentiments for the Conduct of it, paſs by like mere Narration, as conducing only to ſomewhat much better which is to come after. I have ſeen the whole Houſe at ſome times in ſo proper a Diſpoſition, that indeed I have trembled for the Boxes, and feared the Entertainment would end in the Repreſentation of the Rape of the *Sabines*.

I WOULD not be underſtood in this Talk to argue, that nothing is tolerable on the Stage but what has an immediate Tendency to the Promotion of Virtue. On the con-

contrary, I can allow, provided there is nothing againſt the Intereſts of Virtue, and is not offenſive to Good-manners, that things of an indifferent nature may be repreſented. For this reaſon I have no Exception to the well-drawn Ruſticities in the *Country-Wake*; and there is ſomething ſo miraculouſly pleaſant in *Dogget*'s acting the awkward Triumph and comick Sorrow of *Hob* in different Circumſtances, that I ſhall not be able to ſtay away whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the Gallantry of taking the Cudgels for *Glouceſterſhire*, with the Pride of Heart in tucking himſelf up, and taking Aim at his Adverſary, as well as the other's Proteſtation in the Humanity of low Romance, that he could not promiſe the Squire to break *Hob*'s Head, but he would, if he could, do it in Love; then flouriſh and begin: I ſay, what vexes me is, that ſuch excellent Touches as theſe, as well as the Squire's being out of all patience at *Hob*'s Succeſs, and venturing himſelf into the Croud, are Circumſtances hardly taken notice of, and the height of the Jeſt is only in the very point that Heads are broken. I am confident, were there a Scene written, wherein *Pinkethman* ſhould break his Leg by wreſtling with *Bullock*, and *Dicky* come in to ſet it, without one word ſaid but what ſhould be according to the exact Rules of Surgery in making this Extention, and binding up the Leg, the whole Houſe ſhould be in a Roar of Applauſe at the diſſembled Anguiſh of the Patient, the help given by him who threw him down, and the handy Addreſs and arch Looks of the Surgeon. To enumerate the entrance of Ghoſts, the embattling of Armies, the noiſe of Heroes in Love, with a thouſand other Enormities, would be to tranſgreſs the bounds of this Paper, for which reaſon it is poſſible they may have hereafter diſtinct Diſcourſes; not forgetting any of the Audience who ſhall ſet up for Actors, and interrupt the Play on the Stage; and Players who ſhall prefer the Applauſe of Fools to that of the reaſonable part of the Company.

T

Tueſday

N° 503. *Tueſday, October 7.*

Deleo omnes debinc ex animo Mulieres. Ter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have often mentioned with great Vehemence 'and Indignation the Misbehaviour of People at 'Church; but I am at preſent to talk to you on 'that Subject, and complain to you of one, whom at the 'ſame time I know not what to accuſe of, except it be 'looking too well there, and diverting the Eyes of the 'Congregation to that one Object. However I have this 'to ſay, that ſhe might have ſtay'd at her own Pariſh, and 'not come to perplex thoſe who are otherwiſe intent up-'on their Duty.

'LAST *Sunday* was Seven-night I went into a Church 'not far from *London-Bridge*; but I wiſh I had been con-'tented to go to my own Pariſh, I am ſure it had been 'better for me: I ſay, I went to Church thither, and got 'into a Pew very near the Pulpit. I had hardly been ac-'commodated with a Seat, before there entered into the 'Iſle a young Lady in the very Bloom of Youth and 'Beauty, and dreſſed in the moſt elegant manner imagina-'ble. Her Form was ſuch, that it engaged the Eyes of 'the whole Congregation in an Inſtant, and mine among 'the reſt. Tho' we were all thus fixed upon her, ſhe was not 'in the leaſt out of countenance, or under the leaſt diſor-'der, tho' unattended by any one, and not ſeeming to know 'particularly where to place her ſelf. However, ſhe had 'not in the leaſt a confident Aſpect, but moved on with 'the moſt graceful Modeſty, every one making way till 'ſhe came to a Seat juſt over-againſt that in which I was 'placed. The Deputy of the Ward ſat in that Pew, and 'ſhe ſtood oppoſite to him, and at a Glance into the Seat, 'tho' ſhe did not appear the leaſt acquainted with the Gentle-'man, was let in, with a Confuſion that ſpoke much Ad-

'miration

'miration at the Novelty of the Thing. The Service 'immediately began, and ſhe compos'd her ſelf for it 'with an Air of ſo much Goodneſs and Sweetneſs, that 'the Confeſſion, which ſhe uttered ſo as to be heard 'where I ſat, appeared an Act of Humiliation more than 'ſhe had occaſion for. The Truth is, her Beauty had 'ſomething ſo innocent, and yet ſo ſublime, that we all 'gazed upon her like a Phantom. None of the Pictures 'which we behold of the beſt *Italian* Painters, have any 'thing like the Spirit which appeared in her Countenance, 'at the different Sentiments expreſſed in the ſeveral Parts of 'divine Service: That Gratitude and Joy at a Thankſgi-'ving, that Lowlineſs and Sorrow at the Prayers for the 'Sick and Diſtreſſed, that Triumph at the Paſſages which 'gave Inſtances of the divine Mercy, which appeared re-'ſpectively in her Aſpect, will be in my Memory to my 'laſt hour. I proteſt to you, Sir, ſhe ſuſpended the De-'votion of every one around her; and the Eaſe ſhe did 'every thing with, ſoon diſperſed the churliſh Diſlike and 'Heſitation in approving what is excellent, too frequent 'amongſt us, to a general Attention and Entertainment in 'obſerving her Behaviour. All the while that we were 'gazing at her, ſhe took notice of no Object about her, 'but had an Art of ſeeming aukwardly attentive, what-'ever elſe her Eyes were accidentally thrown upon. One 'thing indeed was particular, ſhe ſtood the whole Service, 'and never kneeled or ſat; I do not queſtion but that 'was to ſhew her ſelf with the greater advantage, and ſet 'forth to better Grace her Hands and Arms, lifted up with 'the moſt ardent Devotion, and her Boſom, the faireſt 'that ever was ſeen, bare to Obſervation; while ſhe, you 'muſt think, knew nothing of the Concern ſhe gave o-'thers, any other than as an Example of Devotion, that 'threw her ſelf out, without regard to Dreſs or Garment, 'all Contrition, and looſe of all worldly Regards, in Ec-'ſtaſy of Devotion. Well, now the Organ was to play a 'Voluntary, and ſhe was ſo ſkilful in Muſick, and ſo 'touched with it, that ſhe kept time, not only with ſome 'Motion of her Head, but alſo with a different Air in 'her Countenance. When the Muſick was ſtrong and

'bold,

'bold, ſhe look'd exalted, but ſerious; when lively and 'airy, ſhe was ſmiling and gracious; when the Notes 'were more ſoft and languiſhing, ſhe was kind and full 'of Pity. When ſhe had now made it viſible to the whole 'Congregation, by her Motion and Ear, that ſhe could 'dance, and ſhe wanted now only to inform us that ſhe could 'ſing too, when the Pſalm was given out, her Voice was 'diſtinguiſhed above all the reſt, or rather People did not 'exert their own in order to hear her. Never was any 'heard ſo ſweet and ſo ſtrong. The Organiſt obſerved 'it, and he thought fit to play to her only, and ſhe ſwel-'led every Note, when ſhe found ſhe had thrown us all 'out, and had the laſt Verſe to her ſelf in ſuch a manner 'as the whole Congregation was intent upon her, in the 'ſame manner as you ſee in the Cathedrals they are on the 'Perſon who ſings alone the Anthem. Well, it came at 'laſt to the Sermon, and our young Lady would not loſe 'her Part in that neither; for ſhe fixed her Eye upon the 'Preacher, and as he ſaid any thing ſhe approved, with 'one of *Charles Mathers*'s fine Tablets ſhe ſet down the 'Sentence, at once ſhewing her fine Hand, the Gold-Pen, 'her Readineſs in writing, and her Judgment in chuſing 'what to write. To ſum up what I intend by this long 'and particular Account, I mean to appeal to you, whe-'ther it is reaſonable that ſuch a Creature as this ſhall come 'from a jaunty Part of the Town, and give her ſelf ſuch 'violent Airs, to the diſturbance of an innocent and in-'offenſive Congregation, with her Sublimities. The Fact, 'I aſſure you, was as I have related; but I had like to 'have forgot another very conſiderable Particular. As ſoon 'as Church was done, ſhe immediately ſtepp'd out of 'her Pew, and fell into the fineſt pitty-pat Air, *forſooth*, 'wonderfully out of Countenance, toſſing her Head up 'and down as ſhe ſwam along the Body of the Church. I, 'with ſeveral others of the Inhabitants, follow'd her out, 'and ſaw her hold up her Fan to an Hackney-Coach at a 'diſtance, who immediately came up to her, and ſhe 'whipp'd into it with great Nimbleneſs, pull'd the Door 'with a bowing Mein, as if ſhe had been uſed to a better 'Glaſs. She ſaid aloud, *You know where to go*, and drove

'off,

'off. By this time the beſt of the Congregation was at 'the Church-Door, and I could hear ſome ſay, *A very 'fine Lady*; others; *I'll warrant ye, ſhe's no better than 'ſhe ſhould be:* and one very wiſe old Lady ſaid, *She 'ought to have been taken up.* Mr. SPECTATOR, I 'think this Matter lies wholly before you: for the Offence 'does not come under any Law, tho' it is apparent this 'Creature came among us only to give herſelf Airs, and 'enjoy her full Swing in being admir'd. I deſire you 'would print this, that ſhe may be confin'd to her own 'Pariſh; for I can aſſure you there is no attending any 'thing elſe in a Place where ſhe is a Novelty. She has 'been talked of among us ever ſince under the Name of 'the *Phantom:* But I would adviſe her to come no 'more; for there is ſo ſtrong a Party made by the Wo-'men againſt her, that ſhe muſt expect they will not be 'excell'd a ſecond time in ſo outrageous a manner, without 'doing her ſome Inſult. Young Women, who aſſume 'after this rate, and affect expoſing themſelves to view 'in Congregations at t'other end of the Town, are not 'ſo miſchievous, becauſe they are rivall'd by more of the 'ſame Ambition, who will not let the reſt of the Company 'be particular: But in the Name of the whole Congre-'gation where I was, I deſire you to keep theſe agreeable 'Diſturbances out of the City, where Sobriety of Manners 'is ſtill preſerv'd, and all glaring and oſtentatious Beha-'viour, even in things laudable, diſcountenanced. I wiſh 'you may never ſee the Phantom, and am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

T Ralph Wonder.

Wedneſday,

N° 504. *Wedneſday, October 7.*

Lepus tute es, & pulpamentum quæris. Ter.

IT is a great Convenience to thoſe who want Wit to furniſh out a Converſation, that there is ſomething or other in all Companies where it is wanted ſubſtituted in its ſtead, which according to their Taſte, does the Buſineſs as well. Of this nature is the agreeable Paſtime in Country-Halls of Croſs-purpoſes, Queſtions and Commands, and the like. A little ſuperior to theſe are thoſe who can play at Crambo, or cap Verſes. Then above them are ſuch as can make Verſes, that is, Rhyme; and among thoſe who have the *Latin* Tongue, ſuch as uſed to make what they call Golden Verſes. Commend me alſo to thoſe who have not Brains enough for any of theſe Exerciſes, and yet do not give up their Pretenſions to Mirth. Theſe can ſlap you on the Back unawares, laugh loud, ask you how you do with a Twang on your Shoulders, ſay you are dull to-day, and laugh a Voluntary to put you in humour; the laborious Way among the minor Poets, of making things come into ſuch and ſuch a Shape, as that of an Egg, a Hand, an Ax, or any thing that no body ever thought on before for that purpoſe, or which would have coſt a good deal of pains to accompliſh it if they did. But all theſe Methods, tho' they are mechanical, and may be arrived at with the ſmalleſt Capacity, do not ſerve an honeſt Gentleman who wants Wit for his ordinary Occaſions; therefore it is abſolutely neceſſary that the Poor in Imagination ſhould have ſomething which may be ſerviceable to them at all hours upon all common Occurrences. That which we call Punning is therefore greatly affected by Men of ſmall Intellects. Theſe Men need not be concerned with you for the whole Sentence; but if they can ſay a quaint thing, or bring in a Word which ſounds like any one Word you have ſpoken

to

to them they can turn the Diſcourſe, or diſtract you ſo that you cannot go on, and by conſequence if they cannot be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they are. Thus if you talk of a Candle, he can *deal* with you; and if you ask to help you to ſome Bread, a Punſter ſhould think himſelf very *ill-bred* if he did not; and if he is not as *well-bred* as your ſelf, he hopes for *Grains* of Allowance. If you do not underſtand that laſt Fancy, you muſt recollect that Bread is made of Grain; and ſo they go on for ever, without poſſibility of being exhauſted.

THERE are another kind of People of ſmall Faculties, who ſupply want of Wit with want of Breeding; and becauſe Women are both by Nature and Education more offended at any thing which is immodeſt then we Men are, theſe are ever harping upon things they ought not to allude to, and deal mightily in double Meanings. Every ones own Obſervation will ſuggeſt Inſtances enough of this kind, without my mentioning any; for your double Meaners are diſperſed up and down thro' all Parts of Town or City where there are any to offend, in order to ſet off themſelves. Theſe Men are mighty loud Laughers, and held very pretty Gentlemen with the ſillier and unbred Part of Womankind. But above all already mentioned, or any whoever were, or ever can be in the World, the happieſt and ſureſt to be pleaſant, are a ſort of People whom we have not indeed lately heard much of, and thoſe are your *Biters*.

A *BITER* is one who tells you a thing you have no reaſon to disbelieve in it ſelf, and perhaps has given you, before he bit you, no reaſon to disbelieve it for his ſaying it; and if you give him Credit, laughs in your Face, and triumphs that he has deceiv'd you. In a Word, a *Biter* is one who thinks you a Fool, becauſe you do not think him a Knave. This Deſcription of him one may inſiſt upon to be a juſt one; for what elſe but a Degree of Knavery is it, to depend upon Deceit for what you gain of another, be it in point of Wit, or Intereſt, or any thing elſe?

THIS way of Wit is called *Biting*, by a Metaphor taken from Beaſts of Prey, which devour harmleſs and unarmed Animals, and look upon them as their Food wherever they

ey meet them. The Sharpers about Town very inge-
ouſly underſtood themſelves to be to the undeſigning Part
f Mankind what Foxes are to Lambs, and therefore uſed
e Word *Biting* to expreſs any Exploit wherein they had
ver-reach'd any innocent and inadvertent Man of his Purſe.
heſe Raſcals of late Years have been the Gallants of the
own, and carried it with a faſhionable haughty Air, to
e diſcouragement of Modeſty and all honeſt Arts. Shal-
w Fops, who are govern'd by the Eye, and admire every
ing that ſtruts in vogue, took up from the Sharpers the
hraſe of *Biting*, and uſed it upon all occaſions, either to
ſhown any nonſenſical Stuff they ſhould talk themſelves,
evade the force of what was reaſonably ſaid by others.
hus, when one of theſe cunning Creatures was enter'd
to a debate with you, whether it was practicable in the
reſent State of Affairs to accompliſh ſuch a Propoſition,
nd you thought he had let fall what deſtroy'd his Side of
e Queſtion, as ſoon as you look'd with an Earneſtneſs
ady to lay hold of it, he immediately cry'd, *Bite*, and
ou were immediately to acknowledge all that Part was in
ſt. They carry this to all the Extravagance imaginable
nd if one of theſe Witlings knows any Particulars which
ay give authority to what he ſays, he is ſtill the more in-
enious if he impoſes upon your Credulity. I remember
remarkable Inſtance of this Kind. There came up a
rewd young Fellow to a plain young Man, his Country-
an, and taking him aſide with a grave concern'd Counte-
ance, goes on at this rate: I ſee you here, and have you
eard nothing out of *Yorkſhire* — You look ſo ſurpriz'd you
ould not have heard of it — and yet the Particulars are ſuch,
at it cannot be falſe: I am ſorry I am got into it ſo far
hat I now muſt tell you; but I know not but it may be
or your Service to know — on *Tueſday* laſt, juſt after Din-
er — you know his manner is to ſmoke, opening his Box,
our Father fell down dead in an Apoplexy. The Youth
ew'd the filial Sorrow which he ought — Upon which the
itty Man cry'd, *Bite, there is nothing in all this* ——

TO put an end to this ſilly, pernicious, frivolous Way
once, I will give the Reader one late Inſtance of a *Bite*,
hich no *Biter* for the future will ever be able to equal, tho'

I heartily wiſh him the ſame occaſion. It is a Superſtition with ſome Surgeons who beg the Bodies of condemn'd Malefactors, to go to the Goal, and bargain for the Carcaſe with the Criminal himſelf. A good honeſt Fellow did ſo laſt Seſſions, and was admitted to the condemned Men on the Morning wherein they died. The Surgeon communicated his Buſineſs, and fell into diſcourſe with a little Fellow, who refuſed twelve Shillings, and inſiſted upon fifteen for his Body. The Fellow, who kill'd the Officer of *Newgate*, very forwardly, and like a Man who was willing to deal, told him, Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry Fellow, who has been half-ſtarved all his Life, and is now half-dead with Fear, cannot anſwer your purpoſe. I have ever liv'd highly and freely, my Veins are full, I have not pin'd in Impriſonment; you ſee my Creſt ſwells to your Knife, and after *Jack-Katch* has done, upon my Honour you'll find me as ſound as e'er a Bullock in any of the Markets. Come, for twenty Shillings I am your Man — Says the Surgeon, Done, there's a Guinea —— This witty Rogue took the Mony, and as ſoon as he had it in his Fiſt, cries, *Bite, I am to be hang'd in Chains.* T

N° 505. *Thurſday, October* 9.

Non habeo denique nauci Marſum Augurem,
Non vicanos Aruſpices, non de circo Aſtrologos,
Non Iſiacos Conjectores, non Interpletes ſomniûm;
Non enim ſunt ii aut ſcientiâ, aut arte Divini,
Sed ſuperſtitioſi vates, impudenteſque harioi,
Aut mertes, aut inſani, aut quibus egeſtas imperat:
Qui ſui quaſtus cauſa fictas ſuſcitant ſententias,
Qui ſibi ſemitam non ſapiunt, alteri monſtrant viam,
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt;
De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant catera. Ennius

THOSE who have maintain'd that Men would be more miſerable than Beaſts, were their Hopes confin'd to this Life only; among other Conſiderations take notice

notice that the latter are only afflicted with the Anguiſh of the preſent Evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the Reflection on what is paſſed, and the Fear of what is to come. This Fear of any future Difficulties or Misfortunes is ſo natural to the Mind, that were a Man's Sorrows and Diſquietudes ſumm'd up at the End of his Life, it would generally be found that he had ſuffer'd more from the Apprehenſion of ſuch Evils as never happen'd to him, than from thoſe Evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among thoſe Evils which befal us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the Proſpect, than by their actual Preſſure.

THIS natural Impatience to look into Futurity, and to know what Accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous Arts and Inventions. Some found their Preſcience on the Lines of a Man's Hand, others on the Features of his Face; ſome on the Signatures which Nature has impreſſed on his Body, and others on his own Hand-Writing: Some read Mens Fortunes in the Stars, as others have ſearched after them in the Entrails of Beaſts, or the Flights of Birds. Men of the beſt Senſe have been touched, more or leſs, with theſe groundleſs Horrours and Preſages of Futurity, upon ſurveying the moſt indifferent Works of Nature. Can any thing be more ſurprizing than to conſider *Cicero*, who made the greateſt Figure at the Bar, and in the Senate of the *Roman* Commonwealth, and, at the ſame time, outſhined all the Philoſophers of Antiquity in his Library and in his Retirements, as buſying himſelf in the College of Augurs, and obſerving, with a religious Attention, after what manner the Chickens peck'd the ſeveral Grains of Corn which were thrown to them?

NOTWITHSTANDING theſe Follies are pretty well worn out of the Minds of the Wiſe and Learned in the preſent Age, Multitudes of weak and ignorant Perſons are ſtill Slaves to them. There are numberleſs Arts of Prediction among the Vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite Obſervations of Days, Numbers, Voices, and Figures, which are regarded by them as Portents and Prodigies. In ſhort, every thing Propheſies to the ſuperſtitious Man, there is ſcarce a Straw or a ruſty Piece of Iron that lies in his way by accident.

IT

IT is not to be conceiv'd how many Wizards, Gypſies, and Cunning-Men are diſpers'd thro' all the Countries and Market-Towns of *Great-Britain*, not to mention the Fortune-tellers and Aſtrologers, who live very comfortably upon the Curioſity of ſeveral well-diſpos'd Perſons in the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

AMONG the many pretended Arts of Divination, there is none which ſo univerſally amuſes as that by Dreams. I have indeed obſerv'd in a late Speculation, that there have been ſometimes, upon very extraordinary occaſions, ſupernatural Revelations made to certain Perſons by this means; but as it is the chief Buſineſs of this Paper to root out popular Errors, I muſt endeavour to expoſe the Folly and Superſtition of thoſe Perſons, who, in the common and ordinary courſe of Life, lay any ſtreſs upon things of ſo uncertain, ſhadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I cannot do more effectually than by the following Letter, which is dated from a Quarter of the Town that has always been the Habitation of ſome prophetick *Philomath*; it having been uſual, time out of mind, for all ſuch People as have loſt their Wits, to reſort to that Place either for their Cure or for their Inſtruction.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Moorfields, Oct.* 4. 1711.

'HAVING long conſider'd whether there be any 'Trade wanting in this great City, after having 'ſurvey'd very attentively all kinds of Ranks and Profeſſions, I do not find in any Quarter of the Town an 'Oneirocritick, or, in plain *Engliſh*, an Interpreter of 'Dreams. For want of ſo uſeful a Perſon, there are ſeveral 'good People who are very much puzled in this Particular, 'and dream a whole Year together without being ever the 'wiſer for it. I hope I am pretty well qualify'd for this 'Office, having ſtudied by Candlelight all the Rules of Art 'which have been laid down upon this Subject. My great 'Uncle by my Wife's Side was a *Scotch* Highlander, and 'ſecond-ſighted. I have four Fingers and two Thumbs 'upon one Hand, and was born on the longeſt Night of 'the Year. My Chriſtian and Sir-Name begin and end 'with the ſame Letters. I am lodg'd in *Moorfields*, in a

'Houſe

'House that for these fifty years has been always tenanted 'by a Conjurer.

'IF you had been in company, so much as my self, 'with ordinary Women of the Town, you must know 'that there are many of them who every day in their 'Lives, upon seeing or hearing of any thing that is unexpected, cry, *My Dream is out*; and cannot go to sleep 'in quiet the next night, till something or other has happen'd which has expounded the Visions of the preceeding 'one. There are others who are in very great pain for 'not being able to recover the Circumstances of a Dream, 'that made strong Impressions upon them while it lasted. 'In short, Sir, there are many whose waking Thoughts 'are wholly employ'd on their sleeping ones. For the Benefit therefore of this curious and inquisitive Part of my 'Fellow-Subjects, I shall in the first place tell those Persons 'what they dreamt of, who fancy they never dream at all. 'In the next place, I shall make out any Dream, upon 'hearing a single Circumstance of it; and in the last place, 'shall expound to them the good or bad Fortune which 'such Dreams portend. If they do not presage good 'luck, I shall desire nothing for my Pains; not questioning 'at the same time that those who consult me will be so reasonable as to afford me a moderate Share out of any considerable Estate, Profit or Emolument which I shall thus 'discover to them. I interpret to the Poor for nothing, 'on condition that their Names may be inserted in publick 'Advertisements, to attest the Truth of such my Interpretations. As for People of Quality or others, who are 'indisposed, and do not care to come in Person, I can interpret their Dreams by seeing their Water. I set aside 'one Day in a Week for Lovers; and interpret by the 'great for any Gentlewoman who is turned of Sixty, after 'the rate of half a Crown *per* Week, with the usual Allowances for good Luck. I have several Rooms and Apartments fitted up, at reasonable rates, for such as have 'not Conveniences for dreaming at their own Houses.

Titus Trophonius.

'*N. B.* I am not dumb.

O

Friday,

N° 506. *Friday, October* 10.

Candida perpetuo reſide, concordia, lecto.
Tamque pari ſemper ſit Venus aqua jugo.
Diligat illa ſenem quondam: Sed & ipſa marito,
Tunc quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus. Ma

THE following Eſſay is written by the Gentleman, whom the World is oblig'd for thoſe ſeveral excell Diſcourſes which have been marked with the Letter X.

I HAVE ſomewhere met with a Fable that made *Wa* the Father of *Love*. It is certain a Mind ought, at le to be from the Apprehenſions of Want and Pover before it can fully attend to all the Softneſſes and Ende ments of this Paſſion. Notwithſtanding we ſee Multitu of married People, who are utter Strangers to this delig ful Paſſion, amidſt all the Affluence of the moſt plenti Fortunes.

IT is not ſufficient to make a Marriage happy, that t Humours of two People ſhould be alike; I could inſta an hundred Pair, who have not the leaſt Sentiment of Lo remaining for one another, yet are ſo like in their H mours, that if they were not already married, the wh World would deſign them for Man and Wife.

THE Spirit of Love has ſomething ſo extremely fi in it, that it is very often diſturbed and loſt, by ſome li Accidents which the Careleſs and Unpolite never attend till it is gone paſt Recovery.

NOTHING has more contributed to baniſh it fro a married State, than too great a Familiarity, and layi aſide the common Rules of Decency. Tho' I could gi Inſtances of this in ſeveral Particulars, I ſhall only menti that of *Dreſs*. The Beaus and Belles about Town, w dreſs purely to catch one another, think there is no fu ther occaſion for the Bait, when their firſt Deſign has ſu ceeded. But beſides the too common Fault in point Neatneſs, there are ſeveral others which I do not reme

ber to have been touched upon, but in one of our modern Comedies, where a *French* Woman offering to undreſs and dreſs her ſelf before the Lover of the Play, and aſſuring his Miſtreſs that it was very uſual in *France*, the Lady tells her that's a Secret in Dreſs ſhe never knew before, and that ſhe was ſo unpoliſh'd an *Engliſh* Woman, as to reſolve never to learn even to dreſs before her Husband.

THERE is ſomething ſo groſs in the Carriage of ſome Wives, that they loſe their Husbands Hearts for Faults, which, if a Man has either Good-Nature or Good-breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I am afraid, indeed, the Ladies are generally moſt faulty in this Particular; who, at their firſt giving into Love, find the Way ſo ſmooth and pleaſant, that they fancy 'tis ſcarce poſſible to be tired in it.

THERE is ſo much Nicety and Diſcretion requir'd to keep Love alive after Marriage, and make Converſation ſtill new and agreeable after twenty or thirty years, that I know nothing which ſeems readily to promiſe it, but an earneſt endeavour to pleaſe on both ſides, and ſuperiour good Senſe on the part of the Man.

BY a Man of Senſe, I mean one acquainted with Buſineſs and Letters.

A WOMAN very much ſettles her Eſteem for a Man, according to the Figure he makes in the World, and the Character he bears among his own Sex. As Learning is the chief Advantage we have over them, it is, methinks, a ſcandalous and inexcuſable for a Man of Fortune to be illiterate, as for a Woman not to know how to behave her ſelf on the moſt ordinary occaſions. It is this which ſets the two Sexes at the greateſt Diſtance; a Woman is vexed and ſurpriz'd, to find nothing more in the Converſation of a Man, than in the common Tattle of her own Sex.

SOME ſmall Engagement at leaſt in Buſineſs, not only ſets a Man's Talents in the faireſt light, and allots him a Part to act, in which a Wife cannot well intermeddle; but gives frequent occaſions for thoſe little Abſences, which, whatever ſeeming uneaſineſs they may give, are one of the beſt Preſervatives of Love and Deſire.

THE Fair Sex are ſo conſcious to themſelves, that they have nothing in them which can deſerve entirely to engroſs the whole Man, that they heartily deſpiſe one, who, to uſe their own Expreſſion, is always hanging at their Apron-Strings.

LÆTITIA is pretty, modeſt, tender, and has Senſe enough; ſhe married *Eraſtus*, who is in a Poſt of ſome Buſineſs, and has a general Taſte in moſt Parts of polite Learning. *Lætitia*, where-ever ſhe viſits, has the pleaſure to hear of ſomething which was handſomly ſaid or done by *Eraſtus*. *Eraſtus*, ſince his Marriage, is more gay in his Dreſs than ever, and in all Companies is as complaiſant to *Lætitia* as to any other Lady. I have ſeen him give her her Fan, when it has dropped, with all the Gallantry of a Lover. When they take the Air together, *Eraſtus* is continually improving her Thoughts, and with a Turn of Wit and Spirit which is peculiar to him, giving her an inſight into things ſhe had no notions of before. *Lætitia* is tranſported at having a new World thus open'd to her, and hangs upon the Man that gives her ſuch agreeable Informations. *Eraſtus* has carried this Point ſtill further, as he makes her daily not only more fond of him, but infinitely more ſatisfied with her ſelf. *Eraſtus* finds a Juſtneſs or Beauty in whatever ſhe ſays or obſerves, that *Lætitia* her ſelf was not aware of; and, by his Aſſiſtance, ſhe has diſcovered an hundred good Qualities and Accompliſhments in her ſelf, which ſhe never before once dreamed of. *Eraſtus*, with the moſt artful Complaiſance in the World, by ſeveral remote Hints, finds the means to make her ſay or propoſe almoſt whatever he has a mind to, which he always receives as her own Diſcovery, and gives her all the Reputation of it.

ERASTUS has a perfect Taſte in Painting, and carried *Lætitia* with him the other day to ſee a Collection of Pictures. I ſometimes viſit this happy Couple. As we were laſt Week walking in the long Gallery before Dinner, *I have lately laid out ſome Money in Paintings*, ſays *Eraſtus*, *I bought that* Venus *and* Adonis *purely upon* Lætitia's *Judgment; it coſt me threeſcore Guineas, and I was this morning offer'd a hundred for it.* I turned towards *Lætitia*

titia, and ſaw her Cheeks glow with Pleaſure, while at the ſame time ſhe caſt a Look upon *Eraſtus*, the moſt tender and affectionate I ever beheld.

FLAVILLA married *Tom Tawdry*; ſhe was taken with his laced Coat and rich Sword-knot; ſhe has the mortification to ſee *Tom* deſpiſed by all the worthy Part of his own Sex. *Tom* has nothing to do after Dinner, but to determine whether he will pare his Nails at St. *James's*, *White's*, or his own Houſe. He has ſaid nothing to *Flavilla* ſince they were married, which ſhe might not have heard as well from her own Woman. He however takes great care to keep up the ſaucy ill-natur'd Authority of a Husband. Whatever *Flavilla* happens to aſſert, *Tom* immediately contradicts with an Oath, by way of Preface, and, *My Dear, I muſt tell you, you talk moſt confoundedly ſilly*. *Flavilla* had a Heart naturally as well diſpos'd for all the Tenderneſs of Love as that of *Latitia*; but as Love ſeldom continues long after Eſteem, it is difficult to determine, at preſent, whether the unhappy *Flavilla* hates or deſpiſes the Perſon moſt, whom ſhe is obliged to lead her whole Life with. X

N° 507. *Saturday, October* 11.

Defendit numerus, junctaque umbone Phalanges. Juv.

THERE is ſomething very ſublime, tho' very fanciful, in *Plato*'s Deſcription of the Supreme Being, That *Truth is his Body, and Light his Shadow*. According to this Definition, there is nothing ſo contradictory to his Nature, as Error and Falſhood. The Platoniſts have ſo juſt a Notion of the Almighty's Averſion to every thing which is falſe and erroneous, that they looked upon *Truth* as no leſs neceſſary than *Virtue*, to qualify a human Soul for the Enjoyment of a ſeparate State. For this reaſon as they recommended moral Duties to qualify and ſeaſon the Will

for a future Life, ſo they preſcrib'd ſeveral Contemplations and Sciences to rectify the Underſtanding. Thus *Plato* has called mathematical Demonſtrations the Catharticks or Purgatives of the Soul, as being the moſt proper means to cleanſe it from Error, and to give it a reliſh of Truth; which is the natural Food and Nouriſhment of the Underſtanding, as Virtue is the Perfection and Happineſs of the Will.

THERE are many Authors who have ſhewn wherein the Malignity of a *Lye* conſiſts, and ſet forth in proper Colours, the Heinouſneſs of the Offence. I ſhall here conſider one particular kind of this Crime, which has not been ſo much ſpoken to; I mean that abominable Practice of *Party-lying*. This Vice is ſo very predominant among us at preſent, that a Man is thought of no Principles, who does not propagate a certain Syſtem of Lyes. The Coffee-Houſes are ſupported by them, the Preſs is choak'd with them, eminent Authors live upon them. Our Bottle-Converſation is ſo infected with them, that a Party-Lye is grown as faſhionable an Entertainment, as a lively Catch or a merry Story: The truth of it is, half the great Talkers in the Nation would be ſtruck dumb, were this Fountain of Diſcourſe dried up. There is however one Advantage reſulting from this deteſtable Practice; the very Appearances of Truth are ſo little regarded, that Lyes are at preſent diſcharg'd in the Air, and begin to hurt no body. When we hear a Party-ſtory from a Stranger, we conſider whether he is a Whig or a Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are Words of courſe, in which the honeſt Gentleman deſigns to recommend his Zeal, without any concern for his Veracity. A Man is looked upon as bereft of common Senſe, that gives credit to the Relations of Party-Writers; nay his own Friends ſhake their heads at him, and conſider him in no other light than as an officious Tool or a well-meaning Ideot. When it was formerly the Faſhion to husband a Lye, and trump it up in ſome extraordinary Emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little ſerviceable to the Faction that made uſe of it; but at preſent every Man is upon his guard, the Artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I HAVE frequently wonder'd to ſee Men of Probity, who would ſcorn to utter a Falſhood for their own particular advantage, give ſo readily into a Lye when it is become the Voice of their Faction, notwithſtanding they are thoroughly ſenſible of it as ſuch. How is it poſſible for thoſe who are Men of Honour in their Perſons, thus to become notorious Lyers in their Party? If we look into the bottom of this Matter, we may find, I think, three Reaſons for it, and at the ſame time diſcover the Inſufficiency of theſe Reaſons to juſtify ſo criminal a Practice.

IN the firſt place, Men are apt to think that the Guilt of a Lye, and conſequently the Puniſhment, may be very much diminiſh'd, if not wholly worn out, by the Multitudes of thoſe who partake in it. Tho' the Weight of a Falſhood would be too heavy for *one* to bear, it grows light in their Imaginations, when it is ſhared among *many*. But in this Caſe a Man very much deceives himſelf; Guilt, when it ſpreads thro' numbers, is not ſo properly divided as multiplied: Every one is criminal in proportion to the Offence which he commits, not to the number of thoſe who are his Companions in it. Both the Crime and the Penalty lie as heavy upon every Individual of an offending Multitude, as they would upon any ſingle Perſon, had none ſhared with him in the Offence. In a word, the Diviſion of Guilt is like that of Matter; tho' it may be ſeparated into infinite Portions, every Portion ſhall have the whole Eſſence of Matter in it, and conſiſt of as many Parts as the Whole did before it was divided.

BUT in the ſecond place, tho' Multitudes, who join in a Lye, cannot exempt themſelves from the Guilt, they may from the Shame of it. The Scandal of a Lye is in a manner loſt and annihilated, when diffuſed among ſeveral thouſands; as a Drop of the blackeſt Tincture wears away and vaniſhes, when mixed and confuſed in a conſiderable Body of Water; the Blot is ſtill in it, but is not able to diſcover it ſelf. This is certainly a very great Motive to ſeveral Party-Offenders, who avoid Crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their Virtue, but to their Reputation. It is enough to ſhew the Weakneſs of this Reaſon, which palliates Guilt without removing it, that every Man who is

influenced by it declares himſelf in effect an infamous Hypocrite, prefers the Appearance of Virtue to its Reality, and is determined in his Conduct neither by the Dictates of his own Conſcience, the Suggeſtions of true Honour, nor the Principles of Religion.

THE third and laſt great Motive for Mens joining in a popular Falſhood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a Party-Lye, notwithſtanding they are convinced of it as ſuch, is the doing good to a Cauſe which every Party may be ſuppoſed to look upon as the moſt meritorious. The Unſoundneſs of this Principle has been ſo often expoſed, and is ſo univerſally acknowledged, that a Man muſt be an utter Stranger to the Principles, either of natural Religion or Chriſtianity, who ſuffers himſelf to be guided by it. If a Man might promote the ſuppoſed Good of his Country by the blackeſt Calumnies and Falſhoods, our Nation abounds more in Patriots than any other of the Chriſtian World. When *Pompey* was deſired not to ſet ſail in a Tempeſt that would hazard his Life, *It is neceſſary for me*, ſays he, *to ſail, but it is not neceſſary for me to live:* Every Man ſhould ſay to himſelf, with the ſame Spirit, It is my Duty to ſpeak Truth, tho' it is not my Duty to be in an Office. One of the Fathers has carried this Point ſo high, as to declare, *He would not tell a Lye, tho' he were ſure to gain Heaven by it.* However extravagant ſuch a Proteſtation may appear, every one will own, that a Man may ſay very reaſonably, *He would not tell a Lye, if he were ſure to gain Hell by it*; or, if you have a mind to ſoften the Expreſſion, that he would not tell a Lye to gain any temporal Reward by it, when he ſhould run the hazard of loſing much more than it was poſſible for him to gain.

O

Monday,

N° 508. *Monday, October* 13.

Omnes autem & habentur ut dicuntur Tyranni, qui poteſtate ſunt perpetua, in ea Civitate quæ libertate uſa eſt. Corn. Nepos.

THE following Letters complain of what I have frequently obſerved with very much Indignation; therefore I ſhall give them to the Publick in the Words with which my Correſpondents, who ſuffer under the Hardſhips mention'd in them, deſcribe them.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IN former Ages all Pretenſions to Dominion have been ſupported and ſubmitted to, either upon account of Inheritance, Conqueſt or Election; and all ſuch Perſons who have taken upon 'em any Sovereignty over their Fellow-Creatures upon any other account, have been always called Tyrants, not ſo much becauſe they were guilty of any particular Barbarities, as becauſe every attempt to ſuch a Superiority was in its nature tyrannical. But there is another ſort of Potentates who may with greater Propriety be call'd Tyrants, than thoſe laſt-mention'd, both as they aſſume a deſpotick Dominion over thoſe as free as themſelves, and as they ſupport it by Acts of notable Oppreſſion and Injuſtice; and theſe are the Rulers in all Clubs and Meetings. In other Governments, the Puniſhments of ſome have been alleviated by the Rewards of others; but what makes the Reign of theſe Potentates ſo particularly grievous, is, that they are exquiſite in puniſhing their Subjects, at the ſame time they have it not in their Power to reward 'em. That the Reader may the better comprehend the Nature of theſe Monarchs, as well as the miſerable State of thoſe that are their Vaſſals, I ſhall give an account of the King of the Company I am fallen into, whom for his particular Ty-

'ranny I shall call *Dionysius*; as also of the Seeds that 'sprung up to this odd sort of Empire.

'UPON all Meetings at Taverns, 'tis necessary some one 'of the Company should take it upon him to get all things 'in such order and readiness, as may contribute as much 'as possible to the Felicity of the Convention; such as 'hastning the Fire, getting a sufficient number of Can-'dles, tasting the Wine with a judicious Smack, fixing 'the Supper, and being brisk for the dispatch of it. Know 'then, that *Dionysius* went thro' these Offices with an Air 'that seem'd to express a Satisfaction rather in serving the 'Publick, than in gratifying any particular Inclination of 'his own. We thought him a Person of an exquisite Pa-'late, and therefore by consent beseeched him to be al-'ways our Proveditor; which Post, after he had hand-'somly denied, he could do no otherwise than accept. At 'first he made no other use of his Power, than in recom-'mending such and such things to the Company, ever al-'lowing these Points to be disputable; insomuch that I 'have often carried the Debate for Partridge, when his 'Majesty has given intimation of the high Relish of Duck, 'but at the same time has chearfully submitted, and de-'vour'd his Partridge with most gracious Resignation. 'This Submission on his side naturally produc'd the like 'on ours; of which he in a little time made such barba-'rous advantage, as in all those Matters, which before 'seem'd indifferent to him, to issue out certain Edicts as 'uncontroulable and unalterable as the Laws of the *Medes* 'and *Persians*. He is by turns outrageous, peevish, frow-'ard and jovial. He thinks it our Duty for the little Of-'fices, as Proveditor, that in return all Conversation is to 'be interrupted or promoted by his Inclination for or 'against the present Humour of the Company. We feel, 'at present, in the utmost Extremity, the Insolence of 'Office; however, I being naturally warm, ventur'd to 'oppose him in a Dispute about a Haunch of Venison. I 'was altogether for roasting, but *Dionysius* declar'd him-'self for boiling with so much Prowess and Resolution, 'that the Cook thought it necessary to consult his own 'Safety, rather than the Luxury of my Proposition. With

'the

the ſame Authority that he orders what we ſhall eat and drink, he alſo commands us where to do it, and we change our Taverns according as he ſuſpects any treaſonable Practices in the ſettling the Bill by the Maſter, or ſees any bold Rebellion in point of Attendance by the Waiters. Another Reaſon for changing the Seat of Empire, I conceive to be the Pride he takes in the Promulgation of our Slavery, tho' we pay our Club for our Entertainments even in theſe Palaces of our grand Monarch. When he has a mind to take the air, a Party of us are commanded out by way of Life-Guard, and we march under as great Reſtrictions as they do. If we meet a neighbouring King, we give or keep the way according as we are out-number'd or not; and if the Train of each is equal in number, rather than give Battle, the Superiority is ſoon adjuſted by a Deſertion from one of 'em.

'NOW, the Expulſion of theſe unjuſt Rulers out of all Societies, would gain a Man as everlaſting a Reputation, as either of the *Brutus's* got from their Endeavours to extirpate Tyranny from among the *Romans*. I confeſs my ſelf to be in a Conſpiracy againſt the Uſurper of our Club; and to ſhew my Reading, as well as my merciful Diſpoſition, ſhall allow him till the Ides of *March* to dethrone himſelf. If he ſeems to affect Empire till that time, and does not gradually recede from the Incurſions he has made upon our Liberties, he ſhall find a Dinner dreſs'd which he has no hand in, and ſhall be treated with an Order, Magnificence, and Luxury as ſhall break his proud Heart; at the ſame time that he ſhall be convinc'd in his Stomach he was unfit for his Poſt, and a more mild and skilful Prince receive the Acclamations of the People, and be ſet up in his room: but, as *Milton* ſays,

'——*Theſe Thoughts*
'*Full Counſel muſt mature. Peace is deſpair'd,*
'*And who can think Submiſſion! War, then, War,*
'*Open, or underſtood, muſt be reſolv'd.*

'I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble Servant.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a young Woman at a Gentleman's Seat in the Country; who is a particular Friend of my Father's, and came hither to paſs away a Month or two with his Daughters. I have been entertained with the utmoſt Civility by the whole Family, and nothing has been omitted which can make my Stay eaſy and agreeable on the part of the Family; but there is a Gentleman here, a Viſitant as I am, whoſe Behaviour has given me great uneaſineſſes. When I firſt arrived here, he uſed me with the utmoſt Complaiſance; but, forſooth, that was not with regard to my Sex, and ſince he has no Deſigns upon me, he does not know why he ſhould diſtinguiſh me from a Man in things indifferent. He is, you muſt know, one of thoſe familiar Coxcombs, who have obſerved ſome well-bred Men with a good Grace converſe with Women, and ſay no fine things, but yet treat them with that ſort of Reſpect which flows from the Heart and the Underſtanding, but is exerted in no Profeſſions or Compliments. This Puppy, to imitate this Excellence, or avoid the contrary Fault of being troubleſome in Complaiſance, takes upon him to try his Talent upon me, inſomuch that he contradicts me upon all occaſions, and one day told me I lyed. If I had ſtuck him with my Bodkin, and behaved my ſelf like a Man, ſince he won't treat me as a Woman, I had, I think, ſerved him right. I wiſh, Sir, you would pleaſe to give him ſome Maxims of Behaviour in theſe Points, and reſolve me if all Maids are not in point of Converſation to be treated by all Batchelors as their Miſtreſſes? If not ſo, are they not to be uſed as gently as their Siſters? Is it ſufferable, that the Fop of whom I complain ſhould ſay, as he would rather have ſuch-a-one without a Groat, than me with the *Indies?* What right has any Man to make Suppoſitions of things not in his power, and then declare his Will to the diſlike of one that has never offended him? I aſſure you theſe are things worthy your conſideration, and I hope we ſhall have your Thoughts upon them. I am, tho' a Woman juſtly offended, ready to forgive all this, becauſe I have no Remedy but leaving

very

'very agreeable Company ſooner than I deſire. This alſo 'is an heinous Aggravation of his Offence, that he is in-'flicting Baniſhment upon me. Your printing this Letter 'may perhaps be an Admonition to reform him: As 'ſoon as it appears I will write my Name at the end of it, 'and lay it in his way; the making which juſt Reprimand, 'I hope you will put in the Power of,

SIR,

T *Your conſtant Reader,*
and humble Servant.

N° 509. *Tueſday, October* 14.

Hominis frugi & temperantis functus officium. Ter.

THE uſeful Knowledge in the following Letter ſhall have a place in my Paper, tho' there is nothing in it which immediately regards the Polite or the Learned World; I ſay immediately, for upon reflection every Man will find there is a remote Influence upon his own Affairs, in the Proſperity or Decay of the trading Part of Mankind. My preſent Correſpondent, I believe, was never in Print before; but what he ſays well deſerves a general Attention, tho' deliver'd in his own homely Maxims, and a kind of Proverbial Simplicity; which ſort of Learning has rais'd more Eſtates, than ever were, or will be, from attention to *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Tully*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, or any of the reſt, whom, I dare ſay, this worthy Citizen would hold to be indeed ingenious, but unprofitable Writers. But to the Letter.

Mr. WILLIAM SPECTATOR.

SIR, *Broadſtreet, Oct.* 10. 1712.

'I ACCUSE you of many Diſcourſes on the Subject 'of Money, which you have heretofore promis'd the 'Publick, but have not diſcharg'd your ſelf thereof. But, 'foraſmuch as you ſeem'd to depend upon Advice from

'others

'others what to do in that Point, have ſate down to 'write you the needful upon that Subject. But, before I 'enter thereupon, I ſhall take this opportunity to obſerve 'to you, that the thriving frugal Man ſhews it in every 'Part of his Expence, Dreſs, Servants, and Houſe; and 'I muſt, in the firſt place, complain to you, as SPEC-'TATOR, that in theſe Particulars there is at this time, 'throughout the City of *London*, a lamentable Change 'from that Simplicity of Manners, which is the true 'Source of Wealth and Proſperity. I juſt now ſaid, the 'Man of Thrift ſhews Regularity in every thing; but you 'may, perhaps, laugh that I take notice of ſuch a Parti-'cular as I am going to do, for an Inſtance that this City 'is declining, if their antient Oeconomy is not reſtor'd. 'The thing which gives me this Proſpect, and ſo much 'Offence, is the Neglect of the *Royal Exchange*, I mean 'the Edifice ſo called, and the Walks appertaining there-'unto. The *Royal Exchange* is a Fabrick that well deſerves 'to be ſo called, as well to expreſs that our Monarchs 'higheſt Glory and Advantage conſiſts in being the Patrons 'of Trade, as that it is commodious for Buſineſs, and an 'Inſtance of the Grandeur both of Prince and People. 'But alas! at preſent it hardly ſeems to be ſet apart for a-'ny ſuch uſe or purpoſe. Inſtead of the Aſſembly of ho-'nourable Merchants, ſubſtantial Tradeſmen, and know-'ing Maſters of Ships; the Mumpers, the Halt, the Blind, 'and the Lame; your Venders of Thraſh, Apples, Plumbs; 'your Raggamuffins, Rakeſhames, and Wenches, have 'juſtled the greater Number of the former out of that 'Place. Thus it is, eſpecially on the Evening-Change; 'ſo that with the Din of Squalings, Oaths and Cries 'of Beggars, Men of the greateſt conſequence in our City 'abſent themſelves from the Place. This Particular, by the 'way, is of evil conſequence; for if the Change be no 'Place for Men of the higheſt Credit to frequent, it will 'not be a diſgrace to thoſe of leſs Abilites to abſent. I 'remember the time when raſcally Company were kept 'out, and the unlucky Boys with Toys and Balls were 'whipped away by a Beadle. I have ſeen this done 'indeed of late, but then it has been only to chaſe the

'Lads

'Lads from Chuck, that the Beadle might ſeize their 'Copper.

'I MUST repeat the Abomination, that the Walnut 'Trade is carry'd on by old Women within the Walks, 'which makes the Place impaſſable by reaſon of Shells and 'Traſh. The Benches around are ſo filthy, that no one 'can ſit down, yet the Beadles and Officers have the Im-'pudence at *Chriſtmas* to ask for their Box, though they 'deſerve the Strapado. I do not think it impertinent to 'have mentioned this, becauſe it ſpeaks a neglect in the 'Domeſtick Care of the City, and the Domeſtick is the 'trueſt Picture of a Man every where elſe.

'BUT I deſigned to ſpeak on the Buſineſs of Money 'and Advancement of Gain. The Man proper for this, 'ſpeaking in the general, is of a ſedate, plain, good Un-'derſtanding, not apt to go out of his way, but ſo beha-'ving himſelf at home, that Buſineſs may come to him. 'Sir *William Turner*, that valuable Citizen, has left behind 'him a moſt excellent Rule, and couched it in very few 'Words, ſuited to the meaneſt Capacity. He would ſay, '*Keep your Shop, and your Shop will keep you.* It muſt be 'confeſſed, that if a Man of a great Genius could add 'Steadineſs to his Vivacities, or ſubſtitute ſlower Men of 'Fidelity to tranſact the methodical part of his Affairs, 'ſuch a one would outſtrip the reſt of the World: But 'Buſineſs and Trade is not to be managed by the ſame 'Heads which write Poetry, and make Plans for the Con-'duct of Life in general. So tho' we are at this day be-'holden to the late witty and inventive Duke of *Bucking-'ham* for the whole Trade and Manufacture of Glaſs, yet 'I ſuppoſe there is no one will aver, that, were his Grace 'yet living, they would not rather deal with my diligent 'Friend and Neighbour, Mr. *Gumley*, for any Goods to 'be prepared and delivered on ſuch a Day, than he would 'with that illuſtrious Mechanick abovementioned.

'NO, no, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, you Wits muſt not 'pretend to be rich; and it is poſſible the Reaſon may be, 'in ſome meaſure, becauſe you deſpiſe, or at leaſt you 'do not value it enough to let it take up your chief At-'tention; which the Trader muſt do, or loſe his Credit,

'which

'which is to him what Honour, Reputation, Fame, or 'Glory is to other ſort of Men.

'I SHALL not ſpeak to the Point of Caſh it ſelf, 'till I ſee how you approve of theſe my Maxims in gene- 'ral: But, I think, a Speculation upon *Many a Little 'makes a Mickle, A Penny ſav'd is a Penny got, Penny 'wiſe and Pound fooliſh, It is Need that makes the old 'Wife trot*, would be very uſeful to the World, and if 'you treated them with Knowledge would be uſeful to 'your ſelf, for it would make Demands for your Paper 'among thoſe who have no Notion of it at preſent. But 'of theſe matters more hereafter. If you did this, as you 'excel many Writers of the preſent Age for Politeneſs, ſo 'you would outgo the Author of the true Strops of Ra- 'zors for Uſe.

'I SHALL conclude this Diſcourſe with an Explana- 'tion of a Proverb, which by vulgar Error is taken and 'uſed when a Man is reduced to an Extremity, whereas 'the Propriety of the Maxim is to uſe it when you would 'ſay, there is Plenty, but you muſt make ſuch a Choice, 'as not to hurt another who is to come after you.

'Mr. *TOBIAS HOBSON*, from whom we have 'the Expreſſion, was a very honourable Man, for I ſhall 'ever call the Man ſo who gets an Eſtate honeſtly. Mr. '*Tobias Hobſon* was a Carrier, and being a Man of great 'Abilities and Invention, and one that ſaw where there 'might good Profit ariſe, though the duller Man over- 'looked it; this ingenious Man was the firſt in this Iſland 'who let out Hackney-Horſes. He lived in *Cambridge*, 'and obſerving that the Scholars rid hard, his manner was 'to keep a large Stable of Horſes, with Boots, Bridles, 'and Whips to furniſh the Gentlemen at once, without 'going from College to College to borrow, as they have 'done ſince the Death of this worthy Man: I ſay, Mr. '*Hobſon* kept a Stable of forty good Cattle, always ready 'and fit for travelling; but when a Man came for a 'Horſe, he was led into the Stable, where there was great 'Choice, but he obliged him to take the Horſe which 'ſtood next to the Stable-Door; ſo that every Cuſtomer was alike well ſerved according to his Chance, and every

'Horſe

Horſe ridden with the ſame Juſtice: From whence it became a Proverb, when what ought to be your Election was forced upon you, to ſay, *Hobſon's Choice*. This memorable Man ſtands drawn in Freſco at an Inn (which he uſed) in *Biſhopſgate-ſtreet*, with an hundred Pound Bag under his Arm, with this Inſcription upon the ſaid Bag.

'*The fruitful Mother of an Hundred more.*

'WHATEVER Tradeſman will try the Experiment, and begin the day after you publiſh this my Diſcourſe to treat his Cuſtomers all alike, and all reaſonably and honeſtly, I will enſure him the ſame Succeſs.

I am, SIR,

Your loving Friend.

Hezekiah Thrift.

N° 510. *Wedneſday, October* 15.

——Si ſapis
Neque præterquam quas ipſe amor moleſtias
Habet addas; & illas, quas habet; recte feras. Ter.

I WAS the other day driving in a Hack thro' *Gerrard-ſtreet*, when my Eye was immediately catch'd with the prettieſt Object imaginable, the Face of a very fair Girl, between Thirteen and Fourteen, fixed at the Chin to a painted Saſh, and made part of the Landskip. It ſeemed admirably done, and upon throwing my ſelf eagerly out of the Coach to look at it, it laugh'd and flung from the Window. This amiable Figure dwelt upon me; and I was conſidering the Vanity of the Girl, and her pleaſant Coquettry in acting a Picture till ſhe was taken notice of, and raiſed the Admiration of her Beholders. This little Circumſtance made me run into Reflections upon the Force of Beauty, and the wonderful Influence the Female Sex has

has upon the other part of the Species. Our Hearts are ſeized with their Enchantments, and there are few of us, but brutal Men, who by that hardneſs loſe the chief Pleaſure in them, can reſiſt their Inſinuations, tho' never ſo much againſt our Intereſt and Opinion. It is common with Women to deſtroy the good Effects a Man's following his own Way and Inclination might have upon his Honour and Fortune, by interpoſing their Power over him in matters wherein they cannot influence him, but to his Loſs and Diſparagement. I do not know therefore a Task ſo difficult in human Life, as to be proof againſt the Importunities of a Woman a Man loves. There is certainly no Armour againſt Tears, ſullen Looks, or at beſt conſtrained Familiarities, in her whom you uſually meet with Tranſport and Alacrity. Sir *Walter Raleigh* was quoted in a Letter (of a very ingenious Correſpondent of mine) on this Subject. That Author, who had lived in Courts, Camps, travelled through many Countries, and ſeen many Men under ſeveral Climates, and of as various Complexions, ſpeaks of our Impotence to reſiſt the Wiles of Women, in very ſevere Terms. His words are as follows:

WHAT Means did the Devil find out, or what Inſtruments did his own Subtlety preſent him, as fitteſt and apteſt to work his Miſchief by? Even the unquiet Vanity of the Woman; ſo as by Adam's *hearkening to the Voice of his Wife, contrary to the expreſs Commandment of the living God, Mankind by that her Incantation became the ſubject of Labour, Sorrow, and Death; the Woman being given to Man for a Comforter and Companion, but not for a Counſellor. It is alſo to be noted by whom the Woman was tempted; even by the moſt ugly and unworthy of all Beaſts, into whom the Devil entered and perſuaded. Secondly, What was the Motive of her Diſobedience? Even a deſire to know what was moſt unfitting her Knowledge; an Affection which has ever ſince remained in all the Poſterity of her Sex. Thirdly, What was it that moved the Man to yield to her Perſuaſions; even the ſame Cauſe which hath moved all Men ſince to*

the

ke like Conſent, namely, an Unwillingneſs to grieve her r make her ſad, leſt ſhe ſhould pine, and be overcome ith Sorrow. But if Adam *in the ſtate of Perfection, nd* Solomon *the Son of* David, *God's choſen Servant, nd himſelf a Man endued with the greateſt Wiſdom, id both of them diſobey their Creator by the Perſuaſion nd for the Love they bare to a Woman, it is not ſo onderful as lamentable, that other Men in ſucceeding ges have been allured to ſo many inconvenient and icked Practices by the Perſuaſions of their Wives, or ther beloved Darlings, who cover and ſhadow many alicious Purpoſes with a counterfeit Paſſion of diſſimulate Sorrow and Unquietneſs.*

THE Motions of the Minds of Lovers are no where ſo well deſcribed, as in the Works of skilful Writers for the Stage. The Scene between *Fulvia* and *Curius*, in the ſecond Act of *Johnſon*'s *Catiline*, is an excellent Picture of the Power of a Lady over her Gallant. The Wench plays with his Affections; and as a Man of all places in the World wiſhes to make a good Figure with his Miſtreſs, upon her upbraiding him with want of Spirit, he alludes to Enterprizes which he cannot reveal but with the hazard of his Life. When he is worked thus far, with a little Flattery of her Opinion of his Gallantry, and deſire to know more of it out of her overflowing Fondneſs to him, he brags to her till his Life is in her diſpoſal.

WHEN a Man is thus liable to be vanquiſhed by the Charms of her he loves, the ſafeſt way is to determine what is proper to be done, but to avoid all Expoſtulation with her before he executes what he has reſolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a Treaty, and one muſt conſider how ſenſeleſs a thing it is to argue with one whoſe Looks and Geſtures are more prevalent with you, than your Reaſon and Arguments can be with her. It is a moſt miſerable Slavery to ſubmit to what you diſapprove, and give up a Truth for no other Reaſon, but that you had not Fortitude to ſupport you in aſſerting it. A Man has enough to do to conquer his own unreaſonable Wiſhes and Deſires; but he does that in vain, if he has thoſe of another

ther to gratify. Let his Pride be in his Wife and Family, let him give them all the Conveniences of Life in such a manner as if he were proud of them; but let it be his own innocent Pride, and not their exorbitant Desires, which are indulged by him. In this case all the little Arts imaginable are used to soften a Man's Heart, and raise his Passion above his Understanding; but in all Concessions of this kind, a Man should consider whether the Present he makes flows from his own Love, or the Importunity of his Beloved: If from the latter, he is her Slave; if from the former, her Friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this Subjection to Women with that Seriousness which so important a Circumstance deserves. Why was Courage given to Man, if his Wife's Fears are to frustrate it? When this is once indulged. you are no longer her Guardian and Protector, as you were designed by Nature; but, in compliance to her Weaknesses, you have disabled your self from avoiding the Misfortunes into which they will lead you both, and you are to see the Hour in which you are to be reproached by herself for that very Compliance to her. It is indeed the most difficult Mastery over our selves we can possibly attain, to resist the Grief of her who charms us; but let the Heart ake, be the Anguish never so quick and painful, it is what must be suffered and passed through, if you think to live like a Gentleman, or be conscious to your self that you are a Man of Honesty. The old Argument, that *You do not love me if you deny me this*, which first was used to obtain a Trifle, by habitual Success will oblige the unhappy Man who gives way to it, to resign the Cause even of his Country and his Honour. T

Thursday,

N° 511. *Thurſday, October* 16.

Quis non invenit turbâ quod amaret in illâ? Ovid.

Dear SPEC.

FINDING that my laſt Letter took, I do intend to continue my epiſtolary Correſpondence with thee, on thoſe dear confounded Creatures, *Women*. Thou knoweſt, all the little Learning I am Maſter of is upon that Subject; I never looked in a Book, but for their ſakes. I have lately met with two pure Stories for a *Spectator*, which I am ſure will pleaſe mightily, if they paſs through thy hands. The firſt of them I found by chance in an *Engliſh* Book called *Herodotus*, that lay in my Friend *Dapperwit*'s Window, as I viſited him one Morning. It luckily opened in the place where I met the following Account. He tells us that it was the manner among the *Perſians* to have ſeveral Fairs in the Kingdom, at which all the young unmarried Women were annually expoſed to ſale. The Men who wanted Wives came hither to provide themſelves: Every Woman was given to the higheſt Bidder, and the Money which ſhe fetched laid aſide for the publick Uſe to be emplyed as thou ſhalt hear by and by. By this means the richeſt People had the Choice of the Market, and culled out the moſt extraordinary Beauties. As ſoon as the Fair was thus picked, the Refuſe was to be diſtributed among the Poor, and among thoſe who could not go to the Price of a *Beauty*. Several of theſe married the *Agreeables*, without paying a Farthing for them, unleſs ſomebody chanced to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which Caſe the beſt Bidder was always the Purchaſer. But now you muſt know, SPEC. it happened in *Perſia* as it does in our own Country, that there were as many *ugly Women*, as *Beauties* or *Agreeables*; ſo that by conſequence, after the Magiſtrates had

put

'put off a great many, there were ſtill a great many that 'ſtuck upon their hands. In order therefore to clear the 'Market, the Money which the Beauties had ſold for, was 'diſpoſed of among the Ugly; ſo that a poor Man, who 'could not afford to have a Beauty for his Wife, was 'forced to take up with a Fortune; the greateſt Portion 'being always given to the moſt deformed. To this the 'Author adds, that every poor Man was forced to live kind'ly with his Wife, or in caſe he repented of his Bargain, 'to return her Portion with her to the next publick Sale.

'WHAT I would recommend to thee on this occaſion 'is, to eſtabliſh ſuch an imaginary Fair in *Great Britain*. 'Thou couldſt make it very pleaſant, by matching Wo'men of Quality with Coblers and Carmen, or deſcribing 'Titles and Garters leading off in great Ceremony Shop'keepers and Farmers Daughters. Tho' to tell thee the truth, 'I am confoundedly afraid that as the Love of Money 'prevails in our Iſland more than it did in *Perſia*, we 'ſhould find that ſome of our greateſt Men would chuſe 'out the Portions, and rival one another for the richeſt 'piece of Deformity; and that on the contrary, the 'Toaſts and Belles would be bought up by extravagant 'Heirs, Gameſters and Spendthrifts. Thou could'ſt make 'very pretty Reflections upon this occaſion in honour of 'the *Perſian* Politicks, who took care, by ſuch Marriages, 'to beautify the upper part of the Species, and to make 'the greateſt Perſons in the Government the moſt grace'ful. But this I ſhall leave to thy judicious Pen.

'I HAVE another Story to tell thee, which I like'wiſe met in a Book. It ſeems the General of the *Tar*'*tars*, after having laid ſiege to a ſtrong Town in *China*, 'and taken it by Storm, would ſet to Sale all the Women 'that were found in it. Accordingly, he put each of them 'into a Sack, and after having thorowly conſidered the 'Value of the Woman who was incloſed, marked the 'Price that was demanded for her upon the Sack. There 'were a great Confluence of Chapmen, that reſorted 'from every part, with a Deſign to purchaſe, which they 'were to do *unſight unſeen*. The Book mentions a 'Merchant in particular, who obſerving one of the Sacks

'to

to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his Houſe. As he was reſting with it upon a half-way Bridge, he was reſolved to take a Survey of his Purchaſe: Upon opening the Sack, a little old Woman popped her Head out of it; at which the Adventurer was in ſo great a Rage, that he was going to ſhoot her out into the River. The old Lady, however, begged him firſt of all to hear her Story, by which he learned that ſhe was Siſter to a great *Mandarin*, who would infallibly make the Fortune of his Brother-in-Law as ſoon as he ſhould know to whoſe Lot ſhe fell. Upon which the Merchant again tied her up in his Sack, and carried her to his Houſe, where ſhe proved an excellent Wife, and procured him all the Riches from her Brother that ſhe had promiſed him.

'I FANCY, if I was diſpoſed to dream a ſecond time, I could make a tolerable Viſion upon this Plan. I would ſuppoſe all the unmarried Women in *London* and *Weſtminſter* brought to Market in Sacks, with their reſpective Prices on each Sack. The firſt Sack that is ſold is marked with five thouſand Pound: Upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admirable Houſewife, of an agreeable Countenance: The Purchaſer, upon hearing her good Qualities, pays down her Price very chearfully. The ſecond I would open, ſhould be a five hundred Pound Sack: The Lady in it, to our ſurprize, has the Face and Perſon of a Toaſt: As we are wondering how ſhe came to be ſet at ſo low a Price, we hear that ſhe would have been valued at ten thouſand Pound, but that the Publick had made thoſe Abatements for her being a Scold. I would afterwards find ſome beautiful, modeſt, and diſcreet Woman, that ſhould be the top of the Market; and perhaps diſcover half a dozen Romps tied up together in the ſame Sack, at one hundred Pound a Head. The Prude and the Coquet ſhould be valued at the ſame Price, tho' the firſt ſhould go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldſt like ſuch a Viſion, had I time to finiſh it; becauſe, to talk in thy own way, there is a Moral in it. Whatever thou may'ſt think of it, pr'ythee do not make any of thy queer

Apologies

'Apologies for this Letter, as thou didſt for my laſt.
'Women love a gay lively Fellow, and are never angry
'the Railleries of one who is their known Admirer.
'am always bitter upon them, but well with them.

Thine,

HONEYCO

Nº 512. *Friday, October* 17.

Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo. Ho

THERE is nothing which we receive with ſo m reluctance as Advice. We look upon the Man w gives it us as offering an Affront to our Underſta ing, and treating us like Children or Ideots. We confi the Inſtruction as an implicit Cenſure, and the Zeal wh any one ſhews for our Good on ſuch an Occaſion as a pi of Preſumption or Impertinence. The truth of it is, Perſon who pretends to adviſe, does, in that particu exerciſe a Superiority over us, and can have no other R ſon for it, but that, in comparing us with himſelf, thinks us defective either in our Conduct or our Underſta ing. For theſe Reaſons, there is nothing ſo difficult as t Art of making Advice agreeable; and indeed all the W ters, both Antient and Modern, have diſtinguiſhed the ſelves among one another, according to the Perfection which they have arrived in this Art. How many Devi have been made uſe of, to render this bitter Potion pala ble? Some convey their Inſtructions to us in the beſt ch Words, others in the moſt harmonious Numbers, ſome Points of Wit, and others in ſhort Proverbs.

BUT among all the different ways of giving Coun I think the fineſt, and that which pleaſes the moſt univ ſally, is *Fable*, in whatſoever ſhape it appears. If we co ſider this way of inſtructing or giving Advice, it excels others, becauſe it is the leaſt ſhocking, and the leaſt ſubje to thoſe Exceptions which I have before mentioned.

THIS will appear to us, if we reflect, in the firſt place, that upon reading of a Fable we are made to believe we adviſe our ſelves. We peruſe the Author for the ſake of the Story, and conſider the Precepts rather as our own Concluſions, than his Inſtructions. The Moral inſinuates it ſelf imperceptibly, we are taught by ſurprize, and become wiſer and better unawares. In ſhort, by this method a Man is ſo far over-reached as to think he is directing himſelf, whilſt he is following the Dictates of another, and conſequently is not ſenſible of that which is the moſt unpleaſing Circumſtance in Advice.

IN the next place, if we look into human Nature, we ſhall find that the Mind is never ſo much pleaſed, as when ſhe exerts her ſelf in any Action that gives her an Idea of her own Perfections and Abilities. This natural Pride and Ambition of the Soul is very much gratified in the reading of a Fable: for in Writings of this kind, the Reader comes in for half of the Performance; every thing appears to him like a Diſcovery of his own; he is buſied all the while in applying Characters and Circumſtances, and is in this reſpect both a Reader and a Compoſer. It is no wonder therefore that on ſuch Occaſions, when the Mind is thus pleaſed with it ſelf, and amuſed with its own Diſcoveries, that it is highly delighted with the Writing which is the occaſion of it. For this reaſon the *Abſalon* and *Achitophel* was one of the moſt popular Poems that ever appeared in *Engliſh*. The Poetry is indeed very fine, but had it been much finer, it would not have ſo much pleaſed, without a Plan which gave the Reader an Opportunity of exerting his own Talents.

THIS oblique manner of giving Advice is ſo inoffenſive, that if we look into antient Hiſtories, we find the wiſe Men of old very often choſe to give Counſel to their Kings in Fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's Memory, there is a pretty Inſtance of this Nature in a *Turkiſh* Tale, which I do not like the worſe for that little Oriental Extravagance which is mixed with it.

WE are told that the Sultan *Mahmoud*, by his perpetual Wars abroad, and his Tyranny at home, had filled his Dominions with Ruin and Deſolation, and half unpeopled

peopled the *Perſian* Empire. The Viſier to this great Sultan (whether an Humouriſt or an Euthuſiaſt, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Derviſe to underſtand the Language of Birds, ſo that there was not a Bird that could open his Mouth, but the Viſier knew what it was he ſaid. As he was one Evening with the Emperor, in their return from Hunting, they ſaw a couple of Owls upon a Tree that grew near an old Wall out of an heap of Rubbiſh. *I would fain know*, ſays the Sultan, *what thoſe two Owls are ſaying to one another; liſten to their Diſcourſe, and give me an account of it.* The Viſier approached the Tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two Owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, *Sir*, ſays he, *I have heard part of their Converſation, but dare not tell you what it is.* The Sultan would not be ſatisfied with ſuch an Anſwer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing that the Owls had ſaid. *You muſt know then*, ſaid the Viſier, *that one of theſe Owls has a Son, and the other a Daughter, between whom they are now upon a Treaty of Marriage. The Father of the Son ſaid to the Father of the Daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I conſent to this Marriage, provided you will ſettle upon your Daughter fifty ruined Villages for her Portion. To which the Father of the Daughter replied, Inſtead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you pleaſe. God grant a long Life to Sultan* Mahmoud; *whilſt he reigns over us, we ſhall never want ruined Villages.*

THE Story ſays, the Sultan was ſo touched with the Fable, that he rebuilt the Towns and Villages which had been deſtroyed, and from that time forward conſulted the Good of his People.

TO fill up my Paper, I ſhall add a moſt ridiculous piece of natural Magick, which was taught by no leſs a Philoſopher than *Democritus*, namely, that if the Blood of certain Birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a Serpent of ſuch a wonderful Virtue, that whoever did eat it ſhould be ſkill'd in the Language of Birds, and underſtand every thing they ſaid to one another. Whether the Derviſe abovementioned might not have

have eaten ſuch a Serpent, I ſhall leave to the Determinations of the Learned. O

N° 513. *Saturday, October* 18.

——Afflata eſt numine quando
Jam propiore Dei——

Virg.

THE following Letter comes to me from that excellent Man in Holy Orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that Society who aſſiſt me in my Speculations. It is a *Thought in Sickneſs*, and of a very ſerious Nature, for which reaſon I give it a place in the Paper of this Day.

SIR,

THE Indiſpoſition which has long hung upon me, is at laſt grown to ſuch a head, that it muſt quickly make an end of me, or of it ſelf. You may imagine, that whilſt I am in this bad ſtate of Health, there are none of your Works which I read with greater Pleaſure than your *Saturday*'s Papers. I ſhould be very glad if I could furniſh you with any Hints for that Day's Entertainment. Were I able to dreſs up ſeveral Thoughts of a ſerious nature, which have made great impreſſions on my Mind during a long Fit of Sickneſs, they might not be an improper Entertainment for that Occaſion.

'AMONG all the Reflections which uſually riſe in the Mind of a ſick Man, who has Time and Inclination to conſider his approaching End, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied before Him who made him. When a Man conſiders, that as ſoon as the vital Union is diſſolved, he ſhall ſee that Supreme Being, whom he now contemplates at a diſtance, and only in his Works; or, to ſpeak more philoſophically, when by ſome Faculty in the Soul he ſhall apprehend the Divine Being, and be

'more ſenſible of his Preſence, than we are now of the 'Preſence of any Object which the Eye beholds, a Man 'muſt be loſt in Careleſſneſs and Stupidity, who is not 'alarmed at ſuch a Thought. Dr. *Sherlock*, in his excel- 'lent Treatiſe upon Death, has repreſented, in very ſtrong 'and lively Colours, the State of the Soul in its firſt Se- 'paration from the Body, with regard to that inviſible 'World which every where ſurrounds us, tho' we are not 'able to diſcover it through this groſſer World of Matter, 'which is accomodated to our Senſes in this Life. His 'words are as follow.

'*THAT Death, which is our leaving this World, is 'nothing elſe but our putting off theſe Bodies, teaches us, 'that it is only our Union to theſe Bodies which inter- 'cepts the ſight of the other World: The other World is 'not at ſuch a diſtance from us, as we may imagine; 'the Throne of God indeed is at a great remove from 'this Earth, above the third Heavens, where he diſplays 'his Glory to thoſe bleſſed Spirits which encompaſs his 'Throne; but as ſoon as we ſtep out of theſe Bodies, we 'ſtep into the other World, which is not ſo properly ano- 'ther World, (for there is the ſame Heaven and Earth 'ſtill) as a new ſtate of Life. To live in theſe Bodies is 'to live in this World; to live out of them is to remove 'into the next: For while our Souls are confined to theſe 'Bodies, and can look only thro' theſe material Caſements, 'nothing but what is material can affect us; nay, nothing 'but what is ſo groſs, that it can reflect Light, and con- 'vey the Shapes and Colours of Things with it to the 'Eye: So that though within this viſible World, there 'be a more glorious Scene of Things than what appears 'to us, we perceive nothing at all of it; for this Veil of 'Fleſh parts the viſible and inviſible World: But when 'we put off theſe Bodies, there are new and ſurprizing 'Wonders preſent themſelves to our View; when theſe 'material Spectacles are taken off, the Soul, with its own 'naked Eyes, ſees what was inviſible before: And then 'we are in the other World, when we can ſee it, and 'converſe with it: Thus St.* Paul *tells us, That* when we

'are

'are at home in the Body, we are abſent from the Lord; 'but when we are abſent from the Body, we are preſent 'with the Lord, 2 *Cor.* 5. 6, 8. *And methinks this is 'enough to cure us of our Fondneſs for theſe Bodies, un-'leſs we think it more deſirable to be confined to a Pri-'ſon, and to look through a Grate all our Lives, which 'gives us but a very narrow proſpect, and that none of 'the beſt neither, than to be ſet at liberty to view all 'the Glories of the World. What would we give now 'for the leaſt Glimpſe of that inviſible World, which the 'firſt ſtep we take out of theſe Bodies will preſent us 'with? There are ſuch things* as Eye hath not ſeen, nor Ear heard, neither hath it entered into the Heart of Man to conceive: *Death opens our Eyes, enlarges our Proſpect, preſents us with a new and more glorious World which we can never ſee while we are ſhut up in Fleſh; which ſhould make us as willing to part with this Veil, as to take the Film off of our Eyes which hinders our Sight.*

'AS a thinking Man cannot but be very much affected with the Idea of his appearing in the preſence of that Being *whom none can ſee and live*, he muſt be much more affected when he conſiders that this Being whom he appears before, will examine all the Actions of his paſt Life, and reward or puniſh him accordingly. I muſt confeſs that I think there is no Scheme of Religion, beſides that of Chriſtianity, which can poſſibly ſupport the moſt virtuous Perſon under this Thought. Let a Man's Innocence be what it will, let his Virtues riſe to the higheſt Pitch of Perfection attainable in this Life, there will be ſtill in him ſo many ſecret Sins, ſo many human Frailties, ſo many Offences of Ignorance, Paſſion and Prejudice, ſo many unguarded Words and Thoughts, and in ſhort, ſo many Defects in his beſt Actions, that, without the Advantages of ſuch an Expiation and Atonement as Chriſtianity has revealed to us, it is impoſſible that he ſhould be cleared before his Sovereign Judge, or that he ſhould be able *to ſtand in his Sight*. Our Holy Religion ſuggeſts to us the only means

'whereby our Guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect Obedience accepted.

'I T is this Series of Thought that I have endeavoured to expreſs in the following Hymn, which I have compoſed during this my Sickneſs.

I.

WHEN riſing from the Bed of Death,
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear,
I ſee my Maker, Face to Face,
O how ſhall I appear!

II.

If yet while Pardon may be found,
And Mercy may be ſought,
My Heart with inward Horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the Thought;

III.

When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſcles'd
In Majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in Judgment on my Soul,
O how ſhall I appear!

IV.

But thou haſt told the troubled Mind,
Who does her Sins lament,
The timely Tribute of her Tears
Shall endleſs Woe prevent.

V.

Then ſee the Sorrows of my Heart,
E'er yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,
To give thoſe Sorrows Weight.

VI. For

VI.

For never ſhall my Soul diſpair
Her Pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
To make her Pardon ſure.

'THERE is a noble Hymn in *French*, which Mon-
ſieur *Bayle* has celebrated for a *very fine one*, and which
the famous Author of the *Art of ſpeaking* calls an *Ad-
mirable one*, that turns upon a Thought of the ſame
nature. If I could have done it Juſtice in *Engliſh*,
I would have ſent it you tranſlated; it was written by
Monſieur *Des Barreaux*, who had been one of the
greateſt Wits and Libertines in *France*, but in his laſt
Years was as remarkable a Penitent.

GRAND Dieu, tes jugemens ſont remplis d' equité;
Toûjours tu prens plaiſir à nous être propice.
Mais ſ' ai tant fait de mal que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera, ſans choquer ta Juſtice.
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impieté
Ne laiſſe à ton pouvoir que le choix du ſupplice:
Ton intereſt s' oppoſe à ma felicité,
Et ta clemence meme attend que je periſſe.
Contente ton deſir, puis qu'il t' eſt glorieux;
Offenſe toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;
Tonne, frappe, il eſt temps, rens moi guerre pour guerre:
S' adore en periſſant la raiſon qui t' aigrit,
Mais deſſus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
Qui ne ſoie tout couvert du ſang de JESUS CHRIST.

'IF theſe Thoughts may be ſerviceable to you, I de-
ſire you would place them in a proper Light, and am
ever, with great Sincerity,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

N° 514. *Monday, October* 20.

Me Parnaſſi deſerta per ardua, dulcis
Raptat Amor; juvat ire jugis qua nulla priorum
Caſtaliam molli divertitur Orbita Clivo. Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I CAME home a little later than uſual the other
'Night, and not finding my ſelf inclined to ſleep, I
'took up *Virgil* to divert me till I ſhould be more diſ-
'poſed to reſt. He is the Author whom I always chuſe
'on ſuch occaſions, no one writing in ſo divine, ſo har-
'monious, nor ſo equal a ſtrain, which leaves the Mind
'compoſed, and ſoftened into an agreeable Melancholy;
'the Temper in which, of all others, I chuſe to cloſe
'the Day. The Paſſages I turned to were thoſe beautiful
'Raptures in his *Georgicks*, where he profeſſes himſelf en-
'tirely given up to the Muſes, and ſmit with the Love of
'Poetry, paſſionately wiſhing to be tranſported to the
'cool Shades and Retirements of the Mountain *Hæmus*. I
'clos'd the Book and went to Bed. What I had juſt be-
'fore been reading made ſo ſtrong an Impreſſion on my
'Mind, that Fancy ſeemed almoſt to fulfil to me the Wiſh
'of *Virgil*, in preſenting to me the following Viſion.

'METHOUGHT I was on a ſudden plac'd in the
'Plains of *Bœotia*, where at the end of the Horizon I ſaw
'the Mountain *Parnaſſus* riſing before me. The Proſpect
'was of ſo large an Extent, that I had long wander'd about
'to find a Path which ſhould directly lead me to it, had I
'not ſeen at ſome diſtance a Grove of Trees, which in a
'Plain that had nothing elſe remarkable enough in it to
'fix my Sight, immediately determined me to go thither.
'When I arrived at it, I found it parted out into a great
'Number of Walks and Allys, which often widened into
'beautiful Openings, as Circles or Ovals, ſet round with
'Yew-

'Yews and Cypreſſes, with Niches, Grotto's, and Caves 'placed on the ſides, encompaſſed with Ivy. There was 'no Sound to be heard in the whole place, but only that 'of a gentle Breeze paſſing over the Leaves of the Foreſt, 'every thing beſide was buried in a profound Silence. I 'was captivated with the Beauty and Retirement of the 'place, and never ſo much, before that Hour, was pleaſed 'with the Enjoyment of my ſelf. I indulged the Humour, and ſuffered my ſelf to wander without Choice 'or Deſign. At length, at the end of a Range of Trees, 'I ſaw three Figures ſeated on a Bank of Moſs, with a 'ſilent Brook creeping at their Feet. I ador'd them as 'the tutelar Divinities of the Place, and ſtood ſtill to take 'a particular View of each of them. The Middlemoſt, 'whoſe Name was *Solitude*, ſat with her Arms acroſs 'each other, and ſeemed rather penſive and wholly taken 'up with her own Thoughts, than any ways grieved or 'diſpleaſed. The only Companions which ſhe admitted 'into that Retirement, was the Goddeſs *Silence*, who ſat 'on her right Hand with her Finger on her Mouth, and 'on her left *Contemplation*, with her Eyes fixed upon the 'Heavens. Before her lay a celeſtial Globe, with ſeveral 'Schemes of Mathematical Theorems. She preſerved my 'Speech with the greateſt Affability in the World: Fear 'not, ſaid ſhe, I know your Requeſt before you ſpeak it; 'you would be led to the Mountain of the Muſes; the 'only way to it lies thro' this Place, and no one is ſo 'often employed in conducting Perſons thither as my ſelf. 'When ſhe had thus ſpoken, ſhe roſe from her Seat, and 'I immediately placed my ſelf under her Direction; but 'whilſt I paſſed thro' the Grove, I could not help enquiring of her who were the Perſons admitted into that 'ſweet Retirement. Surely, ſaid I, there can nothing 'enter here but Virtue and virtuous Thoughts: The whole 'Wood ſeems deſign'd for the Reception and Reward of 'ſuch Perſons as have ſpent their Lives according to the 'Dictates of their Conſcience and the Commands of the 'Gods. You imagine right, ſaid ſhe; aſſure your ſelf 'this place was at firſt deſigned for no other: Such it continued to be in the Reign of *Saturn*, when none entered

'here but holy Priests, Deliverers of their Country from 'Oppression and Tyranny, who repos'd themselves here 'after their Labours, and those whom the Study and Love 'of Wisdom had fitted for divine Conversation. But 'now it is become no less dangerous than it was before 'desirable: Vice has learned so to mimick Virtue, that it 'often creeps in hither under its Disguise. See there! 'just before you, *Revenge* stalking by, habited in the Robe 'of *Honour*. Observe not far from him *Ambition* stand-'ing alone; if you ask him his Name, he will tell you 'it is *Emulation* or *Glory*. But the most frequent In-'truder we have is *Lust*, who succeeds now the Diety to 'whom in better Days this Grove was entirely devoted. '*Virtuous Love*, with *Hymen*, and the Graces attending 'him, once reign'd over this happy Place; a whole Train 'of Virtues waited on him, and no dishonourable Thought 'durst presume for Admittance: But now! how is the 'whole prospect changed? and how seldom renewed by 'some few who dare despise sordid Wealth, and imagine 'themselves fit Companions for so charming a Divinity?

'THE Goddess had no sooner said thus, but we were 'arriv'd at the utmost Boundaries of the Wood, which lay 'contiguous to a Plain that ended at the Foot of the Moun-'tain. Here I kept close to my Guide, being sollicited 'by several Phantomes, who assured me they would shew 'me a nearer Way to the Mountain of the Muses. Among 'the rest *Vanity* was extremely importunate, having de-'luded infinite Numbers, whom I saw wandering at the 'Foot of the Hill. I turned away from this despicable 'Troop with Disdain, and addressing my self to my Guide, 'told her, that as I had some Hopes I should be able to 'reach up part of the Ascent, so I despaired of having 'strength enough to attain the Plain on the top. But 'being informed by her that it was impossible to stand 'upon the Sides, and that if I did not proceed onwards, 'I should irrecoverably fall down to the lowest Verge, I 'resolved to hazard any Labour and Hardship in the At-'tempt: So great a desire had I of enjoying the Satisfacti-'on I hoped to meet with at the end of my Enterprize!

'THERE

'THERE were two Paths, which led up by different 'ways to the Summit of the Mountain; the one was 'guarded by the Genius which preſides over the Moment 'of our Births. He had it in charge to examine the ſe- 'veral Pretenſions of thoſe who deſir'd to paſs that way, 'but to admit none excepting thoſe only to whom *Mel-* '*pomene* had look'd with a propitious Eye at the Hour of 'their Nativity. The other way was guarded by *Dili-* '*gence*, to whom many of thoſe Perſons apply'd who had 'met with a denial the other way; but he was ſo tedious 'in granting their Requeſt, and indeed after Admittance 'the way was ſo very intricate and labourious, that many 'after they had made ſome Progreſs, choſe rather to re- 'turn back than proceed, and very few perſiſted ſo long 'as to arrive at the End they propoſed. Beſides theſe 'two Paths, which at length ſeverally led to the Top of 'the Mountain, there was a third made up of theſe two, 'which a little after the Entrance joined in one. This 'carried thoſe happy Few, whoſe good Fortune it was 'to find it, directly to the Throne of *Apollo*. I don't 'know whether I ſhould even now have had the Reſo- 'lution to have demanded Entrance at either of theſe 'Doors, had I not ſeen a Peaſant-like Man (followed 'by a numerous and lovely Train of Youths of both 'Sexes) inſiſt upon Entrance for all whom he led up. 'He put me in mind of the Country Clown who is 'painted in the Map for leading Prince *Eugene* over the '*Alps*: He had a bundle of Papers in his Hand, and 'producing ſeveral, which he ſaid, were given to him 'by Hands which he knew *Apollo* would allow as Paſſes; 'among which, methoughts, I ſaw ſome of my own 'writing; the whole Aſſembly was admitted, and gave, 'by their Preſence, a new Beauty and Pleaſure to theſe 'happy Manſions. I found the Man did not pretend to 'enter himſelf, but ſerved as a kind of Foreſter in the 'Lawns to direct Paſſengers, who by their own Merit, 'or Inſtructions he procured for them, had Virtue enough 'to travel that way. I looked very attentively upon this 'kind homely Benefactor, and forgive me, *Mr.* SPE-

'CTATOR, if I own to you I took him for your ſelf. 'We were no ſooner entered, but we were ſprinkled 'three times with the Water of the Fountain *Aganippe*, 'which had power to deliver us from all Harms, but 'only Envy, which reached even to the end of our 'Journey. We had not proceeded far in the middle Path 'when we arrived at the Summit of the Hill, where 'there immediately appeared to us two Figures, which 'extremely engaged my Attention: the one was a young 'Nymph in the Prime of her Youth and Beauty; ſhe 'had Wings on her Shoulders and Feet, and was able 'to tranſport herſelf to the moſt diſtant Regions in the 'ſmalleſt Space of Time. She was continually varying 'her Dreſs, ſometimes into the moſt natural and be-'coming Habits in the World, and at others into the 'moſt wild and freakiſh Garb that can be imagined. 'There ſtood by her a Man full-aged, and of great 'Gravity, who corrected her Inconſiſtences, by ſhewing 'them in this Mirror, and ſtill flung her affected and 'unbecoming Ornaments down the Mountain, which fell 'in the Plain below, and were gathered up and worn 'with great Satisfaction by thoſe that inhabited it. The 'Name of this Nymph was *Fancy*, the Daughter of *Liberty*, the moſt beautiful of all the Mountain-Nymphs. 'The other was *Judgment*, the Off-ſpring of *Time*, 'and the only Child he acknowledged to be his. A Youth 'who ſat upon a Throne juſt between them, was their 'genuine Off-ſpring; his Name was *Wit*, and his Seat 'was compoſed of the Works of the moſt celebrated 'Authors. I could not but ſee with a ſecret Joy, that 'though the *Greeks* and *Romans* made the Majority, 'yet our own Countrymen were the next both in Num-'ber and Dignity. I was now at liberty to take a full 'Proſpect of that delightful Region. I Was inſpired with 'new Vigour and Life, and ſaw every thing in nobler 'and more pleaſing View than before; I breathed a 'purer Æther in a Sky which was a continued Azure, 'gilded with perpetual Sun-ſhine. The two Summits of 'the Mountain roſe on each ſide, and formed in the

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'midſt a moſt delicious Vale, the Habitation of the Muſes, 'and of ſuch as had compoſed Works worthy of Immor-'tality. *Apollo* was ſeated upon a Throne of Gold, and 'for a Canopy an aged Laurel ſpread its Boughs and 'its Shade over his Head. His Bow and Quiver lay at 'his Feet. He held his Harp in his Hand, whilſt the 'Muſes round about him celebrated with Hymns his Vi-'ctory over the Serpent *Python*, and ſometimes ſang in 'ſofter Notes the Loves of *Leucothoe* and *Daphnis*. *Ho-'mer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton* were ſeated the next to them. 'Behind were a great Number of others, among whom 'I was ſurprized to ſee ſome in the Habit of *Laplanders*, 'who, notwithſtanding the Uncouthneſs of their Dreſs, 'had lately obtained a Place upon the Mountain. I ſaw '*Pindar* walking alone, no one daring to accoſt him, 'till *Cowley* join'd himſelf to him; but growing weary 'of one who almoſt walked him out of breath, he left 'him for *Horace* and *Anacreon*, with whom he ſeemed 'infinitely delighted.

'A LITTLE farther I ſaw another Groupe of Fi-gures; I made up to them, and found it was *Socrates* dictating to *Xenophon*, and the Spirit of *Plato*; but moſt of all, *Muſæus* had the greateſt Audience about him. I was at too great a Diſtance to hear what he ſaid, or to diſcover the Faces of his Hearers; only I thought I now perceived *Virgil*, who had joined them, and ſtood in a Poſture full of Admiration at the Harmo-ny of his Words.

'LASTLY, At the very Brink of the Hill I ſaw *Boccalini* ſending Diſpatches to the World below of what happened upon *Parnaſſus*; but I perceived he did it without leave of the Muſes, and by ſtealth, and was unwilling to have them reviſed by *Apollo*. I could now from this Height and ſerene Sky behold the in-finite Cares and Anxieties with which Mortals below ſought out their way through the Maze of Life. I ſaw the Path of Virtue lie ſtrait before them, whilſt Intereſt, or ſome malicious Demon, ſtill hurry'd them out of the Way. I was at once touched with Pleaſure at

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my own Happineſs, and Compaſſion at the ſight of their inextricable Errors. Here the two contending Paſſions roſe ſo high, that they were inconſiſtent with the ſweet Repoſe I enjoy'd; and awaking with a ſudden ſtart, the only Conſolation I could admit of for my Loſs, was the hopes that this Relation of my Dream will not diſpleaſe you. T

N° 515. *Tueſday, October* 21.

Pudet me & miſeret qui harum mores cantabat mihi
Monuiſſe fruſtra ——— Ter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM obliged to you for printing the Account I lately ſent you of a Coquet who diſturbed a ſober Congregation in the City of *London*. That Intelligence ended at her taking Coach, and bidding the Driver go where he knew. I could not leave her ſo, but dogged her, as hard as ſhe drove to St. *Paul*'s Church-yard, where there was a ſtop of Coaches attending Company coming out of the Cathedral. This gave me opportunity to hold up a Crown to her Coach-man, who gave me the Signal, that he would hurry on, and make no haſte, as you know the way is when they favour a Chaſe. By his many kind Blunders, driving againſt other Coaches, and ſlipping of his Tackle, I could keep up with him, and lodged my fine Lady in the Pariſh of St. *James*'s. As I gueſſed when I firſt ſaw her at Church, her Buſineſs is to win Hearts and throw 'em away, regarding nothing but the Triumph. I have had the Happineſs, by tracing her through all with whom I heard ſhe was acquainted, to find one who was intimate with a Friend of mine, and to be introduced to her Notice. I have made ſo good Uſe of my Time, as to procure from that Intimate of hers one of her Letters, which ſhe writ to her

who

'when in the Country. This Epiſtle of her own may 'ſerve to alarm the World againſt her in ordinary Life, as 'mine, I hope, did thoſe, who ſhall behold her at Church. 'The Letter was written laſt Winter to the Lady who 'gave it me; and I doubt not but you will find it the Soul 'of a happy ſelf-loving Dame, that takes all the Admira-'tion ſhe can meet with, and returns none of it in Love 'to her Admirers.

Dear Jenny,

"I AM glad to find your are likely to be diſpos'd of in "Marriage ſo much to your approbation as you tell "me. You ſay you are afraid only of me, for I ſhall laugh "at your Spouſe's Airs. I beg of you not to fear it, for "I am too nice a Diſcerner to laugh at any, but whom "moſt other People think fine Fellows; ſo that your Dear "may bring you hither as ſoon as his Horſes are in caſe "enough to appear in Town, and you be very ſafe againſt "any Raillery you may apprehend for me; for I am ſur-"rounded with Coxcombs of my own making, who are "all ridiculous in a manner, your Good-Man, I preſume, "cannot exert himſelf. As Men who cannot raiſe their "Fortunes, and are uneaſie under the Incapacity of ſhining "in Courts, rail at Ambition; ſo do aukward and inſipid "Women, who cannot warm the Hearts and charm the "Eyes of Men, rail at Affectation: But ſhe that has the "Joy of ſeeing a Man's Heart leap into his Eyes at be-"holding her, is in no pain for want of Eſteem among "a Crew of that part of her own Sex, who have no "Spirit but that of Envy, and no Language but that of "Malice. I do not in this, I hope, expreſs my ſelf in-"ſenſible of the Merit of *Leodacia*, who lowers her "Beauty to all but her Husband, and never ſpreads her "Charms but to gladden him who has a right to them: "I ſay, I do Honour to thoſe who can be Coquets, and "are not ſuch; but I deſpiſe all who would be ſo, and "in deſpair of arriving at it themſelves, hate and vilify "all thoſe who can. But, be that as it will, in anſwer "to your Deſire of knowing my Hiſtory: One of my "chief preſent Pleaſures is in Country-Dances; and, in

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" obedience to me, as well as the Pleaſure of coming up " to me with a good Grace, ſhewing themſelves in their " Addreſs to others in my Preſence, and the like Opportu- " nities, they are all Proficients that way: And I had the " Happineſs of being the other Night where we made ſix " Couple, and every Woman's Partner was a profeſs'd Lo- " ver of mine. The wildeſt Imagination cannot form to " it ſelf on any occaſion, higher Delight than I acknow- " ledge my ſelf to have been in all that Evening. I choſe " out of my Admirers a Set of Men who moſt love me, " and gave them Partners of ſuch of my own Sex who " moſt envy'd me.

" My way was, when any Man who is my Admirer " pretends to give himſelf Airs of Merit, as at this time a " certain Gentleman you know did, to mortify him by " favouring in his Preſence the moſt inſignificant Crea- " ture I can find. At this Ball I was led into the Com- " pany by pretty Mr. *Fanſly*, who, you know, is the moſt " obſequious, well-ſhaped, well-bred Woman's Man in " Town. I at firſt Entrance declared him my Partner if " I danced at all; which put the whole Aſſembly into a " Grin, as forming no Terrors from ſuch a Rival. But " we had not been long in the Room, before I over- " heard the meritorious Gentleman above-mention'd ſay " with an Oath, There is no Raillery in the Thing, ſhe " certainly loves the Puppy. My Gentleman, when we " were dancing took an occaſion to be very ſoft in his " Ogling upon a Lady he danced with, and whom he " knew of all Women I love moſt to outſhine. The Con- " teſt began who ſhould plague the other moſt. I, who do " not care a Farthing for him, had no hard Task to out- " vex him. I made *Fanſly*, with a very little Encourage- " ment, cut Capers *coupee*, and then ſink with all the Air " and Tenderneſs imaginable. When he perform'd this, " I obſerved the Gentleman you know of fall into the " ſame way, and imitate as well as he could the deſpiſed " *Fanſly*. I cannot well give you, who are ſo grave " a Country Lady, the Idea of the Joy we have when " we ſee a ſtubborn Heart breaking, or a Man of Senſe " turning Fool for our ſakes; but this happened to

" our

"our Friend, and I expect his Attendance whenever I go "to Church, to Court, to the Play, or the Park. This "is a Sacrifice due to us Women of Genius, who have "the Eloquence of Beauty, an eaſie Mein. I mean by an "eaſie Mein, one which can be on occaſion eaſily affect-"ed: For I muſt tell you, dear *Jenny*, I hold one Max-"im, which is an uncommon one, to wit, That our "greateſt Charms are owing to Affectation. 'Tis to that "our Arms can lodge ſo quietly juſt over our Hips, and "the Fan can play without any Force or Motion but juſt "of the Wriſt. 'Tis to Affectation we owe the penſive "Attention of *Deidamia* at a Tragedy, the ſcornful Ap-"probation of *Dulcimara* at a Comedy, and the lowly "Aſpect of *Lanquiceſſa* at a Sermon.

"TO tell you the plain Truth, I know no Pleaſure "but in being admir'd, and have yet never failed of at-"taining the Approbation of the Man whoſe regard I "had a Mind to. You ſee all the Men who make a Fi-"gure in the World (as wiſe a Look as they are pleaſed to "put upon the Matter) are moved by the ſame Vanity as "I am. What is there in Ambition, but to make other "People's Wills depend upon yours? This indeed is not "to be aim'd at by one who has a Genius no higher than "to think of being a very good Houſewife in a Gentle-"man's Country Family. The Care of Poultrey and Pigs "are great Enemies to the Countenance: The vacant "Look of a fine Lady is not to be preſerved, if ſhe ad-"mits any thing to take up her Thoughts but her own "dear Perſon. But I interrupt you too long from your "Care, and my ſelf from my Conqueſts.

I am,

MADAM,

Your moſt humble Servant.

GIVE

'GIVE me leave, Mr. SPECTATOR, to add her 'Friend's Anſwer to this Epiſtle, who is a very diſcreet 'ingenious Woman.

Dear Gatty,

"I TAKE your Raillery in very good Part, and am obliged to you for the free Air with which you ſpeak "of your own Gaieties. But this is but a barren ſuperficial Pleaſure; for indeed, *Gatty*, we are made for "Man, and in ſerious Sadneſs I muſt tell you, whether "you yourſelf know it or no, all theſe Gallantries tend to "no other end but to be a Wife and Mother as faſt as "you can.

I am, Madam,

T *Your moſt obedient Servant.*

N° 516. *Wedneſday, October* 22.

Immortale odium & nunquam ſanabile vulnus.
Inde furor vulgo, quod Numina vicinorum
Odit uterque locus, quum ſolos credit habendos
Eſſe Deos quos ipſe colat ——— Juv.

OF all the monſtrous Paſſions and Opinions which have crept into the World, there is none ſo wonderful as that thoſe who profeſs the common Name of *Chriſtians*, ſhould purſue each other with Rancour and Hatred for Differences in their way of following the Example of their Saviour. It ſeems ſo natural that all who purſue the Steps of any Leader ſhould form themſelves after his Manner, that it is impoſſible to account for Effects ſo different from what we might expect from thoſe who profeſs themſelves Followers of the higheſt Pattern of Meekneſs and Charity, but by aſcribing ſuch Effects to the Ambition and Corruption of thoſe who are ſo audacious, with Souls full of Fury, to ſerve at the Altars of the God of Peace.

THE Maſſacres to which the Church of *Rome* has animated the ordinary People, are dreadful Inſtances of the Truth of this Obſervation; and whoever reads the Hiſtory of the *Iriſh* Rebellion, and the Cruelties which enſued thereupon, will be ſufficiently convinced to what Rage poor Ignorants may be worked up by thoſe who profeſs Holineſs, and become Incendiaries, and under the Diſpenſations of Grace, promote Evils abhorrent to Nature.

THIS Subject and Cataſtrophe, which deſerve ſo well to be remarked by the Proteſtant World, will, I doubt not, be conſidered by the Reverend and Learned Prelate that Preaches to-morrow before many of the Deſcendants of thoſe who periſhed on that lamentable Day, in a manner ſuitable to the Occaſion, and worthy his own great Virtue and Eloquence.

I SHALL not dwell upon it any further, but only tranſcribe out of a little Tract, called, *The Chriſtian Hero*, publiſhed in 1701. what I find there in honour of the renowned Hero *William* III. who reſcued that Nation from the Repetition of the ſame Diſaſters. His late Majeſty, of glorious Memory, and the moſt Chriſtian King, are conſidered at the Concluſion of that Treatiſe as Heads of the Proteſtant and Roman Catholick World in the following manner.

'THERE were not ever, before the Entrance of the 'Chriſtian Name into the World, Men who have main-'tained a more renowned Carriage, than the two great Ri-'vals who poſſeſs the full Fame of the preſent Age, and 'will be the Theme and Examination of the future. They 'are exactly form'd by Nature for thoſe ends to which 'Heaven ſeems to have ſent them amongſt us: Both ani-'mated with a reſtleſs Deſire of Glory, but purſue it by 'different Means, and with different Motives. To one it 'conſiſts in an extenſive undiſputed Empire over his Sub-'jects, to the other in their rational and voluntary Obe-'dience: One's Happineſs is founded in their want of 'Power, the other's in their want of Deſire to oppoſe 'him. The one enjoys the Summit of Fortune with the 'Luxury of a *Perſian*, the other with the Moderation of a

'Spar-

'*Spartan*: One is made to oppreſs, the other to relieve 'the Oppreſſed: The one is ſatisfy'd with the Pomp and 'Oſtentation of Power to prefer and debaſe his Inferiours, 'the other delighted only with the Cauſe and Foundation 'of it to cheriſh and protect 'em. To one therefore Re'ligion is but a convenient Diſguiſe, to the other a vi'gorous Motive of Action.

'FOR without ſuch Ties of real and ſolid Honour, 'there is no way of forming a Monarch, but after the Ma'chiavilliac Scheme, by which a Prince muſt ever ſeem to 'have all Virtues, but really to be Maſter of none, but is 'to be liberal, merciful and juſt, only as they ſerve his In'tereſts; while, with the noble Art of Hypocriſy, Em'pire would be to be extended, and new Conqueſts be 'made by new Devices, by which prompt Addreſs his 'Creatures might inſenſibly give Law in the Buſineſs of 'Life, by leading Men in the Entertainment of it.

'THUS when Words and Show are apt to paſs for 'the ſubſtantial things they are only to expreſs, there would 'need no more to enſlave a Country but to adorn a 'Court; for while every Man's Vanity makes him believe 'himſelf capable of becoming Luxury, Enjoyments are a 'ready Bait for Sufferings, and the Hopes of Preferment 'Invitations to Servitude; which Slavery would be co'lour'd with all the Agreements, as they call it, imaginable. 'The nobleſt Arts and Artiſts, the fineſt Pens and moſt 'elegant Minds, jointly employ'd to ſet it off, with the 'various Embelliſhments of ſumptuous Entertainments, 'charming Aſſemblies, and poliſhed Diſcourſes; and thoſe 'apoſtate Abilities of Men, the ador'd Monarch might pro'fuſely and skilfully encourage, while they flatter his Vir'tue, and gild his Vice at ſo high a rate, that he, without 'Scorn of the one, or Love of the other, would alter'nately and occaſionally uſe both: So that his Bounty 'ſhould ſupport him in his Rapines, his Mercy in his 'Cruelties.

'NOR is it to give things a more ſevere Look than is 'natural, to ſuppoſe ſuch muſt be the Conſequences of a 'Prince's having no other Purſuit than of his own Glory; 'for, if we conſider an Infant born into the World, and

'be-

'beholding it ſelf the mightieſt thing in it, it ſelf the 'preſent Admiration and future Proſpect of a fawning 'Peop'e, who profeſs themſelves great or mean, accord-'ing to the Figure he is to make amongſt them, what 'Fancy would not be debauched to believe they were but 'what they profeſſed themſelves, his mere Creatures, 'and uſe them as ſuch by purchaſing with their Lives a 'boundleſs Renown, which he, for want of a more juſt 'Proſpect, would place in the Number of his Slaves, and 'the Extent of his Territories? Such undoubtedly would 'be the tragical Effects of a Prince's living with no Re-'ligion, which are not to be ſurpaſſed but by his having 'a falſe one.

'IF Ambition were ſpirited with Zeal, what would fol-'low, but that his People ſhould be converted into an Ar-'my, whoſe Swords can make Right in Power, and ſolve 'Controverſy in Belief? And if Men ſhould be ſtiff-neck'd 'to the Doctrine of that viſible Church, let them be con-'tented with an Oar and a Chain, in the midſt of Stripes 'and Anguiſh, to contemplate on him, *whoſe Yoke is eaſy*, '*and whoſe Burthen is light*.

'WITH a Tyranny begun on his own Subjects, and 'Indignation that others draw their breath independent of 'his Frown or Smile, why ſhould he not proceed to the 'Seizure of the World? And if nothing but the Thirſt of 'Sway were the Motive of his Actions, why ſhould Trea-'ties be other than mere Words, or ſolemn national Com-'pacts be any thing but an Halt in the March of that Ar-'my, who are never to lay down their Arms, till all Men 'are reduc'd to the neceſſity of hanging their Lives on his 'wayward Will; who might ſupinely, and at leiſure, ex-'piate his own Sins by other Mens Sufferings, while he 'daily mediates new Slaughter, and new Conqueſt?

'FOR mere Man, when giddy with unbridled Power, 'is an inſatiate Idol, not to be appeaſed with Myriads of-'fer'd to his Pride, which may be puffed up by the Adulati-'on of a baſe and proſtrate World, into an Opinion that he 'is ſomething more than human, by being ſomething leſs: 'And, alas, what is there that mortal Man will not be-'lieve of himſelf, when complimented with the Attributes

'of

'of God? He can then conceive Thoughts of a Power as 'omnipreſent as his. But ſhould there be ſuch a Foe of 'Mankind upon Earth, have our Sins ſo far provoked 'Heaven, that we are left utterly naked to his Fury? Is 'there no Power, no Leader, no Genius, that can conduct 'and animate us to our Death or our Defence? Yes, our 'great God never gave one to reign by his Permiſſion, 'but he gave to another alſo to reign by his Grace.

'ALL the Circumſtances of the illuſtrious Life of our 'Prince, ſeem to have conſpired to make him the Check 'and Bridle of Tyranny; for his Mind has been ſtrength-'ned and confirmed by one continued Struggle, and Hea-'ven has educated him by Adverſity to a quick Senſe of 'the Diſtreſſes and Miſeries of Mankind, which he was 'born to redreſs: In juſt ſcorn of the trivial Glories and 'light Oſtentations of Power, that glorious Inſtrument of 'Providence moves, like that, in a ſteddy, calm, and ſi-'lent Courſe, independent either of Applauſe or Calumny; 'which renders him, if not in a political, yet in a moral, 'a philoſophick, an heroick, and a Chriſtian Senſe, an 'abſolute Monarch: who ſatisfy'd with this unchangeable, 'juſt, and ample Glory, muſt needs turn all his Regards 'from himſelf to the Service of others; for he begins his 'Enterprizes with his own Share in the Succeſs of them; 'for Integrity bears in it ſelf its Reward, nor can that 'which depends not on Event ever know Diſappointment.

'WITH the undoubted Character of a glorious Cap-'tain, and (what he much more values than the moſt 'ſplendid Titles) that of a ſincere and honeſt Man, he is 'the Hope and Stay of *Europe*, an univerſal Good not to 'be engroſſed by us only, for diſtant Potentates implore 'his Friendſhip, and injur'd Empires court his Aſſiſtance. 'He rules the World, not by an Invaſion of the People 'of the Earth, but the Addreſs of its Princes; and if that 'World ſhould be again rous'd from the Repoſe which his 'prevailing Arms had given it, why ſhould we not hope 'that there is an Almighty, by whoſe Influence the terri-'ble Enemy that thinks himſelf prepar'd for Battle, may 'find he is but ripe for Deſtruction? and that there may 'be in the Womb of Time great Incidents, which may

'make

make the Cataſtrophe of a proſperous Life as unfortunate as the particular Scenes of it were ſucceſsful? For there does not want a skilful Eye and reſolute Arm to obſerve and graſp the Occaſion: A Prince who from

' —— *Fuit Ilium & ingens*
' *Gloria*—— Virg.

T

N° 517. *Thurſday, October* 23.

Heu Pietas! heu priſca Fides! —— Virg.

WE laſt night received a Piece of ill News at our Club, which very ſenſibly afflicted every one of us. I queſtion not but my Readers themſelves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in ſuſpence, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY *is dead.* He departed this Life at his Houſe in the Country, after a few weeks Sickneſs. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a Letter from one of his Correſpondents in thoſe Parts, that informs him the old Man caught a Cold at the County-Seſſions, as he was very warmly promoting an Addreſs of his own penning, in which he ſucceeded according to his wiſhes. But this Particular comes from a Whig Juſtice of Peace, who was always Sir ROGER's Enemy and Antagoniſt. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain SENTRY which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many Particulars to the honour of the good old Man. I have likewiſe a Letter from the Butler, who took ſo much care of me laſt Summer when I was at the Knight's Houſe. As my Friend the Butler mentions, in the Simplicity of his Heart, ſeveral Circumſtances the others have paſſed over in Silence, I

ſhall

ſhall give my Reader a Copy of his Letter, without any Alteration or Diminution.

Honoured Sir,

'KNOWING that you was my old Maſter's good 'Friend, I could not forbear ſending you the me-'lancholy News of his Death, which has afflicted the 'whole Country, as well as his poor Servants, who loved 'him, I may ſay, better than we did our Lives. I am 'afraid he caught his Death the laſt County-Seſſions, where 'he would go to ſee Juſtice done to a poor Widow Wo-'man, and her Fatherleſs Children, that had been wronged 'by a neighbouring Gentleman; for you know, Sir, my 'good Maſter was always the poor Man's Friend. Upon 'his coming home, the firſt complaint he made was, that 'he had loſt his Roaſt-Beef Stomach, not being able to 'touch a Sirloin, which was ſerved up according to cu-'ſtom; and you know he uſed to take great delight in it. 'From that time forward he grew worſe and worſe, but 'ſtill kept a good Heart to the laſt. Indeed we were once 'in great hopes of his Recovery, upon a kind Meſſage 'that was ſent him from the Widow Lady whom he had 'made Love to the forty laſt Years of his Life; but this 'only proved a Lightning before Death. He has be-'queathed to this Lady as a Token of his Love, a great 'Pearl Neck-lace, and a Couple of Silver Bracelets ſet with 'Jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady his Mo-'ther: He has bequeathed the fine white Gelding, that 'he uſed to ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, becauſe 'he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you 'all his Books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the 'Chaplain a very pretty Tenement with good Lands a-'bout it. It being a very cold Day when he made his 'Will, he left for Mourning, to every Man in the Pariſh, 'a great Frize-Coat, and to every Woman a black Riding-'hood. It was a moſt moving ſight to ſee him take 'leave of his poor Servants, commending us all for our 'Fidelity, whilſt we were not able to ſpeak a word for 'weeping. As we moſt of us are grown grey headed in 'our dear Maſter's Service, he has left us Penſions and

'Le-

Legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our Days. He has bequeath'd a great deal more in Charity, which is not yet come to my Knowledge, and it is peremptorily ſaid in the Pariſh, that he has left Money to build a Steeple to the Church; for he was heard to ſay ſome time ago, that if he lived two Years longer, *Coverly* Church ſhould have a Steeple to it. The Chaplain tells every body that he made a very good End, and never ſpeaks of him without Tears. He was buried according to his own Directions, among the Family of the COVERLIES, on the left hand of his Father Sir *Arthur*. The Coffin was carried by ſix of his Tenants, and the Pall held up by ſix of the *Quorum*: The whole Pariſh follow'd the Corps with heavy Hearts, and in their Mourning Suits, the Men in Frize, and the Women in Riding-Hoods. Captain SENTRY, my Maſter's Nephew, has taken Poſſeſſion of the Hall-Houſe, and the whole Eſtate. When my old Maſter ſaw him a little before his Death, he ſhook him by the Hand, and wiſhed him Joy of the Eſtate which was falling to him, deſiring him only to make good Uſe of it, and to pay the ſeveral Legacies, and the Gifts of Charity which he told him he had left as Quit-rents upon the Eſtate. The Captain truly ſeems a courteous Man, though ſays but little. He makes much of thoſe whom my Maſter lov'd, and ſhews great Kindneſs to the old Houſe-dog, that you know my poor Maſter was ſo fond of. It wou'd have gone to your Heart to have heard the Moans the dumb Creature made on the Day of my Maſter's Death. He has never joyed himſelf ſince; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholieſt Day for the poor People that ever happened in *Worceſterſhire*. This being all from,

Honoured Sir,

Your moſt ſorrowful Servant,

Edward Biſcuit.

P. S.

P. S. 'MY Maſter deſired, ſome Weeks before he di-
'ed, that a Book which comes up to you by the Carrier
'ſhould be given to Sir ANDREW FREEPORT in his
'Name.

THIS Letter, notwithſtanding the poor Butler's Man-ner of writing it, gave us ſuch an Idea of our good old Friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry Eye in the Club. Sir ANDREW opening the Book, found it to be a Collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with ſome Paſſages in it marked by Sir ROGER's own Hand. Sir ANDREW found that they related to two or three Points, which he had diſputed with Sir ROGER the laſt time he appeared at the Club. Sir ANDREW, who would have been merry at ſuch an Incident on another Occaſion, at the ſight of the old Man's Hand-writing burſt into Tears, and put the Book into his Pocket. Captain SENTRY informs me, that the Knight has left Rings and Mourning for every one in the Club. O

Tueſday,

N° 518. *Friday, October 24.*

——Miſerum eſt aliena incumbere fama,
Ne collapſa ruant ſubductis tecta columnis. Juv.

THIS being a Day of Buſineſs with me, I muſt make the preſent Entertainment like a Treat at an Houſe-warming, out of ſuch Preſents as have been ſent me by my Gueſts. The firſt Diſh which I ſerve up is a Letter come freſh to my Hand.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT is with inexpreſſible Sorrow that I hear of the 'Death of good Sir *Roger*, and do heartily condole with 'you upon ſo melancholy an Occaſion. I think you 'ought to have blacken'd the Edges of a Paper which 'brought us ſo ill News, and to have had it ſtamped like-'wiſe in Black. It is expected of you that you ſhould 'write his Epitaph, and, if poſſible, fill his place in the 'Club with as worthy and diverting a Member. I queſtion 'not but you will receive many Recommendations from 'the publick of ſuch as will appear Candidates for that Poſt.

'SINCE I am talking of Death, and have mentioned 'an Epitaph, I muſt tell you, Sir, that I have made diſ-'covery of a Church-Yard in which I believe you might 'ſpend an Afternoon, with great Pleaſure to your ſelf and 'to the Publick: It belongs to the Church of *Stebon-'Heath*, commonly called *Stepney*. Whether or no it be 'that the People of that Pariſh have a particular Genius 'for an Epitaph, or that there be ſome Poet among them 'who undertakes that Work by the great, I can't tell; 'but there are more remarkable Inſcriptions in that place 'than in any other I have met with; and I may ſay without 'Vanity, that there is not a Gentleman in *England* better 'read in Tomb-ſtones than my ſelf, my Studies having

'laid very much in Church-yards. I ſhall beg leave to 'ſend you a Couple of Epitaphs, for a Sample of thoſe I 'have juſt now mentioned. They are written in a dif-'ferent manner; the firſt being in the diffuſed and luxu-'riant, the ſecond in the cloſe contracted Style. The firſt 'has much of the Simple and Pathetick; the ſecond is 'ſomething Light, but Nervous. The firſt is thus:

Here Thomas Sapper *lyes inter'd, Ah why!*
Born in New England, *did in* London *die;*
Was the third Son of Eight, begot upon
His Mother Martha *by his Father* John.
Much favour'd by his Prince he 'gan to be,
But nipt by Death at th' Age of Twenty Three.
Fatal to him was that we Small pox name,
By which his Mother and two Brethren came
Alſo to breathe their laſt, nine Years before,
And now have left their Father to deplore
The loſs of all his Children, with his Wife,
Who was the Joy and Comfort of his Life.

The Second is as follows:

Here lies the Body of Daniel Saul,
Spittle-fields *Weaver, and that's all.*

'I will not diſmiſs you, whilſt I am upon this Subject, 'without ſending a ſhort Epitaph which I once met with, 'though I cannot poſſibly recollect the Place. The Thought 'of it is ſerious, and in my opinion, the fineſt that I e-'ver met with upon this Occaſion. You know, Sir, it 'is uſual, after having told us the Name of the Perſon 'who lies interr'd, to lanch out into his Praiſes. This 'Epitaph takes a quite contrary Turn, having been made 'by the Perſon himſelf ſome time before his Death.

'*Hic jacet* R. C. *in expectatione diei ſupremi. Qualis erit 'dies iſte indicabit.*

'Here lieth R. C. in expectation of the laſt Day. What 'ſort of a Man he was, that Day will diſcover.

I am, SIR, &c.

THE

THE following Letter is dated from *Cambridge*.

SIR,

'HAVING lately read among your Speculations, an 'Eſſay upon Phyſiognomy, I cannot but think that 'if you made a Viſit to this ancient Univerſity, you might 'receive very conſiderable Lights upon that Subject, there 'being ſcarce a young Fellow in it who does not give 'certain Indications of his particular Humour and Diſpo-'ſition conformable to the Rules of that Art. In Courts 'and Cities every body lays a conſtraint upon his Coun-'tenance, and endeavours to look like the reſt of the 'World; but the Youth of this Place, having not yet 'formed themſelves by Converſation, and the Knowledge 'of the World, give their Limbs and Features their full 'play.

'AS you have conſidered Human Nature in all its 'Lights, you muſt be extremely well apprized, that there 'is a very cloſe Correſpondence between the outward and 'the inward Man; that ſcarce the leaſt Dawning, the leaſt 'Parturiency towards a Thought can be ſtirring in the 'Mind of Man, without producing a ſuitable Revolution 'in his Exteriors, which will eaſily diſcover it ſelf to an 'Adept in the Theory of the Phiz. Hence it is, that the 'intrinſick Worth and Merit of a Son of *Alma Mater* is 'ordinarily calculated from the Caſt of his Viſage, the 'Contour of his Perſon, the Mechaniſm of his Dreſs, the 'Diſpoſition of his Limbs, the Manner of his Gate and 'Air, with a number of Circumſtances of equal Conſe-'quence and Information: The Practitioners in this Art 'often make uſe of a Gentleman's Eyes, to give 'em Light 'into the Poſture of his Brains; take a handle from his 'Noſe, to judge of the ſize of his Intellects; and interpret 'the over-much Viſibility and Pertneſs of one Ear, as an 'infallible mark of Reprobation, and a ſign the Owner of 'ſo ſaucy a Member fears neither God nor Man. In con-'formity to this Scheme, a contracted Brow, a lumpiſh 'down-caſt Look, a ſober ſedate Pace, with both Hands 'dangling quiet and ſteddy in Lines exactly parallel to 'each lateral Pocket of the Galligaskins, is Logick, Meta-

'physicks and Mathematicks in Perfection. So likewise 'the *Belles Lettres* are typified by a Saunter in the Gate, a 'Fall of one Wing of the Peruke backward, an Insertion 'of one Hand in the Fob, and a negligent Swing of the 'other, with a Pinch of right and fine *Barcelona* between 'Finger and Thumb, a due Quantity of the same upon 'the upper Lip, and a Noddle-Case loaden with Pulvil. 'Again, a grave solemn stalking Pace is Heroick Poetry, 'and Politicks; an unequal one, a Genius for the Ode, 'and the modern Ballad; and an open Breast, with an 'audacious Display of the Holland Shirt, is construed a 'fatal Tendency to the Art Military.

'I MIGHT be much larger upon these Hints, but I 'know whom I write to. If you can graft any Specu-'lation upon them, or turn them to the Advantage of the 'Persons concerned in them, you will do a Work very becoming the *British Spectator*, and oblige

Your very humble Servant,

Tom. Tweer.

Nº 519. *Saturday, October 25.*

Inde Hominum pecudumque genus, vitaque volantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert Monstra sub æquore pontus. Virg.

THOUGH there is a great deal of Pleasure in contemplating the material World, by which I mean that System of Bodies into which Nature has so curiously wrought the Mass of dead Matter, with the several Relations which those Bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprizing in Contemplations on the World of Life, by which I mean all those Animals with which every part of the Universe is furnished. The material World is only the Shell of the Universe: The World of Life are its Inhabitants.

If

IF we conſider thoſe parts of the material World which lie the neareſt to us, and are therefore ſubject to our Obſervations and Enquiries, it is amazing to conſider the Infinity of Animals with which it is ſtocked. Every part of Matter is peopled: Every green Leaf ſwarms with Inhabitants. There is ſcarce a ſingle Humour in the Body of a Man, or of any other Animal, in which our Glaſſes do not diſcover Myriads of living Creatures. The Surface of Animals is alſo covered with other Animals, which are in the ſame manner the Baſis of other Animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the moſt ſolid Bodies, as in Marble it ſelf, innumerable Cells and Cavities that are crouded with ſuch imperceptible Inhabitants, as are too little for the naked Eye to diſcover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of Nature, we ſee the Seas, Lakes and Rivers teeming with numberleſs kinds of living Creatures: We find every Mountain and Marſh, Wilderneſs and Wood, plentifully ſtocked with Birds and Beaſts, and every part of Matter affording proper Neceſſaries and Conveniencies for the Livelihood of Multitudes which inhabit it.

THE Author of the *Plurality of Worlds* draws a very good Argument from this Conſideration, for the *peopling* of every Planet; as indeed it ſeems very probable from the Analogy of Reaſon, that if no part of Matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waſte and uſeleſs, thoſe great Bodies which are at ſuch a diſtance from us ſhould not be deſart and unpeopled, but rather that they ſhould be furniſhed with Beings adapted to their reſpective Situations.

EXISTENCE is a Bleſſing to thoſe Beings only which are endowed with Perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead Matter, any further than as it is ſubſervient to Beings which are conſcious of their Exiſtence. Accordingly we find, from the Bodies which lie under our Obſervation, that Matter is only made as the Baſis and Support of Animals, and there is no more of the one, than what is neceſſary for the Exiſtence of the other.

INFINITE Goodneſs is of ſo communicative a nature, that it ſeems to delight in the conferring of Exiſtence upon every degree of perceptive Being. As this is a Spe-

culation, which I have often purſued with great pleaſure to my ſelf, I ſhall enlarge farther upon it, by conſidering that part of the Scale of Beings which comes within our Knowledge.

THERE are ſome living Creatures which are raiſed but juſt above dead Matter. To mention only that Species of Shell-fiſh, which are formed in the Faſhion of a Cone, that grow to the Surface of ſeveral Rocks, and immediately die upon their being ſever'd from the Place where they grow. There are many other Creatures but one remove from theſe, which have no other Senſe beſides that of Feeling and Taſte. Others have ſtill an additional one of Hearing; others of Smell, and others of Sight. It is wonderful to obſerve, by what a gradual Progreſs the World of Life advances through a prodigious Variety of Species, before a Creature is formed that is compleat in all its Senſes; and even among theſe there is ſuch a different degree of Perfection in the Senſes which one Animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the Senſe in different Animals be diſtinguiſhed by the ſame common Denomination, it ſeems almoſt of a different Nature. If after this we look into the ſeveral inward Perfections of Cunning and Sagacity, or what we generally call Inſtinct, we find them riſing after the ſame manner, imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional Improvements, according to the Species in which they are implanted. This Progreſs in Nature is ſo very gradual, that the moſt perfect of an inferior Species comes very near to the moſt imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

THE exuberant and overflowing Goodneſs of the Supreme Being, whoſe Mercy extends to all his Works, is plainly ſeen, as I have before hinted, from his having made ſo very little Matter, at leaſt what falls within our knowledge, that does not ſwarm with Life: Nor is his Goodneſs leſs ſeen in the Diverſity, than in the Multitude of living Creatures. Had he only made one Species of Animals, none of the reſt would have enjoyed the Happineſs of Exiſtence; he has, therefore, *ſpecified* in his Creation every degree of Life, every Capacity of Being. The whole

whole Chaſm in Nature, from a Plant to a Man, is filled up with diverſe kinds of Creatures, riſing one over another, by ſuch a gentle and eaſy Aſcent, that the little Tranſitions and Deviations from one Species to another, are almoſt inſenſible. This intermediate Space is ſo well huſbanded and managed, that there is ſcarce a degree of Perception which does not appear in ſome one part of the World of Life. Is the Goodneſs or Wiſdom of the divine Being more manifeſted in this his Proceeding?

THERE is a Conſequence, beſides thoſe I have already mentioned, which ſeems very naturally deducible from the foregoing Conſiderations. If the Scale of Being riſes by ſuch a regular Progreſs, ſo high as Man, we may by a parity of Reaſon ſuppoſe that it ſtill proceeds gradually through thoſe Beings which are of a Superior Nature to him; ſince there is an infinitely greater ſpace and room for different Degrees and Perfection, between the Supreme Being and Man, than between Man and the moſt deſpicable Inſect. This Conſequence of ſo great a variety of Beings which are ſuperior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. *Locke*, in a Paſſage which I ſhall here ſet down, after having premiſed, that notwithſtanding there is ſuch infinite room between Man and his Maker for the creative Power to exert it ſelf in, it is impoſſible that it ſhould ever be filled up, ſince there will be ſtill an infinite Gap or Diſtance between the higheſt created Being, and the Power which produced him.

THAT there ſhould be more Species *of intelligent Creatures above us, than there are of ſenſible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; That in all the viſible corporeal World, we ſee no Chaſms, or no Gaps. All quite down from us, the deſcent is by eaſy ſteps, and a continued Series of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are Fiſhes that have Wings, and are not Strangers to the airy Region: and there are ſome Birds, that are Inhabitants of the Water; whoſe Blood is cold as Fiſhes, and their Fleſh ſo like in taſte, that the Scrupulous are allowed them on Faſh-days. There are Animals ſo near of kin both to Birds and Beaſts, that they are in the middle between both: Amphibious*

Animals link the Terreſtrial and Aquatick together; Seals live at Land and at Sea, and Porpoiſes have the warm Blood and Entrails of a Hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of Mermaids or Sea-Men. There are ſome Brutes, that ſeem to have as much Knowledge and Reaſon, as ſome that are called Men; and the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms are ſo nearly join'd, that if you will take the loweſt of one, and the higheſt of the other, there will ſcarce be perceived any great difference between them: and ſo on till we come to the loweſt and the moſt inorganical parts of Matter, we ſhall find every where that the ſeveral Species *are linked together, and differ but in almoſt inſenſible degrees. And when we conſider the infinite Power and Wiſdom of the Maker, we have reaſon to think that it is ſuitable to the magnificent Harmony of the Univerſe, and the great Deſign and infinite Goodneſs of the Architect, that the* Species *of Creatures ſhould alſo, by gentle degrees, aſcend upward from us toward his infinite Perfection, as we ſee they gradually deſcend from us downwards: Which if it be probable, we have reaſon then to be perſuaded, that there are far more* Species *of Creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degees of Perfection much more remote from the infinite Being of God, than we are from the loweſt State of Being, and that which approaches neareſt to nothing. And yet of all thoſe diſtinct* Species, *we have no clear diſtinct* Ideas.

IN this Syſtem of Being, there is no Creature ſo wonderful in its Nature, and which ſo much deſerves our particular Attention, as Man, who fills up the middle Space between the Animal and Intellectual Nature, the viſible and inviſible World, and is that Link in the Chain of Beings, which has been often termed the *Nexus utriuſque Mundi*. So that he who in one reſpect being aſſociated with Angels and Arch-Angels, may look upon a Being of infinite Perfection as his Father, and the higheſt Order of Spirits as his Brethren, may in another reſpect ſay to *Corruption, thou art my Father, and to the Worm, thou art my Mother and my Siſter.*

O

Monday,

Nº 520. *Monday, October 27.*

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis! Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE juſt Value you have expreſſed for the Matrimonial State, is the reaſon that I now venture to write to you, without fear of being ridiculous; 'and confeſs to you, that though it is three Months ſince 'I loſt a very agreeable Woman, who was my Wife, my 'Sorrow is ſtill freſh; and I am often, in the midſt of 'Company, upon any Circumſtance that revives her Memory, with a Reflection what ſhe would ſay or do on 'ſuch an occaſion: I ſay, upon any Occurrence of that 'nature, which I can give you a ſenſe of, though I cannot expreſs it wholly, I am all over Softneſs, and am obliged to retire, and give way to a few Sighs and Tears, 'before I can be eaſy. I cannot but recommend the Subject of Male Widowhood to you, and beg of you to 'touch upon it by the firſt Opportunity. To thoſe who 'have not lived like Husbands during the Lives of their 'Spouſes, this would be a taſteleſs Jumble of Words; 'but to ſuch (of whom there are not a few) who have 'enjoy'd that State with the Sentiments proper for it, 'you will have every Line, which hits the Sorrow, attended with a Tear of Pity and Conſolation. For I know 'not by what Goodneſs of Providence it is, that every 'guſh of Paſſion is a ſtep towards the Relief of it; and 'there is a certain Comfort in the very Act of Sorrowing, 'which, I ſuppoſe, ariſes from a ſecret Conſciouſneſs in 'the Mind, that the Affliction it is under flows from a 'virtuous Cauſe. My Concern is not indeed ſo outrageous 'as at the firſt Tranſport; for I think it has ſubſided rather into a ſober State of Mind, than any actual Per-

'turbation of Spirit. There might be Rules formed for 'Men's Behaviour on this great Incident, to bring them 'from that Misfortune into the Condition I am at preſent; 'which is, I think, that my Sorrow has converted all 'Roughneſs of Temper into Meekneſs, Good-nature, 'and Complacency: But indeed, when in a ſerious and 'lonely Hour I preſent my departed Conſort to my Ima'gination, with that Air of Perſuaſion in her Countenance 'when I have been in Paſſion, that ſweet Affability when 'I have been in Good-humour, that tender Compaſſion 'when I have had any thing which gave me Uneaſineſs; 'I confeſs to you I am inconſolable, and my Eyes guſh 'with Grief as if I had ſeen her but juſt then expire. In 'this Condition I am broken in upon by a charming young 'Woman, my Daughter, who is the Picture of what her 'Mother was on her Wedding-day. The good Girl ſtrives 'to comfort me; but how ſhall I let you know that all 'the Comfort ſhe gives me is to make my Tears flow 'more eaſily? The Child knows ſhe quickens my Sor'rows, and rejoyces my Heart at the ſame time. Oh, ye 'Learned! tell me by what Word to ſpeak a Motion of 'the Soul, for which there is no Name. When ſhe kneels 'and bids me be comforted, ſhe is my Child; when I 'take her in my Arms, and bid her ſay no more, ſhe is 'my very Wife, and is the very Comforter I lament the 'loſs of. I baniſh her the Room, and weep aloud, that I 'have loſt her Mother, and that I have her.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR, I wiſh it were poſſible for you 'to have a Senſe of theſe pleaſing Perplexities; you might 'communicate to the guilty part of Mankind, that they 'are incapable of the Happineſs which is in the very Sor'rows of the Virtuous.

'BUT pray ſpare me a little longer; give me leave 'to tell you the manner of her Death. She took leave 'of all her Family, and bore the vain Application of 'Medicines with the greateſt Patience imaginable. When 'the Phycian told her ſhe muſt certainly die, ſhe deſired 'as well as ſhe could, that all who were preſent, except 'my ſelf, might depart the Room. She ſaid ſhe had no'thing to ſay, for ſhe was reſigned and I knew all ſhe

'knew

'knew that concerned us in this World: but ſhe deſired 'to be alone, that in the preſence of God only ſhe might, 'without Interruption, do her laſt Duty to me, of thank-'ing me for all my kindneſs to her; adding, that ſhe hoped 'in my laſt Moments I ſhould feel the ſame Comfort for 'my Goodneſs to her, as ſhe did in that ſhe had acquitted 'herſelf with Honour, Truth and Virtue to me.

'I CURB my ſelf, and will not tell you that this 'Kindneſs cut my Heart in twain, when I expected an 'Acculation for ſome paſſionate Starts of mine, in ſome 'parts of our time together, to ſay nothing, but thank me 'for the Good, if there was any Good ſuitable to her 'own Excellence! All that I had ever ſaid to her, all the 'Circumſtances of Sorrow and Joy between us, crowded 'upon my Mind in the ſame Inſtant; and when immedi-'ately after I ſaw the Pangs of Death come upon that 'dear Body which I had often embraced with Tranſport, 'when I ſaw thoſe cheriſhing Eyes begin to be ghaſtly, 'and their laſt ſtruggle to be to fix themſelves on me, 'how did I loſe all Patience? She expired in my Arms, 'and in my Diſtraction I thought I ſaw her Boſom ſtill 'heave. There was certainly Life yet ſtill left; I cried 'ſhe juſt now ſpoke to me: But, alas! I grew giddy, and 'all things moved about me from the Diſtemper of my 'own Head; for the beſt of Women was breathleſs, and 'gone for ever.

'NOW the Doctrine I would, methinks, have you 'raiſe from this Account I have given you, is, That there 'is a certain Equanimity in thoſe who are good and juſt, 'which runs into their very Sorrow, and diſappoints the 'Force of it. Though they muſt paſs through Afflictions 'in common with all who are in human Nature, yet their 'conſcious Integrity ſhall undermine their Affliction; nay, 'that very Affliction ſhall add Force to their Integrity, 'from a reflection of the uſe of Virtue in the Hour of 'Affliction. I ſat down with a deſign to put you upon 'giving us Rules how to overcome ſuch Griefs as theſe, 'but I ſhould rather adviſe you to teach Men to be capa-'ble of them.

'YOU

'YOU Men of Letters have what you call the fine 'Taſte in their Apprehenſions of what is properly done 'or ſaid: There is ſomething like this deeply graſted in 'the Soul of him who is honeſt and faithful in all his 'Thoughts and Actions. Every thing which is falſe, vi-'cious or unworthy, is deſpicable to him, though all the 'World ſhould approve it. At the ſame time he has the 'moſt lively Senſibility in all Enjoyments and Sufferings 'which it is proper for him to have, where any Duty of 'Life is concerned. To want Sorrow when you in De-'cency and Truth ſhould be afflicted, is, I ſhould think, a 'greater inſtance of a Man's being a Blockhead, than not 'to know the Beauty of any Paſſage in *Virgil*. You have 'not yet obſerved, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, that the fine Gen-'tlemen of this Age ſet up for hardneſs of Heart, and 'Humanity has very little ſhare in their Pretences. He is 'a brave Fellow who is always ready to kill a Man he 'hates, but he does not ſtand in the ſame degree of E-'ſteem who laments for the Woman he loves. I ſhould 'fancy you might work up a thouſand pretty Thoughts, 'by reflecting upon the Perſons moſt ſuſceptible of the 'ſort of Sorrow I have ſpoken of; and I dare ſay you 'will find upon Examination, that they are the wiſeſt and 'the braveſt of Mankind who are moſt capable of it.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Norwich,
7° Octobris,
1712.

T F. J.

Tueſday

N° 521. *Tueſday, October* 28.

Vera redit facies, diſſimulata perit. P. Arb.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE been for many Years loud in this Aſſertion, 'That there are very few that can ſee or hear, I mean 'that can report what they have ſeen or heard; and 'this thro' Incapacity or Prejudice, one of which diſables 'almoſt every Man who talks to you from repreſenting 'things as he ought. For which reaſon I am come to a 'Reſolution of believing nothing I hear; and I contemn 'the Men given to Narrations under the Appellation of a 'Matter-of-Fact Man: And according to me, a Matter-'of-Fact Man is one whoſe Life and Converſation is 'in the Report of what is not Matter-of-Fact.

'I REMEMBER when Prince *Eugene* was here, 'there was no knowing his Height or Figure, till you, *Mr.* 'SPECTATOR, gave the Publick Satisfaction in that 'Matter. In Relations, the Force of the Expreſſion lies 'very often more in the Look, the Tone of Voice, or the 'Geſture, than the Words themſelves; which being re-'peated in any other manner by the undiſcerning, bear a 'very different Interpretation from their original Mean-'ing. I muſt confeſs, I formerly have turn'd this Hu-'mour of mine to very good account; for whenever 'I heard any Narration utter'd with extraordinary Vehe-'mence, and grounded upon conſiderable Authority, I 'was always ready to lay any Wager that it was not ſo. 'Indeed I never pretended to be ſo raſh, as to fix the 'matter any particular way in oppoſition to theirs; but 'as there are a hundred Ways of any thing happening, 'beſides that it has happen'd, I only controverted its fal-'ling out in that one manner as they ſettled it, and left 'it to the ninety nine other Ways, and conſequently had 'more Probability of Succeſs. I had arrived at a particu-

'lar

'lar Skill in warming a Man ſo far in his Narration, as to 'make him throw in a little of the Marvelous, and then, 'if he has much Fire, the next Degree is the Impoſſible. 'Now this is always the Time for fixing the Wager. 'But this requires the niceſt Management, otherwiſe very 'probably the Diſpute may ariſe to the old Determination 'by Battel. In theſe Conceits I have been very fortunate, 'and have won ſome Wagers of thoſe who have profeſ- 'ſedly valued themſelves upon Intelligence, and have put 'themſelves to great Charge and Expence to be miſin- 'form'd conſiderably ſooner than the reſt of the World.

'HAVING got a comfortable Sum by this my op- 'poſition to publick Report, I have brought my ſelf now 'to ſo great a Perfection in Inattention, more eſpecially to 'Party-Relations, that at the ſame time I ſeem with gree- 'dy Ears to devour up the Diſcourſe, I certainly don't know 'one word of it, but purſue my own courſe of Thought, 'whether upon Buſineſs or Amuſement, with much Tran- 'quility: I ſay Inattention, becauſe a late Act of Parlia- 'ment has ſecur'd all Party-Lyars from the Penalty of a 'Wager, and conſequently made it unprofitable to attend 'to them. However, good Breeding obliges a Man to 'maintain the Figure of the keeneſt Attention, the true 'Poſture of which in a Coffee-houſe I take to conſiſt in 'leaning over a Table, with the edge of it preſſing hard 'upon your Stomach; for the more Pain the Narration 'is received with, the more gracious is your bending o- 'ver: Beſides that the Narrator thinks you forget your 'Pain, by the pleaſure of hearing him.

'FORT *Knock* has occaſioned ſeveral very perplexed 'and inelegant Heats and Animoſities; and there was one 't'other day in a Coffee-houſe where I was, that took 'upon him to clear that Buſineſs to me, for he ſaid he 'was there. I knew him to be that ſort of Man that 'had not Strength of Capacity to be inform'd of any 'thing that depended merely upon his being an Eye-Wit- 'neſs, and therefore was fully ſatisfied he could give me 'no Information, for the very ſame reaſon he believed 'he could, for he was there. However, I heard him 'with the ſame Greedineſs as *Shakeſpear* deſcribes in the 'following Lines.

'I ſaw a Smith ſtand on his Hammer, thus,
'With open Mouth ſwallowing a Taylor's News.

'I confeſs of late I have not been ſo much amazed at 'the Declaimers in Coffee-houſes as I formerly was, being 'ſatisfied that they expect to be rewarded for their Voci-'ferations. Of theſe Lyars there are two Sorts. The 'Genius of the firſt conſiſts in much Impudence and a 'ſtrong Memory; the others have added to theſe Quali-'fications a good Underſtanding and ſmooth Language. 'Theſe therefore have only certain Heads, which they are 'as eloquent upon as they can, and may be call'd Embel-'liſhers; the others repeat only what they hear from o-'thers as literally as their Parts or Zeal will permit, and 'are called Reciters. Here was a Fellow in Town ſome 'Years ago, who uſed to divert himſelf by telling a Lye 'at *Charing-Croſs* in the Morning at eight of the Clock, and 'then following it through all parts of the Town till eight 'at Night; at which time he came to a Club of his 'Friends, and diverted them with an Account what Cen-'ſure it had at *Will's* in *Covent Garden*, how dangerous 'it was believed to be at *Child's*, and what Inference they 'drew from it with relation to Stocks at *Jonathan's*. I 'have had the Honour to travel with this Gentleman I 'ſpeak of in ſearch of one of his Falſhoods; and have 'been preſent when they have deſcribed the very Man 'they have ſpoken to, as him who firſt reported it, tall or 'ſhort, black or fair, a Gentleman or a Raggamuffin, ac-'cording as they liked the Intelligence. I have heard one 'of our ingenious Writers of News ſay, that when he 'has had a Cuſtomer come with an Advertiſement of an 'Apprentice or a Wife run away, he has deſired the Ad-'vertiſer to compoſe himſelf a little, before he dictated 'the Deſcription of the Offender: For when a Perſon is 'put into a publick Paper by a Man who is angry with him, 'the real Deſcription of ſuch Perſon is hid in the Defor-'mity with which the angry Man deſcribed him; there-'fore this Fellow always made his Cuſtomers deſcribe 'him as he would the Day before he offended, or elſe he

'was

'was ſure he would never find him out. Theſe and ma-
'ny other Hints I could ſuggeſt to you for the Elucida-
'tion of all Fictions; but I leave it to your own Sagacity
'to improve or neglect this Speculation.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant.

Poſtſcript *to the* Spectator, *Number* 502.

N. B. *There are in the Play of the* Self-Tormentor *of* Terence, *which is allowed a moſt excellent Comedy, ſeveral Incidents which would draw Tears from any Man of Senſe, and not one which would move his Laughter.* T

N° 522. *Wedneſday, October* 29.

——— Adjuro nunquam eam me deſerturum,
Non, ſi capiundos mihi ſciam eſſe inimicos omneis homines:
Hanc mihi expetivi, contigit: conveniunt mores: valeant
Qui inter nos diſſidium volunt: hanc, niſi mors
Mi adimet nemo. Ter.

I SHOUD eſteem my ſelf a very happy Man, if my Speculations could in the leaſt contribute to the rectifying the Conduct of my Readers in one of the moſt important Affairs of Life, to wit, their Choice in Marriage. This State is the Foundation of Community, and the chief Band of Society; and I do not think I can be too frequent on Subjects which may give Light to my unmarried Readers, in a Particular which is ſo eſſential to their following Happineſs or Miſery. A virtuous Diſpoſition, a good Underſtanding, an agreeable Perſon, and an eaſy Fortune, are the things which ſhould be chiefly regarded on this Occaſion. Becauſe my preſent View is to direct a young Lady, who, I think, is now in doubt whom to take of many Lovers, I ſhall talk at this time to

to my female Reader. The Advantages, as I was going to ſay, of Senſe, Beauty and Riches, are what are certainly the chief Motives to a prudent young Woman of Fortune for changing her Condition; but as ſhe is to have her Eye upon each of theſe, ſhe is to ask herſelf whether the Man who has moſt of theſe Recommendations in the Lump is not the moſt deſirable. He that has excellent Talents, with a moderate Eſtate, and an agreeable Perſon, is preferable to him who is only rich, if it were only that good Faculties may purchaſe Riches, but Riches cannot purchaſe worthy Endowments. I do not mean that Wit, and a Capacity to entertain, is what ſhould be highly valued, except it is founded upon Good-nature and Humanity. There are many ingenious Men, whoſe Abilities do little elſe but make themſelves and thoſe about them uneaſy: Such are thoſe who are far gone in the Pleaſures of the Town, who cannot ſupport Life without quick Senſations and gay Reflections, and are Strangers to Tranquility, to right Reaſon, and a calm Motion of Spirits without Tranſport or Dejection. Theſe ingenious Men, of all Men living, are moſt to be avoided by her who would be happy in a Husband. They are immediately ſated with Poſſeſſion, and muſt neceſſarily fly to new Acquiſitions of Beauty, to paſs away the whiling Moments and Intervals of Life; for with them every Hour is heavy that is not joyful. But there is a ſort of Man of Wit and Senſe, that can reflect upon his own Make, and that of his Partner, with the Eyes of Reaſon and Honour, and who believes he offends againſt both theſe, if he does not look upon the Woman (who choſe him to be under his Protection in Sickneſs and Health) with the utmoſt Gratitude, whether from that moment ſhe is ſhining or defective in Perſon or Mind: I ſay, there are thoſe who think themſelves bound to ſupply with Good-nature the Failings of thoſe who love them, and who always think thoſe the Objects of Love and Pity, who came to their Arms the Objects of Joy and Admiration.

OF this latter ſort is *Lyſander*, a Man of Wit, Learning, Sobriety and Good-nature, of Birth and Eſtate below no Woman to accept, and of whom it might be ſaid,

ſhould

ſhould he ſucceed in his preſent Wiſhes, his Miſtreſs rais
his Fortune, but not that ſhe made it. When a Woman
deliberating with her ſelf whom ſhe ſhall chuſe of m
near each other in other Pretenſions, certainly he of be
Underſtanding is to be prefer'd. Life hangs heavily in th
repeated Converſation of one who has no Imaginatio
to be fired at the ſeveral Occaſions and Objects whic
come before him, or who cannot ſtrike out of his ſe
flections new Paths of pleaſing Diſcourſe. Honeſt *Will*
Thraſh and his Wife, tho' not married above four Months
have ſcarce had a Word to ſay to each other this ſix weeks
and one cannot form to one's ſelf a ſillier Picture, tha
theſe two Creatures in ſolemn Pomp and Plenty unable
to enjoy their Fortunes, and at a full ſtop among a Crowd
of Servants, to whoſe Taſte of Life they are beholden
for the little Satisfactions by which they can be underſtood
to be ſo much as barely in being. The Hours of the
Day, the Diſtinctions of Noon and Night, Dinner and
Supper, are the greateſt Notices they are capable of. This
is perhaps repreſenting the Life of a very modeſt Woman
joined to a dull Fellow, more inſipid than it really deſerves;
but I am ſure it is not to exalt the Commerce with an in-
genious Companion too high, to ſay that every new Acci-
dent or Object which comes into ſuch a Gentleman's way,
gives his Wife new Pleaſures and Satisfactions. The Ap-
probation of his Words and Actions is a continual new
Feaſt to her, nor can ſhe enough applaud her good For-
tune in having her Life varied every hour, her Mind more
improv'd, and her Heart more glad from every Circum-
ſtance which they meet with. He will lay out his Inven-
tion in forming new Pleaſures and Amuſements and make
the Fortune ſhe has brought him ſubſervient to the Honour
and Reputation of her and hers. A Man of Senſe who
is thus oblig'd, is ever contriving the Happineſs of her
who did him ſo great a diſtinction; while the Fool is un-
grateful without Vice, and never returns a Favour becauſe
he is not ſenſible of it. I would, methinks, have ſo much
to ſay for my ſelf, that if I fell into the hands of him who
treated me ill, he ſhould be ſenſible when he did ſo: His
Conſcience ſhould be of my ſide, whatever became of his

Li-

inclination. I do not know but it is the inſipid Choice which has been made by thoſe who have the Care of young Women, that the Marriage-State it ſelf has been liable to ſo much Ridicule. But a well-choſen Love, mov'd by Paſſion on both ſides, and perfected by the Generoſity of one Party, muſt be adorn'd with ſo many handſom Incidents on the other ſide, that every particular Couple would be an Example in many Circumſtances to all the reſt of the Species. I ſhall end the Chat upon this Subject with a couple of Letters, one from a Lover who is very well acquainted with the way of bargaining on theſe occaſions; and the other from his Rival, who has a leſs Eſtate, but great Gallantry of Temper. As for my Man of Prudence, he makes love, as he ſays, as if he were already a Father, and laying aſide the Paſſion, comes to the Reaſon of the thing.

Madam,

'MY Counſel has peruſed the Inventory of your Eſtate, and conſider'd what Eſtate you have, which 'it ſeems is only yours, and to the Male-Heirs of your 'Body; but, in default of ſuch Iſſue, to the right Heirs 'of your Uncle *Edward* for ever. Thus, Madam, I am 'adviſ'd you cannot (the Remainder not being in you) 'dock the Entail; by which means my Eſtate, which is 'Fee-Simple, will come by the Settlement propos'd to 'your Children begotten by me, whether they are Males 'or Females; but my Children begotten upon you will 'not inherit your Lands, except I beget a Son. Now 'Madam, ſince things are ſo, you are a Woman of that 'Prudence, and underſtand the World ſo well, as not to 'expect I ſhould give you more than you can give me.

I am, Madam,

(with great Reſpect)

Your moſt obedient Servant,

T. W.

THE other Lover's Eſtate is leſs than this Gentleman's, but he expreſs'd himſelf as follows.

Madam,

Madam,

I HAVE given in my Eſtate to your Counſel, and de
fired my own Lawyer to inſiſt upon no Terms whic
your Friends can propoſe for your certain Eaſe and Ad
vantage: For indeed I have no notion of making Dif
ficulties of preſenting you with what cannot make m
happy without you.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt devoted humble Servant,

B. T

You muſt know the Relations have met upon thi
and the Girl being mightily taken with the latter Epiſtle
ſhe is laugh'd out, and Uncle *Edward* is to be dealt wit
to make her a ſuitable Match to the worthy Gentlema
who has told her he does not care a farthing for her. A
I hope for is, that the Lady *Fair* will make uſe of the fir
light Night to ſhow *B. T.* ſhe underſtands a Marriage
not to be conſider'd as a common Bargain.

N° 523. *Thurſday, October* 30.

——— Nunc augur Apollo,
Nunc Lycia ſortes, nunc & Jove miſſus ab ipſo
Interpres Divûm fert horrida juſſa per auras.
Scilicet is ſuperis labor ——— Virg.

I AM always highly delighted with the diſcovery of an
riſing Genius among my Countrymen. For this reaſo
I have read over, with great pleaſure, the late Miſcella
ny publiſh'd by Mr. *Pope*, in which there are many excellen
Compoſitions of that ingenious Gentleman. I have ha
a pleaſure of the ſame kind, in peruſing a Poem that i
juſt publiſh'd *on the Proſpect of Peace*, and which, I hope
will meet with ſuch a Reward from its Patrons, as ſo no
ble a Performance deſerves. I was particularly well-pleaſe
t

o find that the Author had not amuſed himſelf with Fa-
es out of the Pagan Theology, and that when he hints at
y thing of this nature, he alludes to it only as to a Fable.

MANY of our modern Authors, whoſe Learning very
ften extends no farther than *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*, do not
now how to celebrate a great Man, without mixing a
arcel of School-boy Tales with the Recital of his Actions.
f you read a Poem on a fine Woman, among the Authors
f this Claſs, you ſhall ſee that it turns more upon *Venus*
r *Helen*, than on the Party concerned. I have known a
opy of Verſes on a great Hero highly commended; but
pon asking to hear ſome of the beautiful Paſſages, the
dmirer of it has repeated to me a Speech of *Apollo*, or a
eſcription of *Polypheme*. At other times when I have
earch'd for the Actions of a great Man, who gave a Sub-
ect to the Writer, I have been entertain'd with the Ex-
loits of a River-God, or have been forced to attend a Fu-
y in her miſchievous Progreſs, from one end of the Poem
o the other. When we are at School it is neceſſary for
s to be acquainted with the Syſtem of Pagan Theology,
nd may be allow'd to enliven a Theme, or point an Epi-
ram with a Heathen God; but when we would write a
anly Panegyrick, that ſhould carry in it all the Colours
f Truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have re-
ourſe to our *Jupiters* and *Junos*.

NO Thought is beautiful which is not juſt, and no
Thought can be juſt which is not founded in Truth, or
t leaſt in that which paſſes for ſuch.

IN Mock-Heroick Poems, the Uſe of a Heathen My-
hology is not only excuſable but graceful, becauſe it is the
Deſign of ſuch Compoſitions to divert, by adapting the
fabulous Machines of the Antients to low Subjects, and at
the ſame time by ridiculing ſuch kinds of Machinery in mo-
dern Writers. If any are of opinion, that there is a Ne-
ceſſity of admitting theſe Claſſical Legends into our ſe-
rious Compoſitions, in order to give them a more Poeti-
cal Turn; I would recommend to their Conſideration the
Paſtorals of Mr. *Philips*. One would have thought it im-
poſſible for this kind of Poetry to have ſubſiſted without
Fawns and Satyrs, Wood-Nymphs, and Water-Nymphs,

with

with all the Tribe of rural Deities. But we see he has given a new Life, and a more natural Beauty to this way of Writing, by ſubſtituting in the place of theſe antiquated Fables, the ſuperſtitious Mythology which prevails among the Shepherds of our own Country.

VIRGIL and *Homer* might compliment their Heroes by interweaving the Actions of Deities with their Atchievements; but for a Chriſtian Author to write in the Pagan Creed, to make Prince *Eugene* a Favourite of *Mars*, or to carry a Correſpondence between *Bellona* and the Marſhal *de Villars*, would be downright Puerility, and unpardonable in a Poet that is paſt ſixteen. It is want of ſufficient Elevation in a Genius to deſcribe Realities, and place them in a ſhining Light, that makes him have recourſe to ſuch trifling antiquated Fables; as a Man may write a fine Deſcription of *Bacchus* or *Apollo*, that does not know how to draw the Character of any of his Contemporaries.

IN order therefore to put a ſtop to this abſurd Practice I ſhall publiſh the following Edict, by vertue of that Spectatorial Authority with which I ſtand inveſted.

'WHEREAS the Time of a general Peace is, in 'all appearance, drawing near, being informed 'that there are ſeveral ingenious Perſons who intend to 'ſhew their Talents on ſo happy an Occaſion, and being 'willing, as much as in me lies, to prevent that Effuſion 'of Nonſenſe, which we have good Cauſe to apprehend; 'I do hereby ſtrictly require every Perſon, who ſhall write 'on this Subject, to remember that he is a Chriſtian, and 'not to ſacrifice his Catechiſm to his Poetry. In order to 'it, I do expect of him in the firſt place, to make his 'own Poem, without depending upon *Phœbus* for any part 'of it, or calling out for Aid upon any one of the Muſes 'by Name. I do likewiſe poſitively forbid the ſending of 'Mercury with any particular Meſſage or Diſpatch relating 'to the Peace, and ſhall by no means ſuffer *Minerva* to 'take upon her the Shape of any Plenipotentiary concerned in this great Work. I do further declare, that I 'ſhall not allow the Deſtinies to have had a hand in the 'Deaths of the ſeveral thouſands who have been ſlain in

'the

the late War, being of opinion that all ſuch Deaths may be very well accounted for by the Chriſtian Syſtem of Powder and Ball. I do therefore ſtrictly forbid the Fates to cut the Thread of Man's Life upon any pretence whatſoever, unleſs it be for the ſake of the Rhyme. And whereas I have good reaſon to fear, that *Neptune* will have a great deal of Buſineſs on his hands, in ſeveral Poems which we may now ſuppoſe are upon the Anvil; I do alſo prohibit his Appearance, unleſs it be done in Metaphor, Simile, or any very ſhort Alluſion; and that even here he be not permitted to enter, but with great Caution and Circumſpection. I deſire that the ſame Rule may be extended to his whole Fraternity of Heathen Gods, it being my deſign to condemn every Poem to the Flames in which *Jupiter* thunders, or exerciſes any other Act of Authority which does not belong to him: In ſhort, I expect that no Pagan Agent ſhall be introduc'd, or any Fact related which a Man cannot give credit to with a good Conſcience. Provided always, that nothing herein contained ſhall extend, or be conſtrued to extend, to ſeveral of the Female Poets in this Nation, who ſhall be ſtill left in full poſſeſſion of their Gods and Goddeſſes, in the ſame manner as if this Paper had never been written. O

N° 524. *Friday, October* 31.

Nos populo damus ——— Sen.

WHEN I firſt of all took it in my head to write Dreams and Viſions, I determin'd to print nothing of that nature, which was not of my own Invention. But ſeveral laborious Dreamers have of late communicated to me Works of this nature, which, for their Reputation and my own, I have hitherto ſuppreſſed. Had I printed every one that came to my hands, my Book of Speculations

tions would have been little elſe but a Book of Viſions. Some of my Correſpondents have indeed been ſo very modeſt, as to offer at an Excuſe for their not being in a capacity to dream better. I have by me, for example, the Dream of a young Gentleman not paſt Fifteen. I have likewiſe by me the Dream of a Perſon of Quality, and another called the Lady's Dream. In theſe, and other Pieces of the ſame nature, it is ſuppos'd the uſual Allowances will be made to the Age, Condition and Sex of the Dreamer. To prevent this Inundation of Dreams, which daily flows in upon me, I ſhall apply to all Dreamers of Dreams, the Advice which *Epictetus* has couched, after his manner, in a very ſimple and conciſe Precept. *Never tell thy Dreams*, ſays that Philoſopher, *for tho' thou thy ſelf may'ſt take a Pleaſure in telling thy Dream, another will take no pleaſure in hearing it.* After this ſhort Preface, I muſt do juſtice to two or three Viſions which I have lately publiſh'd, and which I have owned to have been written by other Hands. I ſhall add a Dream to theſe, which comes to me from *Scotland*, by one who declares himſelf of that Country, and for all I know may be ſecond-ſighted. There is, indeed, ſomething in it of the Spirit of *John Bunyan*; but at the ſame time a certain Sublime, which that Author was never Maſter of. I ſhall publiſh it, becauſe I queſtion not but it will fall in with the Taſte of all my popular Readers, and amuſe the Imaginations of thoſe who are more profound; declaring at the ſame time, that this is the laſt Dream which I intend to publiſh this Seaſon.

SIR,

'I WAS laſt *Sunday* in the Evening led into a ſerious 'Reflection on the Reaſonableneſs of Virtue, and 'great Folly of Vice, from an excellent Sermon I had 'heard that Afternoon in my Pariſh-Church. Among other 'Obſervations, the Preacher ſhew'd us that the Temptations which the Tempter propos'd, were all on a Suppoſition, that we are either Madmen or Fools, or with an 'Intention to render us ſuch; that in no other Affair we 'would ſuffer ourſelves to be thus impoſed upon, in a 'Caſe ſo plainly and clearly againſt our viſible Intereſt

'His illuſtrations and Arguments carried ſo much Perſuaſion and Conviction with them, that they remained a conſiderable while freſh, and working in my Memory; till at laſt the Mind, fatigued with Thought, gave way to the forcible Oppreſſions of Slumber and Sleep, whilſt Fancy, unwilling yet to drop the Subject, preſented me with the following Viſion.

'METHOUGHT I was juſt awoke out of a Sleep, that I could never remember the beginning of, the Place where I found my ſelf to be, was a wide and ſpacious Plain, full of People that wandered up and down through ſeveral beaten Paths, whereof ſome few were ſtrait, and in direct lines, but moſt of them winding and turning like a Labyrinth; but yet it appear'd to me afterwards, that theſe laſt all met in one Iſſue, ſo that many that ſeemed to ſteer quite contrary Courſes, did at length meet and face one another, to the no little amazement of many of them.

'IN the midſt of the Plain there was a great Fountain: They called it the Spring of *Self-Love*; out of it iſſued two Rivulets to the Eaſtward and Weſtward, the Name of the firſt was *Heavenly-Wiſdom*, its Water was wonderfully clear, but of a yet more wonderful Effect; the other's Name was *Worldly-Wiſdom*, its Water was thick, and yet far from being dormant or ſtagnating, for it was in a continual violent Agitation; which kept the Travellers whom I ſhall mention by and by, from being ſenſible of the Foulneſs and Thickneſs of the Water; which had this Effect, that it intoxicated thoſe who drunk it, and made 'em miſtake every Object that lay before them: both Rivulets were parted near their Springs into ſo many others, as there were ſtrait and crooked Paths, which they attended all along to their reſpective Iſſues.

'I OBSERV'D from the ſeveral Paths many now and then diverting, to refreſh and otherwiſe qualify themſelves for their Journey, to the reſpective Rivulets that ran near them; they contracted a very obſervable Courage and Steadineſs in what they were about, by drinking theſe Waters. At the end of the Perſpective of every ſtrait Path, all which did end in one Iſſue and Point,

'appeared a high Pillar, all of Diamond, casting Rays
'bright as those of the Sun into the Paths; which Ra
'had also certain sympathizing and alluring Virtues in them
'so that whosoever had made some considerable progre
'in his Journey onwards towards the Pillar, by the re
'peated impression of these Rays upon him, was wrough
'into an habitual Inclination and Conversion of his Sig
'towards it, so that it grew at last in a manner natural t
'him to look and gaze upon it, whereby he was kep
'steddy in the strait Paths; which alone led to that rad
'ant Body, the beholding of which was now grown
'Gratification to his Nature.

'AT the issue of the crooked Paths there was a gre
'black Tower, out of the Centre of which streamed
'long Succession of Flames, which did rise even above th
'Clouds; it gave a very great Light to the whole Plai
'which did sometimes outshine the Light, and oppress th
'Beams of the Adamantine Pillar; tho', by the Observatio
'I made afterwards, it appeared that it was not for a
'Diminution of Light, but that this lay in the Traveller
'who would sometimes step out of the strait Path
'where they lost the full Prospect of the Radiant Pill
'and saw it but side-ways: but the great Light from t
'black Tower, which was somewhat particularly scorc
'ing to them, would generally light and hasten them t
'their proper Climate again.

'ROUND about the black Tower there were, m
'thoughts, many thousands of huge mis-shapen ugly Mo
'sters; these had great Nets, which they were perpetual
'plying and casting towards the crooked Paths, and th
'would now and then catch up those that were nearest
'them: these they took up streight, and whirled over t
'Walls into the flaming Tower, and they were no mo
'seen nor heard of.

'THEY would sometimes cast their Nets towards t
'right Paths to catch the Stragglers, whose Eyes for wa
'of frequent drinking at the Brook that ran by them gre
'dim, whereby they lost their way; these would sometim
'very narrowly miss being catched away, but I could n
'hear whether any of these had ever been so unfor
'na

nate, that had been before very hearty in the ſtrait Paths.

'I CONSIDERED all theſe ſtrange Sights with great attention, till at laſt I was interrupted by a Cluſter of the Travellers in the crooked Paths, who came up to me, bid me go along with them, and preſently fell to ſinging and dancing; they took me by the hand, and ſo carried me away along with them. After I had follow'd them a conſiderable time, I perceiv'd I had loſt the black Tower of light, at which I greatly wonder'd; but as I looked and gazed round about me, and ſaw nothing, I began to fancy my firſt Viſion had been but a Dream, and there was no ſuch thing in reality: but then I conſider'd, that if I could fancy to ſee what was not, I might as well have an Illuſion wrought on me at preſent, and not ſee what was really before me. I was very much confirmed in this Thought, by the Effect I then juſt obſerv'd the Water of *Worldly-Wiſdom* had upon me; for as I had drunk a little of it again, I felt a very ſenſible Effect in my Head; methought it diſtracted and diſorder'd all there: this made me ſtop of a ſudden, ſuſpecting ſome Charm or Inchantment. As I was caſting about within my ſelf what I ſhould do, and whom to apply to in this Caſe, I ſpy'd at ſome diſtance off me a Man beckning, and making ſigns to me to come over to him. I cry'd to him, *I did not know the Way.* He then called to me audibly, to ſtep at leaſt out of the Path I was in; for if I ſtaid there any longer I was in danger to be catched in a great Net that was juſt hanging over me, and ready to catch me up; that he wondered I was ſo blind, or ſo diſtracted, as not to ſee ſo imminent and viſible a Danger; aſſuring me, that aſſoon as I was out of that Way, he would come to me to lead me into a more ſecure Path. This I did, and he brought me his Palm full of the Water of *Heavenly-Wiſdom*, which was of very great uſe to me, for my Eyes were ſtreight cleared, and I ſaw the great black Tower juſt before me; but the great Net which I ſpy'd ſo near me, caſt me in ſuch a Terror, that I ran back as far as I could in one Breath, without looking behind me: then my Benefactor thus

' beſpoke me, You have made the wonderful'ſt Eſcape i
' the World, the Water you uſed to drink is of a bewitch
' ing Nature, you would elſe have been mightily ſhocke
' at the Deformities and Meanneſs of the Place; for be
' ſide the Set of blind Fools, in whoſe Company you wa
' you may now obſerve many others who are only be
' witched after another no leſs dangerous manner. Loo
' a little that way, there goes a Crowd of Paſſengers, the
' have indeed ſo good a Head, as not to ſuffer themſelve
' to be blinded by this bewitching Water; the black Towe
' is not vaniſhed out of their ſight, they ſee it whenev
' they look up to it; but ſee how they go ſide ways, an
' with their Eyes down-wards, as if they were mad, th
' they may thus ruſh into the Net, without being befor
' hand troubled at the Thought of ſo miſerable a Deſtr
' ction. Their Wills are ſo perverſe, and their Hearts
' fond of the Pleaſures of the Place, that rather than fo
' go them they will run all hazards, and venture upon
' the Miſeries and Woes before them.

' SEE there that other Company, tho' they ſhou
' drink none of the bewitching Water, yet they take
' courſe bewitching and deluding; ſee how they chuſe
' crookedeſt Paths, whereby they have often the blac
' Tower behind them, and ſometimes ſee the radiant C
' lumn ſide-ways, which gives them ſome weak Glimp
' of it. Theſe Fools content themſelves with that, n
' knowing whether any other have any more of its I
' fluence and Light than themſelves: this Road is call
' that of *Superſtition* or *Human-Invention*; they gro
' over-look that which the Rules and Laws of the Pla
' preſcribe to them, and contrive ſome other Scheme a
' Set of Directions and Preſcriptions for themſelves, whi
' they hope will ſerve their turn. He ſhewed me ma
' other kind of Fools, which put me quite out of h
' mour with the Place. At laſt he carried me to t
' right Paths, where I found true and ſolid Pleaſure, whi
' entertained me all the way, till we came in clo
' ſight of the Pillar, where the Satisfaction increaſed
' that meaſure that my Faculties were not able to co
' tain it; in the ſtraining of them I was violen

' wak

waked, not a little grieved at the vaniſhing of ſo plea-
ſing a Dream.

Glaſcow, Sept. 29.

N° 525. *Saturday, November* 1.

Ὁ δ' εἰς τὶ σῶφρον ἐπ' ἀρετὴν τ' ἄγων ἔρως,
Ζηλωτὸς ἀνθρώποισιν——— Eurip.

IT is my Cuſtom to take frequent Opportunities of enquiring from time to time, what Succeſs my Speculations meet with in the Town. I am glad to find in particular, that my Diſcourſes on Marriage have been well received. A Friend of mine gives me to underſtand, from *Doctors-Commons*, that more Licences have been taken out there of late than uſual. I am likewiſe informed of ſeveral pretty Fellows, who have reſolved to commence Heads of Families by the firſt favourable Opportunity. One of them writes me word, that he is ready to enter into the Bonds of Matrimony, provided I will give it him under my hand (as I now do) that a Man may ſhew his Face in good Company after he is married, and that he need not be aſhamed to treat a Woman with Kindneſs, who puts her ſelf into his power for Life.

I HAVE other Letters on this Subject, which ſay that I am attempting to make a Revolution in the World of Gallantry, and that the Conſequence of it will be, that a great deal of the ſprightlieſt Wit and Satire of the laſt Age will be loſt: That a baſhful Fellow, upon changing his Condition, will be no longer puzzled how to ſtand the Raillery of his facetious Companions; that he need not own he married only to plunder an Heireſs of her Fortune, or pretend that he uſes her ill, to avoid the ridiculous Name of a fond Husband.

INDEED if I may ſpeak my Opinion of great part of the Writings which once prevail'd among us under the

Notion of Humour, they are such as would tempt one t
think there had been an Association among the Wits o
those times to rally Legitimacy out of our Island. A Stat
of Wedlock was the common Mark for all the Adventurer
in Farce and Comedy as well as the Essayers in Lampoo
and Satire, to shoot at, and nothing was a more standing
Jest in all Clubs of fashionable Mirth, and gay Conversa
tion. It was determined among those airy Criticks, tha
the Appellation of a *Sober Man* should signify a *Spiritless
Fellow*. And I am apt to think it was about the same
time, that *Good-Nature*, a Word so peculiarly elegant in
our Language, that some have affirmed it cannot well b
expressed in any other, came first to be render'd suspici
ous, and in danger of being transferred from its origina
Sense to so distant an Idea as that of *Folly*.

I MUST confess it has been my Ambition, in th
course of my Writings, to restore, as well as I was able
the proper Ideas of things. And as I have attempted thi
already on the Subject of Marriage, in several Papers,
shall here add some further Observations which occur t
me on the same head.

NOTHING seems to be thought, by our fine Gen
tlemen, so indispensable an Ornament in fashionable Lif
as Love. *A Knight Errant*, says *Don Quixot*, *without
Mistress, is like a Tree without Leaves*; and a Man of Mod
among us, who has not some Fair-one to sigh for, migh
as well pretend to appear dressed, without his Perriwi
We have Lovers in Prose innumerable. All our Prete
ders to Rhyme are professed Inamorato's; and there
scarce a Poet, good or bad, to be heard of, who has n
some real or supposed *Sacharissa* to improve his Vein.

IF Love be any Refinement, *Conjugal Love* must b
certainly so in a much higher degree. There is no com
parison between the frivolous Affectation of attracting th
Eyes of Women with whom you are only captivated b
way of amusement, and of whom perhaps you know n
thing more than their Features, and a regular and uniform
Endeavour to make your self valuable, both as a Frie
and Lover, to one whom you have chosen to be the Com
panion of your Life. The first is the Spring of a thousa

For

Fopperies, ſilly Artifices, Falſhoods, and perhaps Barbarities; or at beſt ariſes no higher than to a kind of Dancing-School Breeding, to give the Perſon a more ſparkling Air. The latter is the Parent of ſubſtantial Virtues and agreeable Qualities, and cultivates the Mind while it improves the Behaviour. The Paſſion of Love to a Miſtreſs, even where it is moſt ſincere, reſembles too much the Flame of a Fever; that to a Wife is like the vital Heat.

I HAVE often thought, if the Letters written by Men of Good-nature to their Wives, were to be compared with thoſe written by Men of Gallantry to their Miſtreſſes, the former, notwithſtanding any Inequality of Stile, would appear to have the Advantage. Friendſhip, Tenderneſs and Conſtancy, dreſt in a Simplicity of Expreſſion, recommend themſelves by a more native Elegance, than paſſionate Raptures, extravagant Encomiums, and ſlaviſh Adoration. If we were admitted to ſearch the Cabinet of the beautiful *Narciſſa*, among Heaps of Epiſtles from ſeveral Admirers, which are there preſerv'd with equal Care, how few ſhould we find but would make any one ſick in the reading, except her who is flattered by them? But in how different a Stile muſt the wife *Benevolus*, who converſes with that good Senſe and good Humour among all his Friends, write to a Wife who is the worthy Object of his utmoſt Affection? *Benevolus*, both in publick and private, on all occaſions of Life, appears to have every good Quality and deſirable Ornament. Abroad he is reverenced and eſteemed; at home beloved and happy. The Satisfaction he enjoys there, ſettles into an habitual Complacency, which ſhines in his Countenance, enlivens his Wit, and ſeaſons his Converſation: Even thoſe of his Acquaintance, who have never ſeen him in his Retirement, are Sharers in the Happineſs of it; and it is very much owing to his being the beſt and beſt beloved of Husbands, that he is the moſt ſtedfaſt of Friends, and the moſt agreeable of Companions.

THERE is a ſenſible Pleaſure in contemplating ſuch beautiful Inſtances of Domeſtick Life. The Happineſs of the Conjugal State appears heighten'd to the higheſt degree it is capable of, when we ſee two Perſons of accompliſhed Minds, not only united in the ſame Intereſts and Affections,

but in their Taſte of the ſame Improvements, Pleaſures and Diverſions. *Pliny*, one of the fineſt Gentlemen, and politeſt Writers of the Age in which he lived, has left us, in his Letter to *Hiſpulla*, his Wife's Aunt, one of the moſt agreeable Family-Pieces of this Kind I have ever met with. I ſhall end this Diſcourſe with a Tranſlation of it; and I believe the Reader will be of my opinion, that *Conjugal Love* is drawn in it with a Delicacy which makes it appear to be, as I have repreſented it, an Ornament as well as a Virtue.

PLINY *to* HISPULLA.

'AS I remember the great Affection which was be-
'tween you and your excellent Brother, and know
'you love his Daughter as your own, ſo as not only to ex-
'preſs the Tenderneſs of the beſt of Aunts, but even to
'ſupply that of the beſt of Fathers; I am ſure it will be
'a pleaſure to you to hear that ſhe proves worthy of her
'Father, worthy of you, and of your and her Anceſtors.
'Her Ingenuity is admirable; her Frugality extraordinary.
'She loves me, the ſureſt Pledge of her Virtue; and
'adds to this a wonderful Diſpoſition to Learning, which
'ſhe has acquir'd from her Affection to me. She reads my
'Writings, ſtudies them, and even gets them by heart.
'You'd ſmile to ſee the Concern ſhe is in when I have a
'Cauſe to plead, and the Joy ſhe ſhews when it is over.
'She finds means to have the firſt News brought her of
'the Succeſs I meet with in Court, how I am heard, and
'what Decree is made. If I recite any thing in publick,
'ſhe cannot refrain from placing her ſelf privately in ſome
'Corner to hear, where with the utmoſt delight ſhe feaſts
'on my Applauſes. Sometimes ſhe ſings my Verſes, and
'accompanies them with the Lute, without any Maſter,
'except Love, the beſt of Inſtructors. From theſe In-
'ſtances I take the moſt certain Omens of our perpetual
'and encreaſing Happineſs; ſince our Affection is not
'founded on my Youth and Perſon, which muſt gradually
'decay, but ſhe is in love with the immortal Part of me,
'my Glory and Reputation. Nor indeed could leſs be
'expected from one who had the Happineſs to receive her
'Education from you, who in your Houſe was accuſtomed

to

'to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even 'began to love me by your Recommendation. For, as you 'had always the greateſt Reſpect for my Mother, you 'were pleaſed from my Infancy to form me, to com-'mend me, and kindly to preſage I ſhould be one day 'what my Wife fancies I am. Accept therefore our uni-'ted Thanks; mine, that you have beſtowed her on me, 'and hers, that you have given me to her, as a mutual 'Grant of Joy and Felicity.

N° 526. *Monday, November* 3.

——*Fortius utere Loris.* Ovid.

I AM very loth to come to Extremities with the young Gentlemen mention'd in the following Letter, and do not care to chaſtiſe them with my own Hand, till I am forc'd by Provocations too great to be ſuffer'd without the abſolute Deſtruction of my Spectatorial Dignity. The Crimes of theſe Offenders are placed under the Obſervation of one of my chief Officers, who is poſted juſt at the Entrance of the Paſs between *London* and *Weſtminſter*. As I have great confidence in the Capacity, Reſolution and Integrity of the Perſon deputed by me to give an account of Enormities, I doubt not but I ſhall ſoon have before me all proper Notices which are requiſite for the Amendment of Manners in publick, and the Inſtruction of each Individual of the Human Species in what is due from him, in reſpect to the whole Body of Mankind. The preſent Paper ſhall conſiſt only of the above-mentioned Letter, and the Copy of a Deputation which I have given to my truſty Friend Mr. *John Sly*; wherein he is charged to notify to me all that is neceſſary for my Animadverſion upon the Delinquents mentioned by my Correſpondent, as well as all others deſcribed in the ſaid Deputation.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL *of* Great Britain.

'I GRANT it does look a little familiar, but I muſt call you

Dear Dumb,

'BEING got again to the farther end of the *Widow's* Coffee-houſe, I ſhall from hence give you ſome account of the Behaviour of our Hackney-Coachmen ſince my laſt. Theſe indefatigable Gentlemen, without the leaſt Deſign, I dare ſay, of Self-Intereſt or Advantage to themſelves, do ſtill ply as Volunteers Day and Night for the Good of their Country. I will not trouble you with enumerating many Particulars, but I muſt by no means omit to inform you of an Infant about ſix foot high, and between twenty and thirty Years of Age, who was ſeen in the Arms of a Hackney-Coachman driving by *Will's* Coffee-houſe in *Covent-Garden*, between the Hours of four and five in the Afternoon of that very Day, wherein you publiſhed a Memorial againſt them. This impudent young Cur, tho' he could not ſit in a Coach-Box without holding, yet would he venture his Neck to bid defiance to your Spectatorial Authority, or to any thing that you countenanced. Who he was I know not, but I heard this Relation this Morning from a Gentleman who was an Eye-Witneſs of this his Impudence; and I was willing to take the firſt opportunity to inform you of him, as holding it extremely requiſite that you ſhould nip him in the Bud. But I am my ſelf moſt concerned for my Fellow-Templers, Fellow-Students, and Fellow-Labourers in the Law, I mean ſuch of them as are dignify'd and diſtinguiſhed under the Denomination of Hackney-Coachmen. Such aſpiring Minds have theſe ambitious young Men, that they cannot enjoy themſelves out of a Coach-Box. It is however an unſpeakable Comfort to me, that I can now tell you, that ſome of them are grown ſo baſhful as to ſtudy only in the Night-time, or in the Country. The other Night

'I

'I ſpied one of our young Gentlemen very diligent at his 'Lucubrations in *Fleet-ſtreet*; and by the way, I ſhould 'be under ſome concern, leſt this hard Student ſhould 'one time or other crack his Brain with ſtudying, but 'that I am in hopes Nature has taken care to fortify him 'in proportion to the great Undertakings he was deſign'd 'for. Another of my Fellow-Templers, on *Thurſday* 'laſt, was getting up into his Study at the Bottom of '*Grays-Inn-Lane*, in order, I ſuppoſe, to contemplate in 'the freſh Air. Now, Sir, my requeſt is, that the great 'Modeſty of theſe two Gentlemen may be recorded as a 'Pattern to the reſt; and if you would but give them 'two or three Touches with your own Pen, tho' you 'might not perhaps prevail with them to deſiſt entirely 'from their Meditations, yet I doubt not but you would 'at leaſt preſerve them from being publick Spectacles of 'Folly in our Streets. I ſay, two or three Touches with 'your own Pen; for I have really obſerved, Mr. SPEC. 'that thoſe *Spectators* which are ſo prettily laced down the 'ſides with little c's, how inſtructive ſoever they may be, 'do not carry with them that Authority as the others. I do 'again therefore deſire, that, for the ſake of their dear 'Necks, you will beſtow one Penful of your own Ink 'upon them. I know you are loth to expoſe them; and 'it is, I muſt confeſs, a thouſand Pities that any young 'Gentleman, who is come of honeſt Parents, ſhould be 'brought to publick Shame: And indeed I ſhould be glad 'to have them handled a little tenderly at the firſt; but if 'fair means will not prevail, there is then no other way 'to reclaim them, but by making uſe of ſome whole-'ſome Severities; and I think it is better that a Dozen 'or two of ſuch good-for-nothing Fellows ſhould be made 'Examples of, than that the Reputation of ſome Hun-'dreds of as hopeful young Gentlemen as my ſelf ſhould 'ſuffer thro' their Folly. It is not, however, for me to 'direct you what to do; but, in ſhort, if our Coachmen 'will drive on this Trade, the very firſt of them that I 'do find meditating in the Street, I ſhall make bold to 'take the Number of his Chambers, together with a Note

'of his Name, and dispatch them to you, that you may 'chastise him at your own Discretion.

I am, Dear SPEC.

For ever Yours,

Moses Greenbag,

Esq; if you please.

P. S. 'Tom *Hammercloth*, one of our Coachmen, is 'now pleading at the Bar at the other end of the Room, 'but has a little too much Vehemence, and throws out 'his Arms too much to take his Audience with a good 'Grace.

To my Loving and Well-beloved John Sly, *Haberdasher of Hats, and Tobacconist, between the Cities of* London *and* Westminster.

WHEREAS frequent Disorders, Affronts, Indignities, Omissions, and Trespasses, for which there are no Remedies by any Form of Law, but which apparently disturb and disquiet the Minds of Men, happen near the Place of your Residence; and that you are, as well by your commodious Situation, as the good Parts with which you are endowed, properly qualified for the Observation of the said Offences; I do hereby authorize and depute you, from the Hours of nine in the Morning, till four in the Afternoon, to keep a strict Eye upon all Persons and Things that are convey'd in Coaches, carried in Carts, or walk on Foot from the City of *London* to the City of *Westminster*, or from the City of *Westminster* to the City of *London*, within the said Hours. You are therefore not to depart from your Observatory at the end of *Devereux-Court* during the said space of each Day; but to observe the Behaviour of all Persons who are suddenly transported from stamping on Pebbles to sit at ease in Chariots, what Notice they take of their Foot-Acquaintance, and send me the speediest Advice, when they are guilty of overlooking, turning from, or appearing grave and distant to their old Friends. When Man and Wife are in the same Coach, you are to see whether they appear pleased or tired

tired with each other, and whether they carry the due Mien in the Eye of the World between Fondneſs and Coldneſs. You are carefully to behold all ſuch as ſhall have Addition of Honour or Riches, and Report whether they preſerve the Countenance they had before ſuch Addition. As to Perſons on Foot, you are to be attentive whether they are pleaſed with their Condition, and are dreſs'd ſuitable to it; but eſpecially to diſtinguiſh ſuch as appear diſcreet, by a low-heel Shoe, with the decent Ornament of a Leather-Garter: To write down the Name of ſuch Country Gentlemen as, upon the Approach of Peace, have left the Hunting for the Military Cock of the Hat: Of all who ſtrut, make a Noiſe, and ſwear at the Drivers of Coaches to make haſte, when they ſee it impoſſible they ſhould paſs: Of all young Gentlemen in Coach-boxes, who labour at a Perfection in what they are ſure to be excelled by the meaneſt of the People. You are to do all that in you lies that Coaches and Paſſengers give way according to the Courſe of Buſineſs, all the Morning in Term-Time towards *Weſtminſter*, the reſt of the Year towards the *Exchange*. Upon theſe Directions, together with other ſecret Articles herein incloſed, you are to govern your ſelf, and give Advertiſement thereof to me at all convenient and ſpectatorial Hours, when Men of Buſineſs are to be ſeen. Hereof you are not to fail. Given under my Seal of Office.

T *The* SPECTATOR,

N° 500. *Tueſday, November* 4.

Facile invenies, & pejorem & pejus moratam,
Meliorem neque tu reperies, neque ſol videt.

Plautus in Sticho.

I AM ſo tender of my Women-Readers, that I cannot deſer the Publication of any thing which concerns their Happineſs or Quiet. The Repoſe of a married Woman is conſulted in the firſt of the following Letters, and the Felicity

city of a Maiden Lady in the ſecond. I call it a Felicity to have the Addreſſes of an agreeable Man: and I think I have not any where ſeen a prettier Application of a Poetical Story than that of his, in making the Tale of *Cephalus* and *Procris* the Hiſtory-Picture of a Fan in ſo gallant a manner as he addreſſes it. But ſee the Letters.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'TIS now almoſt three Months ſince I was in Town about ſome Buſineſs; and the Hurry of it being over, took Coach one Afternoon, and drove to ſee a Relation, who married about ſix Years ago a wealthy Citizen. I found her at home, but her Husband gone to the *Exchange*, and expected back within an Hour at the fartheſt. After the uſual Salutations of Kindneſs, and a hundred Queſtions about Friends in the Country, we ſat down to Picquet, played two or three Games, and drank Tea. I ſhould have told you that this was my ſecond time of ſeeing her ſince Marriage, but before ſhe lived at the ſame Town where I went to School; ſo that the Plea of a Relation, added to the Innocence of my Youth, prevailed upon her good Humour to indulge me in a freedom of Converſation as often, and oftner, than the ſtrict Diſcipline of the School would allow of. You may eaſily imagine after ſuch an Acquaintance we might be exceeding merry without any Offence, as in calling to mind how many Inventions I had been put to in deluding the Maſter, how many Hands forged for Excuſes, how many times been ſick in perfect Health; for I was then never ſick but at School, and only then becauſe out of her Company. We had whiled away three Hours after this manner, when I found it paſt Five; and not expecting her Husband would return till late, roſe up, told her I ſhould go early next Morning for the Country. She kindly anſwered ſhe was afraid it would be long before ſhe ſaw me again; ſo I took my leave and parted. Now, Sir, I had not been got home a Fortnight, when I received a Letter from a Neighbour of theirs, that ever ſince that fatal Afternoon the Lady had been most inhumanly treated, and the Husband publickly ſtorme

'that he was made a Member of a too numerous Society. 'He had, it ſeems, liſtened moſt of the time my Couſin 'and I were together. As jealous Ears always hear 'double, ſo he heard enough to make him mad; and as 'jealous Eyes always ſee thro' Magnifying Glaſſes, ſo he 'was certain it could not be I whom he had ſeen, a beard-'leſs Stripling, but fancied he ſaw a gay Gentleman of the '*Temple*, ten Years older than my ſelf; and for that rea-'ſon, I preſume, durſt not come in, nor take any Notice 'when I went out. He is perpetually asking his Wife if 'ſhe does not think the time long (as ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould) 'till ſhe ſee her Couſin again. Pray, Sir, what can be 'done in this Caſe? I have writ to him to aſſure him I 'was at his Houſe that Afternoon expecting to ſee him: 'His Anſwer is, 'tis only a Trick of hers, and that he nei-'ther can nor will believe me. The parting Kiſs I find 'mightily nettles him, and confirms him in all his Errors. '*Ben. Johnſon*, as I remember, makes a Foreigner in one 'of his Comedies, *admire the deſperate Valour of the 'bold* Engliſh, *who let out their Wives to all Encounters*. 'The general Cuſtom of Salutation ſhould excuſe the 'Favour done me, or you ſhould lay down Rules when 'ſuch Diſtinctions are to be given or omitted. You can-'not imagine, Sir, how troubled I am for this unhappy 'Lady's Misfortune; and beg you would inſert this Letter, 'that the Husband may reflect upon this accident coolly. 'It is no ſmall matter, the caſe of a virtuous Woman 'for her whole Life: I know ſhe will conform to any 'Regularities (tho' more ſtrict than the common Rules of 'our Country require) to which his particular Temper 'ſhall incline him to oblige her. This Accident puts me 'in mind how generouſly *Piſiſtratus* the *Athenian* Tyrant 'behaved himſelf on a like occaſion, when he was inſti-'gated by his Wife to put to death a young Gentleman, 'becauſe being paſſionately fond of his Daughter, he had 'kiſſed her in publick as he met her in the Street; *What* '(ſaid he) *ſhall we do to thoſe who are our Enemies, if 'we do thus to thoſe who are our Friends?* I will not 'trouble you much longer, but am exceedingly concern'd 'leſt this Accident may cauſe a virtuous Lady to lead a

'miſerable

'miſerable Life with a Husband, who has no grounds for 'his Jealouſy but what I have faithfully related, and ought 'to be reckon'd none. 'Tis to be fear'd too, if at laſt 'he ſees his Miſtake, yet People will be as ſlow and un-'willing in disbelieving Scandal, as they are quick and for-'ward in believing it. I ſhall endeavour to enliven this 'plain honeſt Letter, with *Ovid*'s Relation about *Cybele*'s 'Image. The Ship wherein it was aboard was ſtranded 'at the Mouth of the *Tyber*, and the Men were unable to 'move it, till *Claudia*, a Virgin, but ſuſpected of Un-'chaſtity, by a ſlight Pull hawled it in. The Story is told 'in the fourth Book of the *Faſti*.

Parent of Gods, began the weeping Fair,
Reward or puniſh, but oh! hear my Pray'r.
If Lewdneſs e'er defil'd my Virgin Bloom,
From Heav'n with Juſtice I receive my Doom;
But if my Honour yet has known no Stain,
Thou, Goddeſs, thou my Innocence maintain;
Thou, whom the niceſt Rules of Goodneſs ſway'd,
Vouchſafe to follow an unblemiſh'd Maid.
She ſpoke, and touch'd the Cord with glad Surprize,
(The Truth was witneſs'd by ten thouſand Eyes)
The pitying Goddeſs eaſily comply'd,
Follow'd in triumph, and adorn'd her Guide;
While Claudia, *bluſhing ſtill for paſt Diſgrace,*
March'd ſilent on with a ſlow ſolemn Pace:
Nor yet from ſome was all Diſtruſt remov'd,
Tho' Heav'n ſuch Virtue by ſuch Wonders prov'd.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

Philagnotes.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU will oblige a languiſhing Lover, if you will 'pleaſe to print the encloſed Verſes in your next Pa-'per. If you remember the *Metamorphoſis*, you know *Procris*, the fond Wife of *Cephalus*, is ſaid to have made her Husband, who delighted in the Sports of the Wood, 'a Pre-

'a Preſent of an unerring Javelin. In proceſs of time 'he was ſo much in the Foreſt, that this Lady ſuſpected 'he was purſuing ſome Nymph, under the pretence of 'following a Chace more innocent. Under this Suſpicion 'ſhe hid herſelf among the Trees, to obſerve his Motions. 'While ſhe lay conceal'd, her Husband, tired with the 'Labour of Hunting, came within her hearing. As he 'was fainting with Heat, he cried out, *Aura veni*; *Oh 'charming Air approach.*

'THE unfortunate Wife, taking the Word *Air* to be 'the name of a Woman, began to move among the 'Buſhes; and the Husband believing it a Deer, threw his 'Javelin and kill'd her. This Hiſtory painted on a Fan, 'which I preſented to a Lady, gave occaſion to my grow-'ing poetical.

Come gentle Air! th' Eolian *Shepherd ſaid,*
While Procris *panted in the ſecret Shade;*
Come gentle Air! the fairer Delia *cries,*
While at her Feet her Swain expiring lies.
Lo the glad Gales o'er all her Beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her Lips, and in her Boſom play.
In Delia's *Hand this Toy is fatal found,*
Nor did that fabled Dart more ſurely wound,
Both Gifts deſtructive to the Givers prove,
Alike both Lovers fall by thoſe they love:
Yet guiltleſs too this bright Deſtroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the Wounds ſhe gives.
She views the Story with attentive Eyes,
And pities Procris *while her Lover dies.*

Wedneſday,

N° 528. *Wednesday, November* 5.

Dum potuit ſolite gemitum virtute repreſſit. Ovid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I WHO now write to you, am a Woman loaded with Injuries; and the Aggravation of my Misfortune is, that they are ſuch which are overlooked by the generality of Mankind, and tho' the moſt afflicting imaginable, not regarded as ſuch in the general Senſe of the World. I have hid my Vexation from all Mankind; but have now taken Pen, Ink, and Paper, and am reſolv'd to unboſom my ſelf to you, and lay before you what grieves me and all the Sex. You have very often mentioned particular Hardſhips done to this or that Lady; but, methinks, you have not in any one Speculation directly pointed at the partial Freedom Men take, the unreaſonable Confinement Women are obliged to, in the only Circumſtance in which we are neceſſarily to have a Commerce with them, that of Love. The Caſe of Celibacy is the great Evil of our Nation; and the Indulgence of the vicious Conduct of Men in that State, with the Ridicule to which Women are expoſed, though ever ſo virtuous, if long unmarried, is the Root of the greateſt Irregularities of this Nation. To ſhew you, Sir, that tho' you never have given us the Catalogue of a Lady's Library as you promiſed, we read good Books of our own chuſing, I ſhall inſert on this occaſion a Paragraph or two out of *Echard's Roman Hiſtory*. In the 44th Page of the ſecond Volume the Author obſerves, that *Auguſtus*, upon his Return to *Rome* at the end of a War, received Complaints that too great a Number of the young Men of Quality were unmarried. The Emperor thereupon aſſembled the whole *Equeſtrian* Order; and having ſeparated the Married from the Single, did particular

cular Honours to the former, but he told the latter, that 'is to ſay, Mr. SPECTATOR, he told the Batchelors, "That their Lives and Actions had been ſo peculiar, that "he knew not by what Name to call 'em; not by that "of Men, for they performed nothing that was manly; "not by that of Citizens, for the City might periſh not-"withſtanding their Care; nor by that of *Romans*, for they "deſigned to extirpate the *Roman* Name.", Then proceeding to ſhew his tender Care and hearty Affection of his People, he further told them, "That their Courſe of "Life was of ſuch pernicious Conſequence to the Glory "and Grandeur of the *Roman* Nation, that he could not "chuſe but tell them, that all other Crimes put together "could not equalize theirs: For they were guilty of Mur-"der, in not ſuffering thoſe to be born which ſhould pro-"ceed for them; of Impiety, in cauſing the Names and "Honours of their Anceſtors to ceaſe; and of Sacrilege, "in deſtroying their Kind, which proceeded from the im-"mortal Gods, and Human Nature, the principal thing "conſecrated to 'em: Therefore in this Reſpect they diſ-"ſolved the Government, in diſobeying its Laws; betrayed "their Country, by making it barren and waſte; nay, and "demoliſhed their City, in depriving it of Inhabitants. And "he was ſenſible that all this proceeded not from any "kind of Virtue or Abſtinence, but from a Looſeneſs and "Wantonneſs, which ought never to be encouraged in "any Civil Government". There are no Particulars dwelt upon that let us into the Conduct of theſe young Worthies, whom this great Emperor treated with ſo much Juſtice and Indignation; but any one who obſerves what paſſes in this Town, may very well frame to himſelf a Notion of their Riots and Debaucheries all Night, and their apparent Preparations for them all Day. It is not to be doubted but theſe *Romans* never paſſed any of their Time innocently but when they were aſleep, and never ſlept but when they were weary and heavy with Exceſſes, and ſlept only to prepare themſelves for the Repetition of them. If you did your Duty as a SPECTATOR, you would carefully examine into the Number of Births, Marriages, and Burials; and when

you

'you had deducted out of your Deaths all ſuch as went 'out of the World without marrying, then caſt up the 'number of both Sexes born within ſuch a Term of Years 'laſt paſt, you might from the ſingle People departed make 'ſome uſeful Inferences or Gueſſes how many there are left 'unmarried, and raiſe ſome uſeful Scheme for the Amend-'ment of the Age in that particular. I have not Patience 'to proceed gravely on this abominable Libertiniſm; for I 'cannot but reflect, as I am writing to you, upon a certain 'laſcivious Manner which all our young Gentlemen uſe in 'publick, and examine our Eyes with a Petulancy in their 'own, which is a downright Affront to Modeſty. A diſ-'dainful Look on ſuch an Occaſion is return'd with a 'Countenance rebuked, but by averting their Eyes from 'the Woman of Honour and Decency to ſome flippant 'Creature, who will, as the Phraſe is, be kinder. I muſt 'ſet down things as they come into my Head, without 'ſtanding upon Order. Ten thouſand to one but the gay 'Gentleman who ſtared, at the ſame time is an Houſe-'keeper; for you muſt know they have got into a Hu-'mour of late of being very regular in their Sins, and a 'young Fellow ſhall keep his four Maids and three Foot-'men with the greateſt Gravity imaginable. There are 'no leſs than ſix of theſe venerable Houſe-keepers of my 'Acquaintance. This Humour among young Men of Con-'dition is imitated by all the World below them, and a 'general Diſſolution of Manners ariſes from the one Source 'of Libertiniſm, without Shame or Reprehenſion in the 'Male Youth. It is from this one Fountain that ſo many 'beautiful helpleſs young Women are ſacrific'd and 'given up to Lewdneſs, Shame, Poverty, and Diſeaſe. 'It is to this alſo that ſo many excellent young Women, 'who might be Patterns of conjugal Affection and Pa-'rents of a worthy Race, pine under unhappy Paſſions 'for ſuch as have not Attention enough to obſerve, or 'Virtue enough to prefer them to their common Wenches. 'Now, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, I muſt be free to own to 'you, that I my ſelf ſuffer a taſteleſs inſipid Being, from a 'Conſideration I have for a Man who would not, as he 'has ſaid in my hearing, reſign his Liberty, as he calls it,

'for

'for all the Beauty and Wealth the whole Sex is poſſeſſed 'of. Such Calamities as theſe would not happen, if it 'could poſſibly be brought about, that by fining Batchelors 'as Papiſts Convict, or the like, they were diſtinguiſhed to 'their diſadvantage from the reſt of the World, who fall 'in with the Meaſure of Civil Society. Leſt you ſhould 'think I ſpeak this as being, according to the ſenſeleſs rude 'Phraſe, a malicious old Maid, I ſhall acquaint you I am a 'Woman of Condition not now three and twenty, and 'have had Propoſals from at leaſt ten different Men, and 'the greater Number of them have upon the Upſhot re-'fuſed me. Something or other is always amiſs when the 'Lover takes to ſome new Wench: A Settlement is eaſily 'excepted againſt; and there is very little Recourſe to a-'void the vicious Part of our Youth, but throwing one's 'ſelf away upon ſome lifeleſs Blockhead, who tho' he is 'without Vice, is always without Virtue. Now-a-days 'we muſt be contented if we can get Creatures which 'are not bad, good are not to be expected. *Mr.* SPECTA-'TOR, I ſat near you the other Day, and think I did not 'diſpleaſe your Spectatorial Eye-ſight; which I ſhall be a 'better Judge of when I ſee whether you take notice of 'theſe Evils your own way, or print this Memorial dicta-'ted from the diſdainful heavy Heart of,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

T Rachael Welladay.

N° 529. *Thurſday, November 6.*

Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter. Hor.

UPON the hearing of ſeveral late Diſputes concerning Rank and Precedence, I could not forbear amuſing my ſelf with ſome Obſervations, which I have made upon the Learned World, as to this great Particular. By

the Learned World I here mean at large, all thoſe who are any way concerned in Works of Literature, whether in the Writing, Printing or Repeating Part. To begin with the Writers; I have obſerved that the Author of a *Folio*, in all Companies and Converſations, ſets himſelf above the Author of a *Quarto*; the Author of a *Quarto* above the Author of an *Octavo*; and ſo on, by a gradual Deſcent and Subordination, to an Author in *Twenty Fours*. This Diſtinction is ſo well obſerved, that in an Aſſembly of the Learned, I have ſeen a *Folio* Writer place himſelf in an Elbow-chair, when the Author of a *Duo-decimo* has, out of a juſt Deference to his ſuperior Quality, ſeated himſelf upon a Squab. In a word, Authors are uſually ranged in Company after the ſame manner as their Works are upon a Shelf.

THE moſt minute Pocket-Author hath beneath him the Writers of all Pamphlets, or Works that are only ſtitched. As for the Pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the Authors of ſingle Sheets, and of that Fraternity who publiſh their Labours on certain Days, or on every Day of the Week. I do not find that the Precedency among the Individuals, in this latter Claſs of Writers, is yet ſettled.

FOR my own part, I have had ſo ſtrict a regard to the Ceremonial which prevails in the learned World, that I never preſumed to take place of a Pamphleteer till my daily Papers were gathered into thoſe two firſt Volumes, which have already appeared. After which, I naturally jumped over the Heads not only of all Pamphleteers, but of every *Octavo* Writer in *Great-Britain*, that had written but one Book. I am alſo informed by my Bookſeller, that ſix *Octavo*'s have at all times been look'd upon as an Equivalent to a *Folio*, which I take notice of the rather, becauſe I would not have the learned World ſurprized, if after the Publication of half a dozen Volumes I take my place accordingly. When my ſcattered Forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular Bodies, I flatter my ſelf that I ſhall make no deſpicable Figure at the head of them.

WHETHER theſe Rules, which have been received time out of mind in the Commonwealth of Letters, were not originally eſtabliſhed with an Eye to our Paper Manufacture,

ſiſture, I ſhall leave to the Diſcuſſion of others, and ſhall only remark further in this place, that all Printers and Bookſellers take the Wall of one another, according to the abovementioned Merits of the Authors to whom they reſpectively belong.

I COME now to that point of Precedency which is ſettled among the three learned Profeſſions, by the Wiſdom of our Law. I need not here take notice of the Rank which is allotted to every Doctor in each of theſe Profeſſions, who are all of them, though not ſo high as Knights, yet a Degree above Squires; this laſt Order of Men being the illiterate Body of the Nation, are conſequently thrown together into a Claſs below the three learned Profeſſions, I mention this for the ſake of ſeveral Rural 'Squires, whoſe reading does not riſe ſo high as to *the Preſent State of England*, and who are often apt to uſurp that Precedency which by the Laws of their Country is not due to them. Their want of Learning, which has planted them in this Station, may in ſome meaſure extenuate their Miſdemeanour; and our Profeſſors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, conſidering that they are in a ſtate of Ignorance, or, as we uſually ſay, do not know their Right Hand from their Left.

THERE is another Tribe of Perſons who are Retainers to the Learned World, and who regulate themſelves upon all occaſions by ſeveral Laws peculiar to their Body. I mean the Players or Actors of both Sexes. Among theſe it is a ſtanding and uncontroverted Principle, that a Tragedian always takes place of a Comedian; and 'tis very well known the merry Drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower end of the Table, and in every Entertainment give way to the Dignity of the Buskin. It is a Stage Maxim, *Once a King, and always a King*.... For this reaſon it would be thought very abſurd in Mr. *Bullock*, notwithſtanding the Height and Gracefulneſs of his Perſon, to ſit at the Right Hand of a Hero, tho' he were but five Foot high. The ſame Diſtinction is obſerved among the Ladies of the Theatre. Queens and Heroines preſerve their Rank in private Converſation, while thoſe

who

who are Waiting-Women and Maids of Honour upon the Stage, keep their Diſtance alſo behind the Scenes.

I SHALL only add, that by a Parity of Reaſon, all Writers of Tragedy look upon it as their due to be ſeated, ſerved, or ſaluted before Comick Writers: Thoſe who deal in Tragi-Comedy uſually taking their Seats between the Authors of either ſide. There has been a long Diſpute for Precedency between the Tragick and Heroick Poets. *Ariſtotle* would have the latter yield the *Pas* to the former, but Mr. *Dryden* and many others would never ſubmit to this Deciſion. Burleſque Writers pay the ſame Deference to the Heroick, as Comick Writers to their ſerious Brothers in the Drama.

BY this ſhort Table of Laws, Orders is kept up, and Diſtinction preſerved in the whole Republick of Letters.

O

N° 530. *Friday, November 7.*

Sic viſum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos ſub juga aheneа
Sævo mittere cum joco. Hor

IT is very uſual for thoſe who have been ſevere upon Marriage, in ſome part or other of their Lives to enter into the Fraternity which they have ridicul'd, and to ſee their Raillery return upon their own Heads. I ſcarce ever knew a Woman-hater that did not, ſooner or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a Bleſſing to another Man, falls upon ſuch a one as a Judgment. Mr. *Congreve's Old-Batchelor* is ſet forth to us with much Wit and Humour, as an Example of this kind. In ſhort, thoſe who have moſt diſtinguiſhed themſelves by railing at the Sex in general, very often make an honourable Amends, by chuſing one of the moſt worthleſs Perſons of it, for a Companion and Yoke-fellow. *Hymen* takes his Revenge in kind, on thoſe who turn his Myſteries into Ridicule.

MY Friend *Will. Honeycomb*, who was ſo unmercifully witty upon the Women, in a couple of Letters, which I lately communicated to the Publick, has given the Ladies ample Satisfaction by marrying a Farmer's Daughter; a piece of News which came to our Club by the laſt Poſt. The *Templer* is very poſitive that he has married a Dairy-maid: But *Will*, in his Letter to me on this occaſion, ſets the beſt Face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his Spouſe. I muſt confeſs I ſuſpected ſomething more than ordinary, when upon opening the Letter I found that *Will* was fallen off from his former Gayety, having changed *Dear Spec.* which was his uſual Salute at the Beginning of the Letter, into *my Worthy Friend*, and ſubſcribed himſelf in the latter end of it at full length *William Honeycomb*. In ſhort, the gay, the loud, the vain *Will Honeycomb*, who had made Love to every great Fortune that has appeared in Town for about thirty Years together, and boaſted of Favours from Ladies whom he had never ſeen, is at length wedded to a plain Country Girl.

HIS Letter gives us the Picture of a converted Rake. The ſober Character of the Husband is daſhed with the Man of the Town, and enlivened with thoſe little Cant-phraſes which have made my Friend *Will* often thought very pretty Company. But let us hear what he ſays for himſelf.

My worthy Friend,

'I QUESTION not but you, and the reſt of my Acquaintance, wonder that I who have lived in the Smoke and Gallantries of the Town for thirty Years together, ſhould all on a ſudden grow fond of a Country Life. Had not my Dog of a Steward run away as he did, without making up his Accounts, I had ſtill been immerſed in Sin and Sea-Coal. But ſince my late forced Viſit to my Eſtate, I am ſo pleaſed with it, that I am reſolved to live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my Acres, and can ſcare forbear filling my Letter with Breezes, Shades, Flowers, Meadows, and purling Streams. The Simplicity of Manners, which I have heard you ſo often ſpeak of, and which appears here

'in perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an Inſtance 'of it, I muſt acquaint you, and by your means the whole 'Club, that I have lately married one of my Tenant's 'Daughters. She is born of honeſt Parents, and though 'ſhe has no Portion, ſhe has a great deal of Virtue. The 'natural Sweetneſs and Innocence of her Behaviour, the 'Freſhneſs of her Complection, the unaffected Turn of 'her Shape and Perſon, ſhot me through and through e-'very time I ſaw her, and did more Execution upon me 'in Grogram, that the greateſt Beauty in Town or Court 'had ever done in Brocade. In ſhort, ſhe is ſuch an one as 'promiſes me a good Heir to my Eſtate; and if by her 'means I cannot leave to my Children what are falſely 'called the Gifts of Birth, high Titles and Alliances, I 'hope to convey to them the more real and valuable Gifts 'of Birth, ſtrong Bodies, and healthly Conſtitutions. As 'for your fine Women, I need not tell thee that I know 'them. I have had my ſhare in their Graces, but no 'more of that. It ſhall be my Buſineſs hereafter to live 'the Life of an honeſt Man, and to act as becomes the 'Maſter of a Family. I queſtion not but I ſhall draw upon 'me the Raillery of the Town, and be treated to the Tune 'of *the Marriage-Hater match'd*; but I am prepared for 'it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. To 'tell thee truly, I ſaw ſuch a Tribe of faſhionable young 'fluttering Coxcombs ſhot up, that I did not think my 'Poſt of an *Homme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I felt a 'certain Stiffneſs in my Limbs, which entirely deſtroyed 'that Jauntyneſs of Air I was once maſter of. Beſides, for 'I may now confeſs my Age to thee, I have been eight 'and forty above theſe Twelve Years. Since my Retirement 'into the Country will make a Vacancy in the Club, I 'could wiſh you would fill up my Place with my Friend '*Tom Dapperwit*. He has an infinite deal of Fire, and knows 'the Town. For my own part, as I have ſaid before, I 'ſhall endeavour to live hereafter ſuitable to a Man in my 'Station, as a prudent Head of a Family, a good Husband, 'a careful Father (when it ſhall ſo happen.) and as

Your moſt ſincere Friend and Humble Servant,

WILLIAM HONECOMB.

Saturday,

N° 531. *Saturday, November* 8.

Qui mare & terras variiſque mundum
Temperat horis:
Unde nil majus generatur ipſo,
Nec viget quicquam ſimile aut ſecundum. Hor.

SIMONIDES being ask'd by *Dionyſius* the Tyrant what God was, deſired a Day's time to conſider of it before he made his Reply. When the Day was expired, he deſired two Days; and afterwards, inſtead of returning his Anſwer, demanded ſtill double the time to conſider of it. This great Poet and Philoſopher, the more he contemplated the Nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his Depth; and that he loſt himſelf in his Thought, inſtead of finding an End of it.

IF we conſider the Idea which wiſe Men, by the Light of Reaſon, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this: That he has in him all the Perfection of a Spiritual Nature; and ſince we have no Notion of any kind of Spiritual Perfection but what we diſcover in our own Souls, we join Infinitude to each kind of theſe Perfections, and what is a Faculty in a Human Soul becomes an Attribute in God. *We* exiſt in Place and Time, the divine Being fills the Immenſity of Space with his Preſence, and inhabits Eternity. *We* are poſſeſſed of a little Power and a little Knowledge, the Divine Being is Almighty and Omniſcient. In ſhort, by adding Infinity to any kind of Perfection we enjoy, and by joining all theſe different kinds of Perfections in one Being, we form our Idea of the great Sovereign of Nature.

THOUGH every one who thinks muſt have made this Obſervation, I ſhall produce Mr. *Locke*'s Authority to the ſame purpoſe, out of his Eſſay on Human Underſtanding. 'If we examine the *Idea* we have of the incomprehenſible Supreme Being, we ſhall find, that we come by it the ſame way; and that the complex *Ideas* we have

'both of God and ſeparate Spirits, are made up of the 'ſimple *Ideas* we receive from *Reflection*: *v. g.* having 'from what we experiment in our ſelves, got the *Ideas* of 'Exiſtence and Duration, of Knowledge and Power, of 'Pleaſure and Happineſs, and of ſeveral other Qualities 'and Powers, which it is better to have, than to be with-'out; when we would frame an *Idea* the moſt ſuitable 'we can to the ſupreme Being, we enlarge every one of 'theſe with our *Idea* of Infinity; and ſo putting them 'together, make our Complex *Idea of God*.

IT is not impoſſible that there may be many kinds of Spiritual Perfection, beſides thoſe which are lodged in a human Soul; but it is impoſſible that we ſhould have Ideas of any kinds of Perfection, except thoſe of which we have ſome ſmall Rays and ſhort imperfect ſtrokes in our ſelves. It would be therefore a very high Preſumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more Attributes than thoſe which enter into our Conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of Spiritual Perfection which is not marked out in a human Soul, it belongs in its fulneſs to the Divine Nature.

SEVERAL eminent Philoſophers have imagined that the Soul, in her ſeparate State, may have new Faculties ſpringing up in her, which ſhe is not capable of exerting during her preſent Union with the Body; and whether theſe Faculties may not correſpond with other Attributes in the Divine Nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of Wonder and Adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have ſaid before, we ought to acquieſce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of Nature, has in him all poſſible Perfection, as well in *Kind* as in *Degree*, to ſpeak according to our Methods of conceiving. I ſhall only add under this Head, that when we have raiſed our Notion of this Infinite Being as high as it is poſſible for the Mind of Man to go, it will fall infinitely ſhort of what he really is. *There is no end of his Greatneſs*: The moſt exalted Creature he has made, is only capable of adoring it, none but himſelf can comprehend it.

THE Advice of the Son of *Sirach* is very juſt and ſublime in this Light. *By his Word all things conſiſt. We*

may ſpeak much, and yet come ſhort: wherefore in ſum, he is all. How ſhall we be able to magnify him? For he is great above all his Works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his Power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can; for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your ſtrength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath ſeen him, that he might tell us? And who can magnify him as he is? There are yet hid greater things than theſe be, for we have ſeen but a few of his Works.

I HAVE here only conſidered the Supreme Being by the Light of Reaſon and Philoſophy. If we would ſee him in all the Wonders of his Mercy we muſt have recourſe to Revelation, which repreſents him to us, not only as infinitely Great and Glorious, but as infinitely Good and Juſt in his Diſpenſations towards Man. But as this is Theory which falls under every one's Conſideration, tho' indeed it can never be ſufficiently conſidered, I ſhall here only take notice of that habitual Worſhip and Veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We ſhould often refreſh our Minds with the Thought of him, and annihilate our ſelves before him, in the Contemplation of our own Worthleſſneſs, and of his tranſcendent Excellency and Perfection. This would imprint in our Minds ſuch a conſtant and uninterrupted Awe and Veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of inceſſant Prayer, and reaſonable Humiliation of the Soul before him who made it.

THIS would effectually kill in us all the little Seeds of Pride, Vanity and Self-conceit, which are apt to ſhoot up in the Minds of ſuch whoſe Thoughts turn more on thoſe comparative Advantages which they enjoy over ſome of their Fellow-Creatures, than on that infinite Diſtance which is placed between them and the Supreme Model of all Perfection. It would likewiſe quicken our Deſires and Endeavours of uniting our ſelves to him by all the Acts of Religion and Virtue.

SUCH an habitual Homage to the Supreme Being would, in a particular manner, baniſh from among us that

prevailing Impiety of using his Name on the most trivial occasions.

I FIND the following Passage in an excellent Sermon, preached at the Funeral of a Gentleman who was an Honour to his Country, and a more diligent as well as successful Enquirer into the Works of Nature, than any other our Nation has ever produced. 'He had the profoundest 'Veneration for the Great God of Heaven and Earth that 'I have ever observed in any Person. The very Name 'of God was never mentioned by him without a Pause 'and a visible Stop in his Discourse; in which, one that 'knew him most particularly above twenty Years, has 'told me, that he was so exact, that he does not remember to have observed him once to fail in it.

EVERY one knows the Veneration which was paid by the *Jews* to a Name so great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious Discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of so tremendous a Name in the ordinary Expressions of their Anger, Mirth, and most impertinent Passions? Of those who admit it into the most familiar Questions and Assertions, ludicrous Phrases and Works of Humour? not to mention those who violate it by solemn Perjuries? It would be an Affront to Reason to endeavour to set forth the Horror and Profaneness of such a Practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the Light of Nature, not to say Religion, is not utterly extinguished.

O

Monday

Nº 532. *Monday, November* 10.

——— Fungor vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi. Hor.

IT is a very honeſt Action to be ſtudious to produce other Men's Merit; and I make no ſcruple of ſaying I have as much of this Temper as any Man in the World. It would not be a thing to be bragged of, but that it is what any Man may be maſter of who will take pains enough for it. Much Obſervation of the Unworthineſs in being pained at the Excellence of another, will bring you to a Scorn of your ſelf for that Unwillingneſs: And when you have got ſo far, you will find it a greater Pleaſure than you ever before knew, to be zealous in promoting the Fame and Welfare of the Praiſe-worthy. I do not ſpeak this as pretending to be a mortified ſelf-denying Man, but as one who has turned his Ambition into a right Channel. I claim to my ſelf the Merit of having extorted excellent Productions from a Perſon of the greateſt Abilities, who would not have let them appeared by any other means; to have animated a few young Gentlemen into worthy Purſuits, who will be a Glory to our Age; and at all Times, and by all poſſible Means in my power, undermined the Intereſts of Ignorance, Vice, and Folly, and attempted to ſubſtitute in their ſtead Learning, Piety, and good Senſe. It is from this honeſt Heart that I find my ſelf honoured as a Gentleman-Uſher to the Arts and Sciences. Mr. *Tickell* and Mr. *Pope* have, it ſeems, this Idea of me. The former has writ me an excellent Paper of Verſes in Praiſe, forſooth, of my ſelf; and the other incloſed for my peruſal an admirable Poem, which, I hope, will ſhortly ſee the Light. In the mean time I cannot ſuppreſs any Thought of his, but inſert his Sentiment about the dying Words of *Adrian*. I won't determine in the Caſe he mentions, but

have thus much to say in favour of his Argument, that many of his own Works which I have seen, convince me that very pretty and very sublime Sentiments may be lodged in the same Bosom without diminution to its Greatness.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS the other day in Company with five or six 'Men of some Learning; where chancing to mention 'the famous Verses which the Emperor *Adrian* spoke on 'his Death-bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a Piece of 'Gayety unworthy that Prince in those Circumstances. I 'could not but dissent from this Opinion: Methinks it 'was by no means a gay, but a very serious Soliloquy to 'his Soul at the point of his Departure; in which Sense 'I naturally took these Verses at my first reading them 'when I was very young, and before I knew what In-'terpretation the World generally put upon them:

'*Animula vagula, blandula,*
'*Hospes Comesque corporis,*
'*Quæ nunc abibis in loca?*
'*Pallidula, rigida, nudula,*
'*Nec (ut soles) dabis Joca!*

'*Alas, my Soul! thou pleasing Companion of this Body,* '*thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it! whither art* '*thou flying? To what unknown Region? Thou art all* '*trembling, fearful, and pensive. Now what is become of* '*former Wit and Humour? Thou shalt jest and be gay* '*no more.* I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the 'trifling in all this; 'tis the most natural and obvious Re-'flection imaginable to a dying Man: and if we consider 'the Emperor was a Heathen, that Doubt concerning the 'Future Fate of his Soul will seem so far from being the 'Effect of want of Thought, that 'twas scarce reasonable 'he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is 'a plain Confession included of his Belief in its Immorta-'lity. The diminutive Epithets of *Vagula*, *Blandula*, and 'the rest, appear not to me as Expressions of Levity, but 'rather of Endearment and Concern; such as we find

'in

'in *Catullus*, and the Authors of *Hendeca-ſyllabi* after 'him, where they are uſed to expreſs the utmoſt Love 'and Tenderneſs for their Miſtreſſes———If you think 'me right in my Notion of the laſt Words of *Adrian*, be 'pleaſed to inſert this in the *Spectator*; if not, to ſuppreſs 'it.

I am, &c.

To the ſuppoſed Author of the *Spectator*.

IN Courts licentious, and a ſhameleſs Stage,
How long the War ſhall Wit with Virtue wage?
Enchanted by this proſtituted Fair,
Our Youth run headlong in the fatal Snare;
In height of Rapture claſp unheeded Pains,
And ſuck Pollution thro' their tingling Veins.

THY ſpotleſs Thoughts unſhock'd the Prieſt may hear,
And the pure Veſtal in her Boſom wear.
To conſcious Bluſhes and diminiſh'd Pride,
Thy Glaſs betrays what treach'rous Love would hide;
Nor harſh thy Precepts, but infuſed by ſtealth,
Pleaſe while they cure, and cheat us into Health.
Thy Works in Chloe's *Toilet gain a part,*
And with his Taylor ſhare the Fopling's Heart:
Laſh'd in thy Satire, the penurious Cit
Laughs at himſelf, and finds no harm in Wit:
From Felon Gameſters the raw Squire is free,
And Britain *owes her reſcu'd Oaks to thee.*
His Miſs the frolick Viſcount dreads to toaſt,
Or his third Cure the ſhallow Temple boaſt;
And the raſh Fool who ſcorn'd the beaten Road,
Dares quake at Thunder, and confeſs his God.

THE brainleſs Stripling, who expell'd to Town,
Damn'd the ſtiff College and pedantick Gown,
Aw'd by thy Name, is dumb, and thrice a Week
Spells uncouth Latin, *and pretends to* Greek.
A ſauntring Tribe! ſuch born to wide Eſtates,
With Yea and No in Senates hold Debates:

At length despis'd, each to his Fields retires,
First with the Dogs, and King amidst the Squires;
From Peer to Stupid sinks supinely down,
In Youth a Coxcomb, and in Age a Clown.

SUCH Readers scorn'd, thou wing'st thy daring Flight
Above the Stars, and tread'st the Fields of Light;
Fame, Heav'n and Hell, are thy exalted Theme,
And Visions such as Jove himself might dream;
Man sunk to Slav'ry, tho' to Glory born,
Heaven's Pride when upright, and deprav'd his Scorn.

SUCH Hints alone could British Virgil *lend,*
And thou alone deserve from such a Friend:
A Debt so borrow'd, is illustrious Shame,
And Fame when shar'd with him is double Fame.
So flush'd with Sweets, by Beauty's Queen bestow'd,
With more than mortal Charms Æneas glow'd.
Such gen'rous Strifes Eugen *and* Marlbro' *try,*
And as in Glory, so in Friendship vie.

PERMIT these Lines by thee to live——nor blame
A Muse that pants and languishes for Fame;
That fears to sink when humbler Themes she sings,
Lost in the Mass of mean forgotten things.
Receiv'd by thee, I prophesy my Rhymes
The Praise of Virgins in succeeding Times;
Mix'd with thy Works, their Life no Bounds shall set,
But stand protected, as inspir'd by thee.

SO some weak Shoot, which else would poorly rise,
Jove's Tree adopts, and lifts him to the Skies;
Thro' the new Pupil foster'ring Juices flow,
Thrust forth the Gems, and give the Flow'rs to blow
Aloft; immortal reigns the Plant unknown,
With borrow'd Life, and Vigour not his own.

T

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

Mr. John Sly *humbly ſheweth,*

'THAT upon reading the Deputation given to the ſaid Mr. *John Sly*, all Perſons paſſing by his Obſervatory behaved themſelves with the ſame Decorum, as if your Honour your ſelf had been preſent.

'THAT your ſaid Officer is preparing, according to your Honour's ſecret Inſtructions, Hats for the ſeveral kind of Heads that make Figures in the Realms of *Great Britain*, with Cocks ſignificant of their Powers and Faculties.

'THAT your ſaid Officer has taken due Notice of your Inſtructions and Admonitions concerning the Internals of the Head from the outward Form of the ſame. His Hats for Men of the Faculties of Law and Phyſick do but juſt turn up, to give a little Life to their Sagacity; his military Hats glare full in the Face; and he has prepared a familiar eaſy Cock for all good Companions between the above-mention'd Extremes. For this end he has conſulted the moſt Learned of his Acquaintance for the true Form and Dimenſions of the *Lepidum Caput*, and made a Hat fit for it.

'YOUR ſaid Officer does further repreſent, That the young Divines about Town are many of them got into the Cock Military, and deſires your Inſtructions therein.

'THAT the Town has been for ſeveral Days very well behaved, and further your ſaid Officer ſaith not.

T

Tueſday,

Nº 533. *Tuesday, November* 11.

Immo duas dabo, inquit ille, una si parum est:
Et si duarum panitebit, addentur duæ. Plaut.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'YOU have often given us very excellent Discourses against that unnatural Custom of Parents, in forcing their Children to marry contrary to their Inclinations. My own Case, without further Preface, I will lay before you, and leave you to judge of it. My Father and Mother both being in declining Years, would fain see me, their eldest Son, as they call it settled. I am as much for that as they can be; but I must be settled, it seems, not according to my own, but their liking. Upon this account I am teaz'd every Day, because I have not yet fallen in love, in spite of Nature, with one of a neighbouring Gentleman's Daughters; for out of their abundant Generosity, they give me the choice of four. *Jack*, begins my Father, Mrs. *Catherine* is a fine Woman—Yes, Sir, but she is rather too old—She will make the more discreet Manager, Boy. Then my Mother plays her part. Is not Mrs. *Betty* exceeding fair? Yes, Madam, but she is of no Conversation; she has no Fire, no agreeable Vivacity; she neither speaks nor looks with Spirit. True, Son; but for those very reasons, she will be an easy, soft, obliging, tractable Creature. After all, cries an old Aunt, (who belongs to the Class of those who read Plays with Spectacles on) what think you, Nephew, of proper Mrs. *Dorothy*? What do I think? why I think she cannot be above six foot two inches high. Well, well, you may banter as long as you please, but Height of Stature is commanding and majestick. Come, come, says a Cousin of mine in the Family, I'll fit him; *Fidelia* is yet behind——Pretty

'Miſs *Fiddy* muſt pleaſe you———Oh! your very humble 'Servant, dear Coſ. ſhe is as much too young as her eldeſt 'Siſter is too old. Is it ſo indeed, quoth ſhe, good Mr. '*Peri!* You, who are but barely turned of twenty two, 'and Miſs *Fiddy* in half a Year's time will be in her Teens, 'and ſhe is capable of learning any thing. Then ſhe will 'be ſo obſervant; ſhe'll cry perhaps now and then, but ne-'ver be angry. Thus they will think for me in this matter, 'wherein I am more particularly concerned than any Body 'elſe. If I name any Woman in the World, one of theſe 'Daughters has certainly the ſame Qualities. You ſee by 'theſe few Hints, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, what a comforta-'ble Life I lead. To be ſtill more open and free with 'you, I have been paſſionately fond of a young Lady '(whom give me leave to call *Miranda*) now for theſe 'three Years. I have often urged the Matter home to my 'Parents with all the Submiſſion of a Son, but the Impa-'tience of a Lover. Pray, Sir, think of three Years; what 'inexpreſſible Scenes of Inquietude, what Variety of Mi-'ſery muſt I have gone thro' in three long whole Years? '*Miranda*'s Fortune is equal to thoſe I have mention'd; 'but her Relations are not Intimates with mine. Ah! 'there's the Rub. *Miranda*'s Perſon, Wit, and Humour, 'are what the niceſt Fancy could imagine; and though we 'know you to be ſo elegant a Judge of Beauty, yet there 'is none among all your various Characters of fine Wo-'men preferable to *Miranda*. In a Word, ſhe is never 'guilty of doing any thing but one amiſs, (if ſhe can be 'thought to do amiſs by me) in being as blind to my 'Faults, as ſhe is to her own Perfections.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble obedient Servant,

Duſtereraſtus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you ſpent ſo much time as you did late-'ly in cenſuring the ambitious young Gentle-'men who ride in Triumph through Town and Country 'in Coach-boxes, I wiſhed you had employed thoſe Mo-

'ments

ments in consideration of what passes sometimes within side of those Vehicles. I am sure I suffered sufficiently by the Insolence and Ill-breeding of some Persons who travelled lately with me in a Stage-Coach out of *Essex* to *London*. I am sure, when you have heard what I have to say, you will think there are Persons under the Character of Gentlemen that are fit to be no where else but in the Coach-box. Sir, I am a young Woman of a sober and religious Education, and have preserved that Character; but on Monday was Fortnight it was my Misfortune to come to *London*. I was no sooner clapt in the Coach, but, to my great Surprize, two Persons in the Habit of Gentlemen attack'd me with such indecent Discourse as I cannot repeat to you, so you may conclude not fit for me to hear. I had no relief but the Hopes of a speedy end of my short Journey. Sir, form to your self what a Persecution this must needs be to a virtuous and chaste Mind; and in order to your proper handling such a Subject, fancy your Wife or Daughter, if you had any, in such Circumstances, and what Treatment you would think then due to such Dragoons. One of them was called a Captain, and entertained us with nothing but filthy stupid Questions, or lewd Songs, all the way. Ready to burst with Shame and Indignation, I repined that Nature had not allowed us as easily to shut our Ears as our Eyes. But was not this a kind of Rape? Why should there be Accessaries in Ravishment any more than Murder? Why should not every Contributor to the Abuse of Chastity suffer Death? I am sure these shameless Hell-hounds deserved it highly. Can you exert your self better than on such an Occasion? If you do not do it effectually, I'll read no more of your Papers. Has every impertinent Fellow a Privilege to torment me, who pay my Coach-hire as well as he? Sir, pray consider us in this respect as the weakest Sex, and have nothing to defend our selves; and I think it is as Gentleman-like to challenge a Woman to fight, as to talk obscenely in her Company, especially when she has not power to stir. Pray let me tell you a Story which you can make fit for publick View. I knew a Gentleman, who having a very good Opinion of the Gentle-

men

men of the Army, invited ten or twelve of them to ſup with him; and at the ſame time invited two or three Friends, who were very ſevere againſt the Manners and Morals of Gentlemen of that Profeſſion. It happened one of them brought two Captains of his Regiment newly come into the Army, who at firſt Onſet engaged the Company with very lewd Healths and ſuitable Diſcourſe. You may eaſily imagine the Confuſion of the Entertainer, who finding ſome of his Friends very uneaſy, deſired to tell them a Story of a great Man, one Mr. *Locke*, (whom I find you frequently mention) that being invited to dine with the then Lords *Halifax*, *Angleſey*, and *Shaftsbury*; immediately after Dinner, inſtead of Converſation, the Cards were called for, where the bad or good Succeſs produced the uſual Paſſions of Gaming. Mr. *Locke* retiring to a Window, and writing, my Lord *Angleſey* deſired to know what he was writing: *Why, my Lords*, anſwered he, *I could not ſleep laſt Night for the Pleaſure and Improvement I expected from the Converſation of the greateſt Men of the Age.* This ſo ſenſibly ſtung them, that they gladly compounded to throw their Cards in the Fire if he would his Paper, and ſo a Converſation enſued fit for ſuch Perſons. This Story preſt ſo hard upon the young Captains, together with the Concurrence of their ſuperior Officers, that the young Fellows left the Company in Confuſion. Sir, I know you hate long things; but if you like it, you may contract it, or how you will; but I think it has a Moral in it.

'BUT, Sir, I am told you are a famous Mechanick as well as a Looker-on, and therefore humbly propoſe you would invent ſome Padlock, with full Power under your Hand and Seal, for all modeſt Perſons, either Men or Women, to clap upon the Mouths of all ſuch impertinent impudent Fellows: And I wiſh you would publiſh a Proclamation, that no modeſt Perſon who has a Value for her Countenance, and conſequently would not be put out of it, preſume to travel after ſuch a Day without one of them in their Pockets. I fancy a ſmart *Spectator* upon this Subject would ſerve for ſuch a Padlock; and that publick Notice may be given in your Paper where they

'may be had, with Directions, Price 2 *d.* and that part 'of the Directions may be, when any Perſon preſumes to 'be guilty of the above-mentioned Crime, the Party ag- 'grieved may produce it to his Face, with a Requeſt to 'read it to the Company. He muſt be very much har- 'dened that could outface that Rebuke; and his further 'Puniſhment I leave you to preſcribe.

Your humble Servant,

T. Penance Cruel.

Nº 534. *Wedneſday, November* 12.

Rarus enim fermè ſenſus communis in illâ
Fortunâ ——— Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young Woman of Nineteen, the only Daugh- 'ter of very wealthy Parents; and have my whole Life 'been uſed with a Tenderneſs which did me no great 'Service in my Education. I have perhaps an uncom- 'mon Deſire for Knowledge of what is ſuitable to my 'Sex and Quality; but as far as I can remember, the 'whole Diſpute about me has been, whether ſuch a 'thing was proper for the Child to do, or not? Or whe- 'ther ſuch or ſuch Food was the more wholeſome for 'the young Lady to eat? This was ill for my Shape, that 'for my Complection, and t'other for my Eyes. I am 'not extravagant when I tell you, I do not know that I 'have trod upon the very Earth ſince I was ten Years 'old: A Coach or Chair I am obliged to for all my 'Motions from one place to another ever ſince I can re- 'member. All who had to do to inſtruct me, have ever 'been bringing Stories of the notable things I have ſaid 'and the Womanly Manner of my behaving my ſelf up- 'on ſuch and ſuch an Occaſion. This has been my State, 'till I came towards Years of Womanhood; and ever ſince 'I grew towards the Age of Fifteen, I have been abuſed 'after another manner. Now, forſooth, I am ſo killing,

'no

no one can ſafely ſpeak to me. Our Houſe is frequented by Men of Senſe, and I love to ask Queſtions when I fall into ſuch Converſation; but I am cut ſhort with ſomething or other about my bright Eyes. There is, Sir, a Language particular for talking to Women in; and none but thoſe of the very firſt good Breeding (who are very few, and who ſeldom come into my way) can ſpeak to us without regard to our Sex. Among the generality of thoſe they call Gentlemen, it is impoſſible for me to ſpeak upon any Subject whatſoever, without provoking ſomebody to ſay, *Oh! to be ſure fine Mr. ſuch-a-one muſt be very particularly acquainted with all that; all the World will contribute to her Entertainment and Information.* Thus, Sir, I am ſo handſome, that I murder all who approach me; ſo wiſe that I want no new Notices; and ſo well bred, that I am treated by all that know me like a Fool, for no one will anſwer as if I were their Friend or Companion. Pray, Sir, be pleaſed to take the part of us Beauties and Fortunes into your Conſideration, and do not let us be thus flattered out of our Senſes. I have got an Huſſey of a Maid, who is moſt craftily given to this ill Quality. I was at firſt diverted with a certain Abſurdity the Creature was guilty of in every thing ſhe ſaid: She is a Country Girl, and in the Dialect of the Shire ſhe was born in, would tell me that every body reckon'd her Lady had the pureſt Red and White in the World: Then ſhe would tell me, I was the moſt like one *Siſly Dobſon* in their Town, who made the Miller make away with himſelf, and walk afterwards in the Corn-Field where they uſed to meet. With all this, this cunning Huſſey can lay Letters in my way, and put a Billet in my Gloves, and then ſtand in it ſhe knows nothing of it. I do not know, from my Birth to this Day, that I have been ever treated by any one as I ought; and if it were not for a few Books which I delight in, I ſhould be at this Hour a Novice to all common Senſe. Would it not be worth your while to lay down Rules for Behaviour in this Caſe, and tell People, that we Fair-ones expect honeſt plain Anſwers as well as other People? Why muſt I, good Sir, becauſe I have a

good

good Air, a fine Complection, and am in the Bloom of my Years, be mis-led in all my Actions? and have the Notions of Good and Ill confounded in my Mind, for no other Offence, but because I have the Advantages of Beauty and Fortune? Indeed, Sir, what with the silly Homage which is paid us by the sort of People I have above spoken of, and the utter Negligence which others have for us, the Conversation of us young Women of Condition is no other than what must expose us to Ignorance and Vanity, if not Vice. All this is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial Wisdom, by,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Charlot Wealthy

Mr. SPECTATOR, Will's *Coffee-house*

PRAY, Sir, it will serve to fill up a Paper, if you put in this; which is only to ask, whether that Copy of Verses, which is a Paraphrase of *Isaiah*, in one of your Speculations, is not written by Mr. *Pope*? Then you get on another Line, by putting in, with proper Distances, as at the end of a Letter,

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Abraham Dapperwit

Mr. Dapperwit,

I AM glad to get another Line forward, by saying that excellent Piece is Mr. *Pope's*; and so with proper Distances,

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

S——

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS a wealthy Grocer in the City, and as fortunate 'as diligent; but I was a ſingle Man, and you know 'there are Women. One in particular came to my Shop, 'who I wiſhed might, but was afraid never would, make 'a Grocer's Wife. I thought, however to take an ef-'fectual Way of Courting, and ſold to her at leſs Price 'than I bought, that I might buy at leſs Price than I 'ſold. She, you may be ſure, often came, and helped 'me to many Cuſtomers at the ſame Rate, fancying I 'was obliged to her. You muſt needs think this was a 'good living Trade, and my Riches muſt be vaſtly im-'proved. In fine, I was nigh being declared Bankrupt, 'when I declared my ſelf her Lover, and ſhe herſelf mar-'ried. I was juſt in a Condition to ſupport my ſelf, and 'am now in hopes of growing rich by loſing my Cuſto-'mers.

Yours,

Jeremy Comfit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM in the Condition of the Idol you was once plea-'ſed to mention, and Bar-keeper of a Coffee-houſe. 'I believe it is needleſs to tell you the Opportunities I 'muſt give, and the Importunities I ſuffer. But there is 'one Gentleman who beſieges me as cloſe as the *French* 'did *Bouchain*. His Gravity makes him work cautious, 'and his regular Approaches denote a good Engineer. 'You need not doubt of his Oratory, as he is a Lawyer; 'and eſpecially ſince he has had ſo little Uſe of it at *Weſt-'minſter*, he may ſpare the more for me.

'WHAT then can weak Women do? I am willing to 'ſurrender, but he would have it at Diſcretion, and I 'with Diſcretion. In the mean time, whilſt we parly, 'our ſeveral Intereſts are neglected. As his Siege grows 'ſtronger, my Tea grows weaker; and while he pleads 'at my Bar, none come to him for Counſel but *in Forma 'Pauperis*. Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, adviſe him not to in-'ſiſt upon hard Articles, nor by his irregular Deſires contra-

'dict

'dict the well-meaning Lines of his Countenance. If we 'were agreed, we might ſettle to ſomething, as ſoon as 'we could determine where we ſhould get moſt, by the 'Law at the Coffee-houſe, or at *Weſtminſter*.

Your humble Servant,

Lucinda Parly.

A Minute from Mr. John Sly.

'THE World is pretty regular for about forty Rod 'Eaſt, and ten Weſt of the Obſervatory of the ſaid 'Mr. *Sly*; but he is credibly informed, that when they are 'got beyond the Paſs into the *Strand*, or thoſe who 'move City-ward are got within *Temple-Bar*, they are 'juſt as they were before. It is therefore humbly pro-'poſed, that Moving-Centries may be appointed all the 'buſy Hours of the Day between the *Exchange* and *Weſt-'minſter*, and report what paſſes to your Honour, or your 'ſubordinate Officers, from time to time.

Ordered,

THAT Mr. *Sly* name the ſaid Officers, provided he will anſwer for their Principles and Morals. T

N° 535. *Thurſday, November* 13.

Spem longam reſeces ——— Hor.

MY Four hundred and ſeventy firſt Speculation turned upon the Subject of Hope in general. I deſign this Paper as a Speculation upon that vain and fooliſh Hope, which is miſemployed on temporal Objects, and produces many Sorrows and Calamities in human Life.

IT is a Precept ſeveral times inculcated by *Horace*, that we ſhould not entertain a hope of any thing in Life which lies at a great diſtance from us. The Shortneſs and Uncertainty of our Time here, makes ſuch a kind of Hope unreaſo

unreaſonable and abſurd. The Grave lies unſeen between us and the Object which we reach after: Where one Man lives to enjoy the Good he has in view, ten thouſand are cut off in the Purſuit of it.

IT happens likewiſe unluckily, that one Hope no ſooner dies in us, but another riſes up in its ſtead. We are apt to fancy that we ſhall be happy and ſatisfied if we poſſeſs our ſelves of ſuch and ſuch particular Enjoyments; but either by reaſon of their Emptineſs, or the natural Inquietude of the Mind, we have no ſooner gained one Point but we extend our Hopes to another. We ſtill find new inviting Scenes and Landskips lying behind thoſe which at a diſtance terminated our View.

THE natural Conſequences of ſuch Reflections are theſe; that we ſhould take Care not to let our Hopes run out into too great a Length; that we ſhould ſufficiently weigh the Objects of our Hope, whether they be ſuch as we may reaſonably expect from them what we propoſe in their Fruition, and whether they are ſuch as we are pretty ſure of attaining, in caſe our Life extend itſelf ſo far. If we hope for things which are at too great a diſtance from us, it is poſſible that we may be intercepted by Death in our Progreſs towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not throughly conſidered the Value, our Diſappointment will be greater than our Pleaſure in the Fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to poſſeſs, we act and think in vain, and make Life a greater Dream and Shadow than it really is.

MANY of the Miſeries and Misfortunes of Life proceed from our want of Conſideration, in one or all of theſe Particulars. They are the Rocks on which the ſanguine Tribe of Lovers daily ſplit, and on which the Bankrupt, the Politician, the Alchymiſt and Projector are caſt away in every Age. Men of warm Imaginations and towring Thoughts are apt to overlook the Goods of Fortune which are near them, for ſomething that glitters in the Sight at a diſtance; to neglect ſolid and ſubſtantial Happineſs, for what is ſhowy and ſuperficial; and to contemn that Good which lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its Schemes for a long and durable

durable Life; presses forward to imaginary Points of Bliss; and grasps at Impossibilities; and consequently very often ensnares Men into Beggary, Ruin and Dishonour.

WHAT I have here said, may serve as a Moral to an *Arabian* Fable, which I find translated into *French* by Monsieur *Galland*. The Fable has in it such a wild, but natural Simplicity, that I question not but my Reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several Amusements of Hope which have sometimes passed in his Mind, as a near Relation to the *Persian* Glass-Man.

ALNASCHAR, says the Fable, was a very idle Fellow, that never would set his Hand to any Business during his Father's Life. When his Father died, he left him to the value of an hundred Drachmas in *Persian* Money. *Alnaschar*, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in Glasses, Bottles, and the finest Earthen-Ware. These he piled up in a large open Basket, and having made choice of a very little Shop, placed the Basket at his Feet, and leaned his Back upon the Wall, in expectation of Customers. As he sat in this Posture with his Eyes upon the Basket, he fell into a most amusing Train of Thought, and was overheard by one of his Neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: *This Basket*, says he, *cost me at the Wholesale Merchant's a Hundred Drachmas, which is all I have in the World. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in Retail. These two hundred Drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand Drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am Master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my Trade of Glass-Man, and turn Jeweller. I shall then deal in Diamonds, Pearls, and all sorts of rich Stones. When I have got together as much Wealth as I can well desire, I will make a Purchase of the finest House I can find, with Lands, Slaves, Eunuchs and Horses. I shall then begin to enjoy my self, and make a noise in the World. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my Traffick, till I have got together a hundred thousand Drachmas. When I have thus made my self Master of a hundred thousand Drachmas,*

I shall

ſhall naturally ſet my ſelf on the foot of a Prince, and will mand the Grand Viſier's Daughter in Marriage, after- ving repreſented to that Miniſter the Information which I ve received of the Beauty, Wit, Diſcretion, and other high ualities which his Daughter poſſeſſes. I will let him know the ſame time, that it is my Intention to make him a Pre- t of a thouſand Pieces of Gold on our Marriage-Night. s ſoon as I have married the Grand Viſiers Daughter, I'll her ten black Eunuchs, the youngeſt and beſt that can be for Money. I muſt afterwards make my Father-in-Law Viſir with a great Train and Equipage. And when I am ted at his Right-hand, which he will do of courſe, if it be to honour his Daughter, I will give him the thouſand ces of Gold which I promiſed him, and afterward, to his at Surprize, will preſent him with another Purſe of the e Value, with ſome ſhort Speech; as, Sir, you ſee I am a an of my Word: I always give more than I promiſe.

WHEN I have brought the Princeſs to my Houſe, I ſhall e particular care to breed in her a due Reſpect for me, be- I give the Reins to Love and Dalliance. To this end I ll confine her to her own Apartment, make her a ſhort Vi- , and talk but little to her. Her Women will repreſent to , that ſhe is inconſolable by reaſon of my Unkindneſs, and me with Tears to caneſs her, and let her ſit down by me; I ſhall ſtill remain inexorable, and will turn my Back on her all the firſt Night. Her Mother will then come and ing her Daughter to me, as I am ſeated upon my Sofa. e Daughter, with Tears in her Eyes, will fling her ſelf at Feet, and beg of me to receive her into my Favour: Then ll I, to imprint in her a thorough Veneration for my Perſon, ow up my Legs and ſpurn her from me with my Foot, in h a manner that ſhe ſhall fall down ſeveral Paces from the ſa.

ALNASCHAR was entirely ſwallowed up in this merical Viſion, and could not forbear acting with his oot what he had in his Thoughts: So that unluckily ſtrik- g his Basket of brittle Ware, which was the Foundation all his Grandeur, he kicked his Glaſſes to a great diſtance om him into the Street, and broke them into ten thou- nd Pieces.

O

Friday,

Nº 536. *Friday, November* 14.

O vera Phrygia neque enim Phryges! —— Virg.

AS I was the other day ſtanding in my Bookſeller's Shop, a pretty young Thing about Eighteen Years of Age, ſtept out of her Coach, and bruſhing by me beck'ned the Man of the Shop to the further end of his Counter, where ſhe whiſpered ſomething to him with an attentive Look, and at the ſame time preſented him with a Letter: After which, preſſing the End of her Fan upon his Hand, ſhe delivered the remaining part of her Meſſage, and withdrew. I obſerved, in the midſt of her Diſcourſe, that ſhe bluſhed, and caſt an Eye upon me over her Shoulder, having been inform'd by my Bookſeller, that I was the Man of the ſhort Face whom ſhe had ſo often read of. Upon her paſſing by me, the pretty blooming Creature ſmiled in my Face, and dropped me a Curtſy. She ſcarce gave me time to return her Salute, before ſhe quitted the Shop with an eaſy Skuttle, and ſtepped again into her Coach, giving the Footman Directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her Departure, my Bookſeller gave me a Letter, ſuperſcribed, *To the ingenious Spectator*, which the young Lady had deſired him to deliver into my own hands, and to tell me that the ſpeedy Publication of it would not only oblige her ſelf, but a whole Tea-Table of my Friends. I opened it therefore, with a Reſolution to publiſh it, whatever it ſhould contain, and am ſure, if any of my Male Readers will be ſo ſeverely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleaſed with it as my ſelf had they ſeen the Face of the pretty Scribe.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *London, Nov.* 1712.

'YOU are always ready to receive any uſeful Hint
'or Propoſals, and ſuch, I believe, you will think
'one

'one that may put you in a way to employ the moſt idle 'part of the Kingdom; I mean that part of Mankind who 'are known by the Name of the Womens-Men or Beaus, 'Gc. *Mr.* SPECTATOR, you are ſenſible theſe pretty 'Gentlemen are not made for any Manly Imployments, 'and for want of Buſineſs are often as much in the Va-'pours as the Ladies. Now what I propoſe is this, 'ſince knotting is again in faſhion, which has been found a 'very pretty Amuſement, that you would recommend it 'to theſe Gentlemen as ſomething that may make them 'uſeful to the Ladies they admire. And ſince 'tis not in-'conſiſtent with any Game, or other Diverſion, for it may 'be done in the Play-Houſe, in their Coaches, at the Tea-'Table, and, in ſhort, in all Places where they come for 'the ſake of the Ladies (except at Church, be pleaſed to 'forbid it there, to prevent Miſtakes) it will be eaſily com-'plied with. 'Tis beſide an Imployment that allows, as we 'ſee by the Fair Sex, of many Graces, which will make 'the Beaus more readily come into it; it ſhews a white 'Hand and a Diamond Ring to great advantage; it leaves 'the Eyes at full liberty to be employed as before, as 'alſo the Thoughts, and the Tongue. In ſhort, it ſeems 'in every reſpect ſo proper, that 'tis needleſs to urge it 'further, by ſpeaking of the Satisfaction theſe Male-Knot-'ters will find, when they ſee their Work mixed up in a 'Fringe, and worn by the fair Lady for whom and with 'whom it was done. Truly, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, I 'cannot but be pleaſed I have hit upon ſomething that 'theſe Gentlemen are capable of; for 'tis ſad ſo conſide-'rable a part of the Kingdom (I mean for Numbers) 'ſhould be of no manner of uſe. I ſhall not trouble you 'farther at this time, but only to ſay, that I am always 'your Reader, and generally your Admirer, *C. B.*

P. S. 'THE ſooner theſe fine Gentlemen are ſet to 'Work the better; there being at this time ſeveral fine 'Fringes that ſtay only for more Hands.

I SHALL, in the next place, preſent my Reader with the Deſcription of a Set of Men who are common enough

in the World, tho' I do not remember that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'SINCE you have lately, to ſo good purpoſe, enlarged upon Conjugal Love, it's to be hoped you'll diſcourage every Practice that rather proceeds from a regard to Intereſt, than to Happineſs. Now you cannot but obſerve, that moſt of our fine young Ladies readily fall in with the Direction of the graver ſort, to retain in their Service, by ſome ſmall Encouragement, as great a Number as they can of ſupernumerary and inſignificant Fellows, which they uſe like Whifflers, and commonly call *Shoeing-Horns*. Theſe are never deſigned to know the length of the Foot, but only, when a good Offer comes, to whet and ſpur him up to the Point. Nay, 'tis the Opinion of that grave Lady, Madam *Matchwell*, that it's abſolutely convenient for every prudent Family to have ſeveral of theſe Implements about the Houſe, to clap on as occaſion ſerves, and that every Spark ought to produce a Certificate of his being a Shoeing-Horn, before he be admitted as a Shoe. A certain Lady, whom I could name, if it was neceſſary, has at preſent more Shoeing-Horns of all Sizes, Countries, and Colours, in her Service, than ever ſhe had new Shoes in her Life. I have known a Woman make uſe of a Shoeing-Horn for ſeveral Years, and finding him unſucceſsful in that Function, convert him at length into a Shoe. I am miſtaken if your Friend, *Mr.* WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, was not a caſt Shoeing-Horn before his late Marriage. As for my ſelf, I muſt frankly declare to you, that I have been an arrant Shoeing-Horn for above theſe twenty Years. I ſerved my firſt Miſtreſs in that Capacity above five of the Number, before ſhe was ſhod. I confeſs, though ſhe had many who made their Applications to her, I always thought my ſelf the beſt Shoe in her Shop, and it was not till a Month before her Marriage that I diſcovered what I was. This had like to have broke my Heart, and raiſed ſuch Suſpicions in me, that I told the

'next I made Love to, upon receiving ſome unkind Uſage 'from her, that I began to look upon my ſelf as no more 'than her Shoeing-Horn. Upon which, my Dear, who 'was a Coquet in her Nature, told me I was Hypocandria-'cal, and that I might as well look upon my ſelf to be an 'Egg or a Pipkin. But in a very ſhort time after ſhe gave 'me to know that I was not miſtaken in my ſelf. It 'would be tedious to recount to you the Life of an unfor-'tunate Shoeing-Horn, or I might entertain you with a 'very long and melancholy Relation of my Sufferings. 'Upon the whole, I think, Sir, it would very well be-'come a Man in your Poſt, to determine in what Caſes a 'Woman may be allowed, with Honour, to make uſe of 'a Shoeing-Horn, as alſo to declare whether a Maid on 'this ſide Five and Twenty, or a Widow who has not 'been three Years in that State, may be granted ſuch a 'Privilege, with other Difficulties which will naturally 'occur to you upon that Subject,

I am, SIR,

O *With the moſt profound Veneration, Yours,* &c.

N° 537. *Saturday, November* 15.

Τῦ γὰρ γὲ γένος ἐσμέν——

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'IT has been uſual to remind Perſons of Rank, on great 'occaſions in Life, of their Race and Quality, and to 'what Expectation they were born; that by conſi-'dering what is worthy of them, they may be withdrawn 'from mean Purſuits, and encouraged to laudable Under-'takings. This is turning Nobility into a Principle of 'Virtue, and making it productive of Merit, as it is un-'derſtood to have been originally a Reward of it.

'IT is for the like reaſon, I imagine, that you have in 'ſome of your Speculations aſſerted to your Readers the '*Dignity of Human Nature.* But you cannot be inſenſible 'that this is a controverted Doctrine; there are Authors 'who conſider Human Nature in a very different View, 'and Books of Maxims have been written to ſhew the '*Falſity of all Human Virtues.* The Reflections which are 'made on this Subject uſually take ſome Tincture from the 'Tempers and Characters of thoſe that make them. Poli-'ticians can reſolve the moſt ſhining Actions among Men 'into Artifice and Deſign; others, who are ſoured by 'Diſcontent, Repulſes, or ill Uſage, are apt to miſtake 'their Spleen for Philoſophy; Men of profligate Lives, and 'ſuch as find themſelves incapable of riſing to any Diſtin-'ction among their Fellow-Creatures, are for pulling down 'all appearances of Merit, which ſeem to upbraid them: 'and Satiriſts deſcribe nothing but Deformity. From all 'theſe hands we have ſuch Draughts of Mankind as are 'repreſented in thoſe burleſque Pictures, which the *Ita-'lians* call *Caracatura*'s; where the Art conſiſts in pre-'ſerving, amidſt diſtorted Proportions and aggravated 'Features, ſome diſtinguiſhing Likeneſs of the Perſon, 'but in ſuch a manner as to transform the moſt agreea-'able Beauty into the moſt odious Monſter.

'IT is very diſingenuous to level the beſt of Mankind 'with the worſt, and for the Faults of Particulars to de-'grade the whole Species. Such Methods tend not only to 'remove a Man's good Opinion of others, but to deſtroy 'that Reverence for himſelf, which is a great Guard of 'Innocence, and a Spring of Virtue.

'IT is true indeed that there are ſurprizing Mixtures 'of Beauty and Deformity, of Wiſdom and Folly, Virtue 'and Vice, in the Human Make; ſuch a Diſparity is found 'among Numbers of the ſame Kind, and every Indivi-'dual, in ſome Inſtances, or at ſome Times, is ſo unequal 'to himſelf, that *Man* ſeems to be the moſt wavering and 'inconſiſtent Being in the whole Creation. So that the 'Queſtion in Morality, concerning the Dignity of our 'Nature, may at firſt ſight appear like ſome difficult Que-'ſtions in Natural Philoſophy, in which the Arguments on

'both

'both ſides ſeem to be of equal ſtrength. But as I be-
'gan with conſidering this Point as it relates to Action,
'I ſhall here borrow an admirable Reflection from Mon-
'ſieur *Paſcal*, which I think ſets it in its proper Light.

'*IT is of dangerous Conſequence*, ſays he, *to repreſent*
'*to Man how near he is to the Level of Beaſts, without*
'*ſhewing him at the ſame time his* Greatneſs. *It is like-*
'*wiſe dangerous to let him ſee his Greatneſs, without his*
'Meanneſs. *It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant*
'*of either; but very beneficial that he ſhould be made ſen-*
'*ſible of both.* Whatever Imperfections we may have in
'our Nature, it is the buſineſs of Religion and Virtue to
'rectify them, as far as is conſiſtent with our preſent State.
'In the mean time, it is no ſmall Encouragement to ge-
'nerous Minds to conſider that we ſhall put them all off
'with our Mortality. That ſublime manner of Salutation
'with which the *Jews* approached their Kings,

'O King, *live for ever!*

'may be addreſſed to the loweſt and moſt deſpiſed Mor-
'tal among us, under all the Infirmities and Diſtreſſes
'with which we ſee him ſurrounded. And whoever be-
'lieves the *Immortality of the Soul*, will not need a better
'Argument for the Dignity of his Nature, nor a ſtronger
'Incitement to Actions ſuitable to it.

'I AM naturally led by this Reflection to a Subject I
'have already touched upon in a former Letter, and can-
'not without pleaſure call to mind the Thoughts of *Cicero*
'to this purpoſe, in the cloſe of his Book concerning *Old*
'*Age*. Every one who is acquainted with his Writings,
'will remember that the elder *Cato* is introduced in that
'Diſcourſe as the Speaker, and *Scipio* and *Lelius* as his
'Auditors. This venerable Perſon is repreſented looking
'forward as it were from the Verge of extreme Old
'Age, into a future State, and riſing into a Contempla-
'tion on the unperiſhable Part of his Nature, and its
'Exiſtence after Death. I ſhall collect Part of his Diſ-
'courſe. And as you have formerly offered ſome Argu-
'ments for the Soul's Immortality, agreeable both to Rea-

'ſon and the Chriſtian Doctrine, I believe your Readers 'will not be diſpleaſed to ſee how the ſame great Truth 'ſhines in the Pomp of *Roman* Eloquence.

"THIS, ſays *Cato*, is my firm Perſuaſion, that ſince "the human Soul exerts it ſelf with ſo great Activity, ſince "it has ſuch a Remembrance of the Paſt, ſuch a Concern "for the Future, ſince it is enriched with ſo many Arts, "Sciences and Diſcoveries, it is impoſſible but the Being "which contains all theſe muſt be Immortal.

"THE elder *Cyrus*, juſt before his Death, is repreſent- "ed by XENOPHON ſpeaking after this manner". '*Think not, my deareſt Children, that when I depart from* '*you I ſhall be no more, but remember, that my Soul, even* '*while I lived among you, was inviſible to you; yet by* '*my Actions you were ſenſible it exiſted in this Body. Be-* '*lieve it therefore exiſting ſtill, though it be ſtill unſeen.* '*How quickly would the Honours of illuſtrious Men periſh* '*after Death, if their Souls performed nothing to preſerve* '*their Fame? For my own part, I never could think that* '*the Soul, while in a mortal Body, lives, but when de-* '*parted out of it, dies; or that its Conſciouſneſs is loſt* '*when it is diſcharged out of an unconſcious Habitation.* '*But when it is freed from all corporeal Alliance, then* '*it truly exiſts. Further, ſince the Human Frame is* '*broken by Death, tell us what becomes of its Parts? It* '*is viſible whither the Materials of other Beings are tran-* '*ſlated, namely, to the Source from whence they had their* '*Birth. The Soul alone, neither preſent nor departed, is* '*the Object of our Eyes.*

"THUS *Cyrus*. But to proceed. No one ſhall per- "ſuade me, *Scipio*, that your worthy Father, or your "Grandfathers *Paulus* and *Africanus*, or *Africanus* his "Father, or Uncle, or many other excellent Men whom I "need not name, performed ſo many Actions to be re- "membred by Poſterity, without being ſenſible that Futu- "rity was their Right. And, if I may be allowed an old "Man's Privilege, to ſpeak of my ſelf, do you think I "would have endured the Fatigue of ſo many weariſome "Days and Nights both at home and abroad, if I ima- "gined that the ſame Boundary which is ſet to my Life

"muſt

" muſt terminate my Glory? Were it not more deſirable " to have worn out my Days in Eaſe and Tranquility, free " from Labour, and without Emulation? But I know not " how my Soul has always raiſed it ſelf, and looked for- " ward on Futurity, in this View and Expectation, that " when it ſhall depart out of Life, it ſhall then live for " ever; and if this were not true, that the Mind is im- " mortal, the Soul of the moſt worthy would not, above " all others, have the ſtrongeſt Impulſe to Glory.

" WHAT beſides this is the Cauſe that the wiſeſt Men " die with the greateſt Æquanimity, the ignorant with the " greateſt Concern? Does it not ſeem that thoſe Minds " which have the moſt extenſive Views, foreſee they are " removing to a happier Condition, which thoſe of a nar- " rower Sight do not perceive? I, for my part, am tranſ- " ported with the Hope of ſeeing your Anceſtors, whom " I have honoured and loved, and am earneſtly deſirous of " meeting not only thoſe excellent Perſons whom I have " known, but thoſe too of whom I have heard and read, " and of whom I my ſelf have written; nor would I be " detained from ſo pleaſing a Journey. O happy Day, " when I ſhall eſcape from this Croud, this Heap of Pol- " lution, and be admitted to that Divine Aſſembly of ex- " alted Spirits! When I ſhall go not only to thoſe great " Perſons I have named, but to my *Cato*, my Son, than " whom a better Man was never born, and whoſe Funeral " Rites I my ſelf performed, whereas he ought rather to " have attended mine. Yet has not his Soul deſerted me, " but, ſeeming to caſt back a Look on me, is gone before " to thoſe Habitations to which it was ſenſible I ſhould " follow him. And though I might appear to have born " my Loſs with Courage, I was not unaffected with it, " but I comforted my ſelf in the Aſſurance that it would " not be long before we ſhould meet again, and be di- " vorced no more.

I am, SIR, &c.

I QUESTION not but my Reader will be very much pleaſed to hear, that the Gentleman who has obliged the World with the foregoing Letter, and who was the Author of the

210th Speculation on the Immortality of the Soul, the 375th on Virtue in Diſtreſs, the 525th on Conjugal Love, and two or three other very fine ones among thoſe which are not lettered at the end, will ſoon publiſh a noble Poem, Intitled An Ode to the Creator of the World, *occaſioned by the Fragments of* Orpheus.

N° 538. *Monday, November* 17.

——— *Ultra*
Finem tendere opus. Hor.

SURPRIZE is ſo much the Life of Stories, that every one aims at it, who endeavours to pleaſe by telling them. Smooth Delivery, an elegant Choice of Words, and a ſweet Arrangement, are all beautifying *Graces*, but not the particulars in this Point of Converſation which either long command the Attention, or ſtrike with the Violence of a ſudden Paſſion, or occaſion the burſt of Laughter which accompanies Humour. I have ſometimes fancied that the Mind is in this caſe like a Traveller who ſees a fine Seat in haſte; he acknowledges the Delightfulneſs of a Walk ſet with Regularity, but would be uneaſy if he were obliged to pace it over, when the firſt View had let him into all its Beauties from one end to the other.

HOWEVER, a knowledge of the Succeſs which Stories will have when they are attended with a Turn of Surprize, as it has happily made the Characters of ſome, ſo has it alſo been the ruin of the Characters of others. There is a Set of Men who outrage the Truth, inſtead of affecting us with a manner in telling it; who over-leap the Line of Probability, that they may be ſeen to move out of the common Road; and endeavour only to make their Hearers ſtare, by impoſing upon them with a kind of Nonſenſe againſt the Philoſophy of Nature, or ſuch a heap of Wonders told upon their own Knowledge, as it is not likely one Man ſhould ever have met with.

I HAVE been led to this Obſervation by a Company into which I fell accidentally. The Subject of *Antipathies* was a proper Field wherein ſuch falſe Surprizers might expatiate, and there were thoſe preſent who appeared very fond to ſhew it in its full Extent of traditional Hiſtory. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our Conſideration the miraculous Powers which the Effluviums of Cheeſe have over Bodies whoſe Pores are diſpos'd to receive them in a noxious manner; others gave an account of ſuch who could indeed bear the Sight of Cheeſe, but not the Taſte; for which they brought a Reaſon from the Milk of their Nurſes. Others again diſcours'd, without endeavouring at Reaſons, concerning an unconquerable Averſion which ſome Stomachs have againſt a Joint of Meat when it is whole, and the eager Inclination they have for it, when, by its being cut up, the Shape which had affected them is altered. From hence they paſſed to Eels, then to Parſnips, and ſo from one Averſion to another, till we had work'd up our ſelves to ſuch a pitch of Complaiſance, that when the Dinner was to come in, we enquired the Name of every Diſh, and hop'd it would be no Offence to any in Company, before it was admitted. When we had ſat down, this Civility amongſt us turn'd the Diſcourſe from Eatables to other ſorts of Averſions; and the eternal Cat, which plagues every Converſation of this nature, began then to engroſs the Subject. One had ſweated at the Sight of it, another had ſmelled it out as it lay concealed in a very diſtant Cupboard; and he who crowned the whole Set of theſe Stories, reckon'd up the Number of Times in which it had occaſion'd him to ſwoon away. At laſt, ſays he, that you may be all ſatisfy'd of my invincible Averſion to a Cat, I ſhall give an unanſwerable Inſtance: As I was going through a Street of *London*, where I never had been till then, I felt a general Damp and a Faintneſs all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, till I chanced to caſt my Eyes upwards, and found that I was paſſing under a Sign-Poſt on which the Picture of a Cat was hung.

THE Extravagance of this Turn in the way of Surprize, gave a ſtop to the Talk we had been carrying on:

Some were ſilent becauſe they doubted, and others becauſe they were conquered in their own Way; ſo that the Gentleman had Opportunity to preſs the Belief of it upon us, and let us ſee that he was rather expoſing himſelf than ridiculing others.

I MUST freely own that I did not all this while disbelieve every thing that was ſaid; but yet I thought ſome in the Company had been endeavouring who ſhould pitch the Bar fartheſt; that it had for ſome time been a meaſuring Caſt, and at laſt my Friend of the Cat and Signpoſt had thrown beyond them all.

I THEN conſider'd the Manner in which this Story had been received, and the poſſibility that it might have paſs'd for a Jeſt upon others, if he had not labour'd againſt himſelf. From hence, thought I, there are two Ways which the well-bred World generally takes to correct ſuch a Practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

THE firſt of theſe is a general Silence, which I would not adviſe any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the Effect of Prudence in avoiding a Quarrel, when they ſee another drive ſo faſt, that there is no ſtopping him without being run againſt; and but very ſeldom the Effect of Weakneſs in believing ſuddenly. The generality of Mankind are not ſo groſly ignorant, as ſome over-bearing Spirits would perſuade themſelves; and if the Authority of a Character or a Caution againſt Danger make us ſuppreſs our Opinion, yet neither of theſe are of force enough to ſuppreſs our Thoughts of them. If a Man who has endeavoured to amuſe his Company with Improbabilities could but look into their Minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly eſteems of their Senſe when he thinks to impoſe upon them, and that he is leſs eſteemed by them for his Attempt in doing ſo. His endeavour to glory at their Expence becomes a Ground of Quarrel, and the Scorn and Indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate Puniſhment: And indeed (if we ſhould even go no further) Silence, or a neglecting Indifference has a deeper way of wounding than Oppoſition; becauſe Oppoſition proceeds from an Anger that has a ſort of generous Sentiment for the Adverſary mingling along with

with it, while it ſhews that there is ſome Eſteem in your Mind for him; in ſhort, that you think him worth while to conteſt with: But Silence, or a negligent Indifference, proceeds from Anger, mixed with a Scorn that ſhews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

THE other Method which the World has taken for correcting this Practice of falſe Surprize, is to over-ſhoot ſuch Talkers in their own Bow, or to raiſe the Story with further Degrees of Impoſſibility, and ſet up for a Voucher to them in ſuch a manner as muſt let them ſee they ſtand detected Thus I have heard a Diſcourſe was once managed upon the Effects of Fear. One of the Company had given an account how it had turned his Friend's Hair grey in a Night, while the Terrors of a Shipwrack encompaſſed him. Another taking the Hint from hence, began, upon his own Knowlege, to enlarge his Inſtances of the like nature to ſuch a Number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them; and as he ſtill grounded theſe upon different Cauſes, for the ſake of Variety, it might ſeem at laſt, from his Share of the Converſation, almoſt impoſſible that any one who can feel the Paſſion of Fear ſhould all his Life eſcape ſo common an Effect of it. By this time ſome of the Company grew negligent, or deſirous to contradict him: But one rebuked the reſt with an appearance of Severity, and with the known old Story in his Head, aſſured them they need not ſcruple to believe that the Fear of any thing can make a Man's Hair grey, ſince he knew one whoſe Perriwig had ſuffered ſo by it. Thus he ſtopped the Talk, and made them eaſy. Thus is the ſame Method taken to bring us to Shame, which we fondly take to increaſe our Character. It is indeed a kind of Mimickry, by which another puts on our Air of Converſation to ſhow us to our ſelves: He ſeems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a Reſemblance you bear to him, or that you may know he will not lie under the Imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are ſtruck dumb immediately with a conſcientious Shame for what you have been ſaying, Then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the Sentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In ſhort,

ſhort, you are againſt your ſelf; the Laugh of the Company runs againſt you; the cenſuring World is obliged to you for that Triumph which you have allowed them at your own Expence; and Truth, which you have injured, has a near way of being revenged on you, when by the bare Repetition of your Story you become a frequent Diverſion for the Publick.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE other Day, walking in *Pancras* Church-yard, 'I thought of your Paper wherein you mention Epi-'taphs, and am of opinion this has a Thought in it worth 'being communicated to your Readers.

Here Innocence and Beauty lies, whoſe Breath
Was ſnatch'd by early, not untimely Death.
Hence did ſhe go, juſt as ſhe did begin
Sorrow to know, before ſhe knew to ſin.
Death, that does Sin and Sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next Bleſſing to a Life well ſpent.

I am, SIR,

Your Servant.

N° 539. *Tueſday, November* 18.

Heterochyta ſunto. Quæ Genus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young Widow of a good Fortune and Family, 'and juſt come to Town; where I find I have Cluſters 'of pretty Fellows come already to viſit me, ſome 'dying with Hopes, others with Fears, tho' they never 'ſaw me. Now what I would beg of you, would be to 'know whether I may venture to uſe theſe pert Fellows 'with the ſame Freedom as I did my Country Acquain-'tance. I deſire your Leave to uſe them as to me ſhall 'ſeem meet, without Imputation of a Jilt; for ſince I

'make

'make Declaration that not one of them ſhall have me, 'I think I ought to be allowed the Liberty of inſulting 'thoſe who have the Vanity to believe it is in their power 'to make me break that Reſolution. There are Schools 'for learning to uſe Foils, frequented by thoſe who never 'deſign to fight; and this uſeleſs way of aiming at the 'Heart, without deſign to wound it on either ſide, is the 'Play with which I am reſolv'd to divert my ſelf: The 'Man who pretends to win, I ſhall uſe like him who 'comes into a Fencing-School to pick a Quarel. I hope, 'upon this Foundation, you will give the free uſe of the 'natural and artificial Force of my Eyes, Looks, and 'Geſtures. As for verbal Promiſes, I will make none, 'but ſhall have no mercy on the conceited Interpreters 'of Glances and Motions. I am particularly skill'd in the 'downcaſt Eye, and the Recovery into a ſudden full A-'ſpect, and away again, as you may have ſeen ſome-'times practiſed by us Country Beauties beyond all that 'you have obſerved in Courts and Cities. Add to this, 'Sir, that I have a ruddy heedleſs Look, which covers 'Artifice the beſt of any thing. Tho' I can dance very 'well, I affect a tottering untaught way of walking, by 'which I appear an eaſie Prey; and never exert my in-'ſtructed Charms till I find I have engaged a Purſuer. Be 'pleaſed, Sir, to print this Letter, which will certainly 'begin the Chace of a rich Widow: The many Foldings, 'Eſcapes, Returns and Doublings which I make, I ſhall 'from time to time communicate to you, for the better 'Inſtruction of all Females who ſet up, like me, for 'reducing the preſent exorbitant Power and Inſolence 'of Man.

I am, SIR,

Your faithful Correſpondent,

Relicta Lovely.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR;

'I Depend upon your profeſs'd Reſpect for virtuous 'Love, for your immediate anſwering the Deſign of 'this Letter; which is no other than to lay before the 'World the Severity of certain Parents who deſire to ſuſ-

'pend

pend the Marriage of a discreet young Woman of Eighteen, three Years longer, for no other reason but that of her being too young to enter into that State. As to the Consideration of Riches, my Circumstances are such, that I cannot be suspected to make my Addresses to her on such low Motives as Avarice or Ambition. If ever Innocence, Wit and Beauty, united their utmost Charms, they have in her. I wish you would expatiate a little on this Subject, and admonish her Parents that it may be from the very Imperfection of Human Nature it self, and not any personal Frailty of her or me, that our Inclinations baffled at present may alter; and while we are arguing with our selves to put off the Enjoyment of our present Passions, our Affections may change their Objects in the Operations. It is a very delicate Subject to talk upon; but if it were but hinted, I am in hopes it would give the Parties concern'd some Reflection that might expedite our Happiness. There is a Possibility, and I hope I may say it without Imputation of Immodesty to her I love with the highest Honour; I say, there is a Possibility this Delay may be as painful to her as it is to me. If it be as much, it must be more, by reason of the severe Rules the Sex are under in being denied even the Relief of Complaint. If you oblige me in this, and I succeed, I promise you a Place at my Wedding, and a Treatment suitable to your Spectatorial Dignity.

Your most humble Servant,

Eustace.

SIR,

I Yesterday heard a young Gentleman, that look'd as if he was just come to the Town and a Scarf, upon Evil-speaking; which Subject, you know, Archbishop *Tillotson* has so nobly handled in a Sermon in his *Folio*. As soon as ever he had named his Text, and had opened a little the Drift of his Discourse, I was in great hopes he had been one of Sir ROGER's Chaplains. I have conceived so great an Idea of the charming Discourse

'courſe above, that I ſhould have thought one part of my 'Sabbath very well ſpent in hearing a Repetition of it. 'But alas! Mr. SPECTATOR, this Reverend Divine 'gave us his Grace's Sermon, and yet I don't know 'how; even I, that I am ſure have read it at leaſt twenty 'times, could not tell what to make of it, and was at a 'loſs ſometimes to gueſs what the Man aim'd at. He 'was ſo juſt indeed, as to give us all the Heads and the 'Sub-diviſions of the Sermon; and farther, I think there 'was not one beautiful Thought in it but what we had. 'But then, Sir, this Gentleman made ſo many pretty Ad-'ditions; and he could never give us a Paragraph of the 'Sermon, but he introduced it with ſomething which, 'methought, look'd more like a Deſign to ſhew his own 'Ingenuity, than to inſtruct the People. In ſhort, he ad-'ded and curtailed in ſuch a manner that he vexed me; 'inſomuch that I could not forbear thinking (what, I con-'feſs, I ought not to have thought of in ſo holy a Place) 'that this young Spark was as juſtly blameable as *Bullock* 'or *Penkethman* when they mend a noble Play of *Shake-'ſpear* or *Johnſon*. Pray, Sir, take this into your Conſi-'deration; and if we muſt be entertained with the 'Works of any of thoſe great Men, deſire theſe Gentle-'men to give them us as they find them, that ſo, when 'we read them to our Families at home, they may the 'better remember they have heard them at Church.

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Wedneſday,

N° 540. *Wednesday, November* 19.

——— *Non deficit Alter* Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is no part of your Writings which I have in more Esteem than your Criticism upon *Milton*. It is an honourable and candid Endeavour to set the Woks of our noble Writers in the graceful Light which they deserve. You will lose much of my kind inclination towards you, if you do not attempt the Encomium of *Spenser* also, or at least indulge my Passion for that charming Author so far as to print the loose Hints I now give you on that Subject.

'*SPENCER*'s general Plan is the Representation of six Virtues, Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice and Courtesy, in six Legends by six Persons. The six Personages are suppos'd under proper Allegories suitable to their respective Characters, to do all that is necessary for the full Manifestation of the respective Virtues which they are to exert.

'THESE one might undertake to shew under the several Heads, are admirably drawn; no Images improper, and most surprisingly beautiful. The Red-cross Knight runs through the whole Steps of the Christian Life; *Guyon* does all that Temperance can possibly require; *Britomartis* (a Woman) observes the true Rules of unaffected Chastity; *Arthegal* is in every respect of Life strictly and wisely just; *Calidore* is rightly courteous.

'IN short, in *Fairy-Land*, where Knights Errant have a full scope to range, and to do even what *Ariosto*'s or *Orlando*'s could not do in the World without breaking into Credibility, *Spenser*'s Knights have, under those six Heads, given a full and a truly Poetical System of Christian, Publick, and Low Life.

'HIS

'HIS Legend of Friendſhip is more diffuſe, and yet 'even there the Allegory is finely drawn, only the Heads 'various, one Knight could not there ſupport all the Parts.

'TO do honour to his Country, Prince *Arthur* is an 'univerſal Hero; in Holineſs, Temperance, Chaſtity, and 'Juſtice ſuper-excellent. For the ſame reaſon, and to 'compliment Queen *Elizabeth*, *Gloriana*, Queen of Fairies, 'whoſe Court was the Aſylum of the Oppreſſed, repre-'ſents that glorious Queen. At her Commands all theſe 'Knights ſet forth, and only at hers the Red-croſs Knight 'deſtroys the Dragon, *Guyon* overturns the Bower of 'Bliſs, *Arthegal* (i. e. *Juſtice*) beats down *Geryoneo* (i. e. '*Phil.* II. King of *Spain*) to reſcue *Belge* (i. e. *Holland*) 'and he beats the *Grantorto* (the ſame *Philip* in another 'Light) to reſtore *Irena* (i. e. *Peace to* Europe.)

'*CHASTITY* being the firſt Female Virtue, *Brito-'martis* is a *Briton*; her Part is fine, though it requires 'Explication. His Style is very Poetical; no Puns, Af-'fectations of Wit, forced Antitheſes, or any of that low 'Tribe

'HIS old Words are all true *Engliſh*, and Numbers 'exquiſite; and ſince of Words there is the *Multa Re-'naſcentur*, ſince they are all proper, ſuch a Poem 'ſhould not (any more than *Milton*'s) ſubſiſt all of it of 'common ordinary Words. See Inſtances of Deſcriptions.

Cauſleſs Jealouſy in *Britomartis*, V. 6, 14. in its Reſt-leſſneſs.

Like as a wayward Child whoſe ſounder Sleep
Is broken with ſome fearful Dream's Affright,
With froward Will doth ſet himſelf to weep,
Ne can be ſtill'd for all his Nurſe's Might,
But kicks, and ſqualls, and ſhrieks for fell Deſpight;
Now ſcratching her, and her looſe Locks miſuſing,
Now ſeeking Darkneſs, and now ſeeking Light;
Then craving Suck, and then the Suck refuſing:
Such was this Lady's Loves in her Love's fond accuſing.

Curioſity

Curioſity occaſion'd by Jealouſy, upon occaſion of her Lover's Abſence. *Ibid. Stan.* 8, 9.

Then as ſhe looked long, at laſt ſhe ſpy'd
One coming towards her with haſty Speed,
Well ween'd ſhe then, e'er him ſhe plain deſcry'd,
That it was one ſent from her Love indeed;
Whereat her Heart was fill'd with Hope and Dread,
Ne would ſhe ſtay till he in Place ſhould come,
But ran to weet him forth to know his Tidings ſomme;
Even in the Door him meeting, ſhe begun,
And where is he, thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once; and hath he loſt or won?

Care and his *Houſe* are deſcrib'd thus, IV. 6. 33, 34, 3

Not far away, not meet for any Gueſt,
They ſpy'd a little Cottage, like ſome poor Man's Neſt;

34.

There entring in, they found the Good-Man's ſelf,
Full buſily unto his Work ybent,
Who was ſo weel a wretched weariſh Elf,
With hollow Eyes and raw-bone Cheeks forſpent,
As if he had in Priſon long been pent.
Full black and grieſly did his Face appear,
Beſmear'd with Smoke that nigh his Eye-ſight blent;
With rugged Beard and hoary ſhagged Heare,
The which he never wont to comb, or comely ſhear.

35.

Rude was his Garment and to Rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared;
His bliſtred Hands amongſt the Cinders brent,
And Fingers filthy, with long Nails prepared,
Right fit to rend the Food on which he fared.
His Name was Care; *a Blackſmith by his Trade,*
That neither Day nor Night from working ſpared,
But to ſmall purpoſe Iron Wedges made:
Thoſe be unquiet Thoughts that careful Minds invade.

'HOMER's Epithets were much admired by Antiquity: See what great Juſtneſs and Variety there is in theſe Epithets of the Trees in the Foreſt where the Red-croſs Knight loſt *Truth*, B. 1. Cant. 1. Stan, 8, 9.

The ſailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The Vine prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,
The Builder Oak, ſole King of Foreſts all,
The Aſpine good for Staves, the Cypreſs Funeral.

9.

The Laurel, Meed of mighty Conquerors,
And Poets ſage; the Fir that weepeth ſtill,
The Willow worn of forlorn Paramours,
The Yew obedient to the Bender's Will,
The Birch for Shafts, the Sallow for the Mill;
The Myrrhe ſweet, bleeding in the bitter Wound,
The warlike Beech, the Aſh for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Plantane round.
The Carver Holm, the Maple ſeldom inward ſound.

'I SHALL trouble you no more, but deſire you to let me conclude with theſe Verſes, tho' I think they have already been quoted by you: They are Directions to young Ladies oppreſt with Calumny. VI. 6, 14.

The beſt (ſaid he) *that I can you adviſe,*
Is to avoid the Occaſion of the Ill,
For when the Cauſe whence Evil doth ariſe
Removed is, the Effect ſurceaſeth ſtill.
Abſtain from Pleaſure, and reſtrain your Will,
Subdue Deſire, and bridle looſe Delight,
Uſe ſcanted Diet, and forbear your Fill,
Shun Secrecy, and talk in open Sight
So ſhall you ſoon repair your preſent evil Plight.

N° 541. *Thurſday, November* 20.

Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum; juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit & angit;
Poſt effert animi motus interprete Lingua. Hor

MY Friend the TEMPLER, whom I have ſo often mention'd in theſe Writings, having determined to lay aſide his Poetical Studies, in order to a cloſer Purſuit of the Law, has put together, as a Farewel Eſſay, ſome Thoughts concerning *Pronunciation* and *Action*, which he has given me leave to communicate to the Publick. They are chiefly collected from his Favourite Author, *Cicero*, who is known to have been an intimate Friend of *Roſcius* the Actor, and a good Judge of Dramatick Performances, as well as the moſt Eloquent Pleader of the Time in which he lived.

CICERO concludes his celebrated Books *de Oratore* with ſome Precepts for Pronunciation and Action without which Part he affirms that the beſt Orator in the World can never ſucceed; and an indifferent one, who is Maſter of this, ſhall gain much greater Applauſe. What could make a ſtronger Impreſſion, ſays he, than thoſe Exclamations of *Gracchus* —— *Whither ſhall I turn? Wretch that I am! to what Place betake my ſelf? Shall I go to the* Capitol? —— *Alas! it is overflowed with my Brother's Blood. Or ſhall I retire to my Houſe? Yet there I behold my Mother plung'd in Miſery, weeping and deſpairing!* Theſe Breaks and Turns of Paſſion, it ſeems, were ſo enforced by the Eyes, Voice and Geſture of the Speaker, that his very Enemies could not refrain from Tears. I inſiſt, ſays *Tully*, upon this the rather, becauſe our Orators, who are as it were Actors of the Truth it ſelf, have quitted this manner of ſpeaking; and the Players, who are but the Imitators of Truth, have taken it up.

I

I SHALL therefore purſue the Hint he has here given me, and for the Service of the *Britiſh* Stage I ſhall copy ſome of the Rules which this great *Roman* Maſter has laid down; yet, without confining my ſelf wholly to his Thoughts or Words; and to adapt this Eſſay the more to the Purpoſe for which I intend it, inſtead of the Examples he has inſerted in his Diſcourſe, out of the ancient Tragedies, I ſhall make uſe of parallel Paſſages out of the moſt celebrated of our own.

THE Deſign of Art is to aſſiſt Action as much as poſſible in the Repreſentation of Nature; for the Appearance of Reality is that which moves us in all Repreſentations, and theſe have always the greater Force, the nearer they approach to Nature, and the leſs they ſhew of Imitation.

NATURE herſelf has aſſign'd, to every Emotion of the Soul, its peculiar Caſt of the Countenance, Tone of Voice, and Manner of Geſture, thro' the whole Perſon: all the Features of the Face and Tones of the Voice anſwer, like Strings upon muſical Inſtruments, to the Impreſſions made on them by the Mind. Thus the Sounds of the Voice, according to the various Touches which raiſe them, form themſelves into an Acute or Grave, Quick or Slow, Loud or Soft Tone. Theſe too may be ſubdivided into various kinds of Tones, as the Gentle, the Rough, the Contracted, the Diffuſe, the Continued, the Intermitted, the Broken, Abrupt, Winding, Softned, or Elevated. Every one of theſe may be employ'd with art and Judgment; and all ſupply the Actor, as Colours do the Painter, with an expreſſive Variety.

ANGER exerts its peculiar Voice in an accute, raiſed, and hurrying Sound. The paſſionate Character of King *Lear*, as it is admirably drawn by *Shakeſpear*, abounds with the ſtrongeſt Inſtances of this kind.

——— *Death! Confuſion!*
Fiery! — what Quality? — why Gloſter! Gloſter!
I'd ſpeak with the Duke of Cornwall *and his Wife.*
Are they inform'd of this? My Breath and Blood!
Fiery? the fiery Duke? ——— &c.

SOR-

SORROW and Complaint demand a Voice quite different, flexible, ſlow, interrupted, and modulated in a mournful Tone; as in that pathetical Soliloquy of Cardinal *Wolſey* on his Fall.

Farewel! —— *a long Farewel to all my Greatneſs!*
This is the State of Man! —— *to-day he puts forth*
The tender Leaves of Hopes; to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing Honours thick upon him;
The third Day comes a Froſt, a killing Froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſie Man, full ſurely
His Greatneſs is a ripening, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do.

WE have likewiſe a fine Example of this in the whole Part of *Andromache* in the *Diſtreſt-Mother*, particularly in theſe Lines.

I'll go, and in the Anguiſh of my Heart
Weep o'er my Child——*If he muſt die, my Life*
Is wrapt in his, I ſhall not long ſurvive.
'Tis for his ſake that I have ſuffer'd Life,
Groan'd in Captivity, and out-lived Hector.
Yes, my Aſtyanax, *we'll go together!*
Together to the Realms of Night we'll go;
There to thy raviſh'd Eyes thy Sire I'll ſhew,
And point him out among the Shades below.

FEAR expreſſes it ſelf in a low, heſitating and abject Sound. If the Reader conſiders the following Speech of Lady *Macbeth*, while her Husband is about the Murder of *Duncan* and his Grooms, he will imagine her even ſo frighted with the Sound of her own Voice while ſhe is ſpeaking it.

Alas! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' Attempt, and not the Deed,
Confounds us —— *Hark!* —— *I laid the Daggers ready,*
He could not miſs them. Had he not reſembled
My Father as he ſlept, I had done it.

COU

COURAGE aſſumes a louder Tone, as in that Speech of Don *Sebaſtian.*

Here ſatiate all your Fury;
Let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,
I have a Soul that like an ample Shield
Can take in all, and Verge enough for more.

PLEASURE diſſolves into a luxurious, mild, tender and joyous Modulation; as in the following Lines in *Caius Marius.*

Lavinia! O *there's Muſick in the Name,*
That ſoftning me to infant Tenderneſs,
Makes my Heart ſpring, like the firſt Leaps of Life.

AND Perplexity is different from all theſe; grave, but not bemoaning, with an earneſt uniform Sound of Voice; as in that celebrated Speech of *Hamlet.*

To be, or not to be? —— *that is the Queſtion:*
Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to ſuffer
The Stings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms againſt a Sea of Troubles,
And by oppoſing end them. To die, to ſleep;
No more; and by a Sleep to ſay we end
The Heart-ach, and the thouſand natural Shocks
That Fleſh is Heir to; 'tis a Conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die, to ſleep ——
To ſleep, perchance to dream! Ay, there's the Rub.
For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this Mortal Coil,
Muſt give us pauſe —— *There's the Reſpect*
That makes Calamity of ſo long Life;
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
Th' Oppreſſor's Wrongs, the proud Man's Contumely,
The Pangs of deſpis'd Love, the Law's Delay,
The Inſolence of Office, and the Spurns
That patient Merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his Quietus make

With

With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardles bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary Life?
But that the Dread of ſomething after Death,
The undiſcover'd Country, from whoſe Bourn
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather chuſe thoſe Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

AS all theſe Varieties of Voice are to be directed by the Senſe, ſo the Action is to be directed by the Voice, and with a beautiful Propriety, as it were to inforce it. The Arm, which by a ſtrong Figure *Tully* calls *The Orator's Weapon*, is to be ſometimes raiſed and extended; and the Hand, by its Motion, ſometimes to lead, and ſometimes to follow the Words as they are uttered. The Stamping of the Foot too has its proper Expreſſion in Contention, Anger, or abſolute Command. But the Face is the Epitome of the whole Man, and the Eyes are as it were the Epitome of the Face; for which Reaſon, he ſays, the beſt Judges among the *Romans* were not extremely pleaſed, even with *Roſcius* himſelf in his Mask. No Part of the Body, beſides the Face, is capable of as many Changes as there are different Emotions in the Mind, and of expreſſing them all by thoſe Changes. Nor is this to be done without the Freedom of the Eyes; therefore *Theophraſtus* call'd one, who barely rehearſed his Speech with his Eyes fix'd, an *abſent Actor*.

AS the Countenance admits of ſo great Variety, it requires alſo great Judgment to govern it. Not that the Form of the Face is to be ſhifted on every Occaſion, leſt it turn to Farce and Buffoonry; but it is certain, that the Eyes have a wonderful Power of marking the Emotions of the Mind, ſometimes by a ſtedfaſt Look, ſometimes by a careleſs one, now by a ſudden Regard, then by a joyful Sparkling as the Senſe of the Words is diverſify'd: for Action is, as it were, the Speech of the Features and Limbs, and muſt therefore conform it ſelf always to the Sentiments of the Soul. And it may be obſerved, that in all which relates to the Geſture, there is a wonderful Force implanted by Nature, ſince the Vulgar,

gar, the Unskilful, and even the moſt Barbarous are chiefly affected by this. None are moved by the Sound of Words, but thoſe who underſtand the Language; and the Senſe of many things is loſt upon Men of a dull Apprehenſion: but Action is a kind of Univerſal Tongue; all Men are ſubject to the ſame Paſſions, and conſequently know the ſame Marks of them in others, by which they themſelves expreſs them.

PERHAPS ſome of my Readers may be of Opinion, that the Hints I have here made uſe of, out of *Cicero*, are ſomewhat too refined for the Players on our Theatre: In anſwer to which, I venture to lay it down as a Maxim, that without good Senſe no one can be a good Player, and that he is very unfit to perſonate the Dignity of a *Roman* Hero, who cannot enter into the Rules for Pronunciation and Geſture delivered by a *Roman* Orator.

THERE is another thing which my Author does not think too minute to inſiſt on, though it is purely mechanical; and that is the right *pitching* of the Voice. On this occaſion he tells the Story of *Gracchus*, who employ'd a Servant with a little Ivory Pipe to ſtand behind him, and give him the right Pitch, as often as he wandred too far from the proper Modulation. Every Voice, ſays *Tully*, has its particular Medium and Compaſs, and the Sweetneſs of Speech conſiſts in leading it through all the Variety of Tones naturally, and without touching any Extreme. Therefore, ſays he, *Leave the Pipe at home, but carry the Senſe of this Cuſtom with you.*

Nº 542. *Friday, November* 21.

Et ſibi præferri ſe gaudet——— Ovid.

WHEN I have been preſent in Aſſemblies where my Paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleaſed to hear thoſe who would detract from the Author of it obſerve, that the Letters which are ſent to the *Spectator* are as good, if not better than any of his Works. Upon this occaſion many Letters of Mirth are uſually mentioned, which ſome think the *Spectator* writ to himſelf, and which others commend becauſe they fancy he received them from his Correſpondents: Such are thoſe from the *Valetudinarian*; the Inſpector of the Sign-Poſts; the Maſter of the Fan-Exerciſe; with that of the Hoop'd Petticoat; that of *Nicholas Hart* the annual Sleeper; that from Sir *John Envill*; that upon the *London* Cries; with multitudes of the ſame nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the Ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I muſt acquaint them, they have very often praiſed me when they did not deſign it, and that they have approved my Writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard ſeveral of theſe unhappy Gentlemen proving, by undeniable Arguments, that I was not able to pen a Letter which I had written the Day before. Nay, I have heard ſome of them throwing out ambiguous Expreſſions, and giving the Company reaſon to ſuſpect that they themſelves did me the Honour to ſend me ſuch and ſuch a particular Epiſtle, which happened to be talked of with the Eſteem or Approbation of thoſe who were preſent. Theſe rigid Criticks are ſo afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be poſitive whether the Lion, the wild Boar, and the Flower-pots in the Play-houſe, did not actually write thoſe Letters which came to me in their Names. I muſt therefore inform theſe Gentlemen, that I often chuſe this way of

of casting my Thoughts into a Letter, for the following Reasons: First, out of the Policy of those who try their Jest upon another, before they own it themselves. Secondly, because I would extort a little Praise from such who will never applaud any thing whose Author is known and certain. Thirdly, because it gave me an Opportunity of introducing a great variety of Characters into my Work, which could not have been done, had I always written in the Person of the *Spectator*. Fourthly, because the Dignity Spectatorial would have suffered, had I published as from my self those several ludicrous Compositions which I have ascribed to fictitious Names and Characters. And lastly, because they often serve to bring in, more naturally, such additional Reflections as have been placed at the end of them.

THERE are others who have likewise done me a very particular Honour, though undesignedly. These are such who will needs have it, that I have translated or borrowed many of my Thoughts out of Books which are written in other Languages. I have heard of a Person, who is more famous for his Library than his Learning, that has asserted this more than once in his private Conversation. Were it true, I am sure he could not speak it from his own Knowledge; but had he read the Books which he has collected, he would find this Accusation to be wholly groundless: Those who are truly learned will acquit me in this Point, in which I have been so far from offending, that I have been scrupulous perhaps to a Fault in quoting the Authors of several Passages which I might have made my own. But as this Assertion is in reality an Encomium on what I have published, I ought rather to glory in it, than endeavour to confute it.

SOME are so very willing to alienate from me that small Reputation which might accrue to me from any of these my Speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to those imaginary Manuscripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I must confess, whose Objections have given me a greater concern, as they seem to reflect, under this Head, rather on my Morality than on my Invention. These are they who say an Author is guilty

of Falſhood, when he talks to the Publick of Manuſcripts which he never ſaw, or deſcribes Scenes of Action or Diſcourſe in which he was never engaged. But theſe Gentlemen would do well to conſider, there is not a Fable or Parable which ever was made uſe of, that is not liable to this Exception; ſince nothing, according to this Notion, can be related innocently, which was not once Matter of Fact. Beſides, I think the moſt ordinary Reader may be able to diſcover, by my way of writing, what I deliver in theſe Occurrences as Truth, and what as Fiction.

SINCE I am unawares engaged in anſwering the ſeveral Objections which have been made againſt theſe my Works, I muſt take notice that there are ſome who affirm a Paper of this nature ſhould always turn upon diverting Subjects, and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate Tendency to the advancement of Religion or Learning. I ſhall leave theſe Gentlemen to diſpute it out among themſelves, ſince I ſee one half of my conduct patronized by each ſide. Were I ſerious on an improper Subject, or trifling in a ſerious one, I ſhould deſervedly draw upon me the Cenſure of my Readers; or were I conſcious of any thing in my Writings that is not innocent at leaſt, or that the greateſt part of them were not ſincerely deſigned to diſcountenance Vice and Ignorance, and ſupport the Intereſt of true Wiſdom and Virtue, I ſhould be more ſevere upon my ſelf than the Publick is diſpoſed to be. In the mean while I deſire my Reader to conſider every particular Paper or Diſcourſe as a diſtinct Tract by it ſelf, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I SHALL end this Paper with the following Letter, which was really ſent me, as ſome others have been which I have publiſhed, and for which I muſt own my ſelf indebted to their reſpective Writers.

SIR,

'I WAS this Morning in a Company of your Well-'wiſhers, when we read over, with great Satisfaction, '*Tully*'s Obſervations on Action adapted to the *Britiſh* 'Theatre: Though, by the way, we were very ſorry to find

'find that you have diſpoſed of another Member of your 'Club. Poor Sir *Roger* is dead, and the worthy Clergy-'man dying. Captain *Sentry* has taken poſſeſſion of a 'fair Eſtate; *Will. Honeycomb* has married a Farmer's 'Daughter; and the *Templer* withdraws himſelf into the 'Buſineſs of his own Profeſſion. What will all this end 'in? We are afraid it portends no Good to the Publick. 'Unleſs you very ſpeedily fix a Day for the Election of 'new Members, we are under Apprehenſions of loſing the '*Britiſh Spectator*. I hear of a Party of Ladies who in-'tend to addreſs you on this Subject, and queſtion not, 'if you do not give us the Slip very ſuddenly, that you 'will receive Addreſſes from all Parts of the Kingdom to 'continue ſo uſeful a Work. Pray deliver us out of this 'Perplexity, and among the Multitude of your Readers 'you will particularly oblige

Your moſt Sincere Friend and Servant,

O Philo-Spec.

Nº 543. *Saturday, November* 22.

——Facies non omnibus una
Nec diverſa tamen —— Ov.

THOSE who were skilful in Anatomy among the Antients, concluded from the outward and inward Make of a Human Body, that it was the Work of a Being tranſcendently Wiſe and Powerful. As the World grew more enlightened in this Art, their Diſcoveries gave them freſh Opportunities of admiring the Conduct of Providence in the Formation of an Human Body. *Galen* was converted by his Diſſections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a Survey of this his Handywork There were, indeed, many Parts of which the old Anatomiſts did not know the certain uſe; but as they ſaw that moſt of thoſe which they examined were adapted with admi-

rable Art to their ſeveral Functions, they did not queſtion but thoſe, whoſe Uſes they could not determine, were contrived with the ſame Wiſdom for reſpective Ends and Purpoſes. Since the Circulation of the Blood has been found out, and many other great Diſcoveries have been made by our modern Anatomiſts, we ſee new Wonders in the Human Frame, and diſcern ſeveral important Uſes for thoſe Parts, which Uſes the Antients knew nothing of. In ſhort, the Body of Man is ſuch a Subject as ſtands the utmoſt Teſt of Examination. Tho' it appears formed with the niceſt Wiſdom, upon the moſt ſuperficial Survey of it, it ſtill mends upon the Search, and produces our Surprize and Amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here ſaid of a Human Body, may be applied to the Body of every Animal which has been the Subject of Anatomical Obſervations.

THE Body of an Animal is an Object adequate to our Senſes. It is a particular Syſtem of Providence, that lies in a narrow Compaſs. The Eye is able to command it, and by ſucceſſive Enquiries can ſearch into all its Parts. Could the Body of the whole Earth, or indeed the whole Univerſe, be thus ſubmitted to the Examination of our Senſes, were it not too big and diſproportioned for our Enquiries, too unwieldy for the Management of the Eye and Hand, there is no queſtion but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a Frame as that of a Human Body. We ſhould ſee the ſame Concatenation and Subſerviency, the ſame Neceſſity and Uſefulneſs, the ſame Beauty and Harmony in all and every of its Parts, as what we diſcover in the Body of every ſingle Animal.

THE more extended our Reaſon is, and the more able to grapple with immenſe Objects, the greater ſtill are thoſe Diſcoveries which it makes of Wiſdom and Providence in the Work of the Creation. A Sir *Iſaac Newton*, who ſtands up as the Miracle of the Preſent Age, can look through a whole Planetary Syſtem; conſider it in its Weight, Number, and Meaſure; and draw from it as many Demonſtrations of infinite Power and Wiſdom, as a more confined Underſtanding is able to deduce from the Syſtem of a Human Body.

BUT

BUT to return to our Speculations on Anatomy. I ſhall here conſider the Fabrick and Texture of the Bodies of Animals in one particular View; which, in my Opinion, ſhews the Hand of a thinking and all-wiſe Being in their Formation, with the Evidence of a thouſand Demonſtrations. I think we may lay this down as an inconteſted Principle, that Chance never acts in a perpetual Uniformity and Conſiſtence with it ſelf. If one ſhould always fling the ſame Number with ten thouſand Dice, or ſee every Throw juſt five times leſs, or five times more in Number than the throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is ſome inviſible Power which directs the Caſt? This is the Proceeding which we find in the Operations of Nature. Every kind of Animal is diverſified by different Magnitudes, each of which gives riſe to a different Species. Let a Man trace the Dog or Lion-Kind, and he will obſerve how many of the Works of Nature are publiſhed, if I may uſe the Expreſſion, in a variety of Editions. If we look into the Reptile World, or into thoſe different Kinds of Animals that fill the Element of Water, we meet with the ſame Repetitions among ſeveral Species, that differ very little from one another, but in Size and Bulk. You find the ſame Creature that is drawn at large, copied out in ſeveral Proportions, and ending in Miniature. It would be tedious to produce Inſtances of this regular Conduct in Providence, as it would be ſuperfluous to thoſe who are verſed in the natural Hiſtory of Animals. The magnificent Harmony of the Univerſe is ſuch, that we may obſerve innumerable *Diviſions* running upon the ſame *Ground*. I might alſo extend this Speculation to the dead Parts of Nature, in which we may find Matter diſpoſed into many *ſimilar* Syſtems, as well in our Survey of Stars and Planets, as of Stones, Vegetables, and other ſublunary Parts of the Creation. In a word, Providence has ſhewn the Richneſs of its Goodneſs and Wiſdom, not only in the Production of many Original Species, but in the multiplicity of Deſcants which it has made on every original Species in particular.

BUT to purſue this Thought ſtill farther: Every living Creature, conſidered in it ſelf, has many very complicated

Parts, that are exact Copies of ſome other Parts which it poſſeſſes, and which are complicated in the ſame manner. One *Eye* would have been ſufficient for the Subſiſtence and Preſervation of an Animal; but, in order to better his Condition, we ſee another placed with a Mathematical Exactneſs in the ſame moſt advantageous Situation, and in every particular of the ſame Size and Texture. Is it poſſible for Chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her Operations? Should a Million of Dice turn up twice together the ſame Number, the Wonder would be nothing in compariſon with this. But when we ſee this Similitude and Reſemblance in the Arm, the Hand, the Fingers; when we ſee one half of the Body entirely correſpond with the other in all thoſe minute Strokes, without which a Man might have very well ſubſiſted; nay, when we often ſee a ſingle Part repeated an hundred times in the ſame Body, notwithſtanding it conſiſts of the moſt intricate weaving of numberleſs Fibres, and theſe Parts differing ſtill in Magnitude, as the Convenience of their particular Situation requires; ſure a Man muſt have a ſtrange Caſt of Underſtanding, who does not diſcover the Finger of God in ſo wonderful a Work. Theſe Duplicates in thoſe Parts of the Body, without which a Man might have very well ſubſiſted, tho' not ſo well as with them, are a plain Demonſtration of an all-wiſe Contriver; as thoſe more numerous Copyings, which are found among the Veſſels of the ſame Body, are evident Demonſtrations that they could not be this Work of Chance. This Argument receives additional Strength, if we apply it to every Animal and Inſect within our Knowledge, as well as to thoſe numberleſs living Creatures that are Objects too minute for a Human Eye: and if we conſider how the ſeveral Species in the whole World of Life reſemble one another in very many Particulars, ſo far as is convenient for their reſpective States of Exiſtence; it is much more probable that an hundred Million of Dice ſhould be caſually thrown a hundred Million of Times in the ſame number, than that the Body of any ſingle Animal ſhould be produced by the fortuitous Concourſe of Matter. And that the like Chance ſhould ariſe in innumerable Inſtances, requires

quires a degree of Credulity that is not under the direction of Common Senſe. We may carry this Conſideration yet further, if we reflect on the two Sexes in every living Species, with their Reſemblances to each other, and thoſe particular Diſtinctions that were neceſſary for the keeping up of this great World of Life.

THERE are many more Demonſtrations of a Supreme Being, and of his tranſcendent Wiſdom, Power and Goodneſs in the Formation of the Body of a living Creature, for which I refer my Reader to other Writings, particularly to the Sixth Book of the Poem, entitled *Creation*, where the Anatomy of the human Body is deſcribed with great Perſpicuity and Elegance. I have been particular on the Thought which runs through this Speculation, becauſe I have not ſeen it enlarged upon by others. O

Nº 544. *Monday, November* 24.

Nunquam ita quiſquam bene ſubducta ratione ad vitam fuit
Quia res, Ætas uſus ſemper aliquid apportet novi
Aliquid moneat, ut illa, quæ te ſcire credas, neſcias
Et, quæ tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut repudies. Ter.

THERE are, I think, Sentiments in the following Letter from my Friend Captain SENTRY, which diſcover a rational and equal Frame of Mind, as well prepared for an advantageous as an unfortunate Change of Condition.

SIR, *Coverley-Hall, Nov.* 15. *Worceſterſhire.*

'I AM come to the Succeſſion of the Eſtate of my honoured Kinſman Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY; and 'I aſſure you I find it no eaſy Task to keep up the Figure 'of Maſter of the Fortune which was ſo handſomely enjoyed by that honeſt plain Man. I cannot (with reſpect to the great Obligations I have, be it ſpoken) reflect upon his Character, but I am confirmed in the 'Truth which I have, I think, heard ſpoken at the Club,

to wit, That a Man of a warm and well-diſpoſed Heart with a very ſmall Capacity, is highly ſuperior in human Society to him who with the greateſt Talents is cold and languid in his Affections. But, alas! why do I make a difficulty in ſpeaking of my worthy Anceſtor's Failings? His little Abſurdities and Incapacity for the Converſation of the Politeſt Men are dead with him, and his greater Qualities are even now uſeful to him. I know not whether by naming thoſe Diſabilities I do not enhance his Merit, ſince he has left behind him a Reputation in his Country which would be worth the pains of the wiſeſt Man's whole Life to arrive at. By the way I muſt obſerve to you, that many of your Readers have miſtook that Paſſage in your Writings, wherein Sir ROGER is reported to have enquired into the private Character of the young Woman at the Tavern. I know you mentioned that Circumſtance as an Inſtance of the Simplicity and Innocence of his Mind, which made him imagine it a very eaſy thing to reclaim one of thoſe Criminals, and not as an Inclination in him to be guilty with her. The leſs diſcerning of your Readers cannot enter into that Delicacy of Deſcription in the Character: But indeed my chief Buſineſs at this time is to repreſent to you my preſent State of Mind, and the Satisfactions I promiſe to my ſelf in the Poſſeſſion of my new Fortune. I have continued all Sir ROGER's Servants, except ſuch as it was a Relief to diſmiſs into little Beings within my Manor: Thoſe who are in a Liſt of the good Knight's own Hand to be taken care of by me, I have quartered upon ſuch as have taken new Leaſes of me, and added ſo many Advantages during the Lives of the Perſons ſo quartered, that it is the Intereſt of thoſe whom they are joined with, to cheriſh and befriend them upon all Occaſions. I find a conſiderable Sum of ready Money, which I am laying out among my Dependants at the common Intereſt, but with a deſign to lend it according to their Merit, rather than according to their Ability. I ſhall lay a Tax upon ſuch as I have highly obliged, to become Security to me for ſuch of their own poor Youth, whether Male or Female, as want Help towards getting into ſome

Being

'Being in the World. I hope I ſhall be able to manage my 'Affairs ſo, as to improve my Fortune every year, by do-'ing Acts of Kindneſs. I will lend my Money to the Uſe 'of none but indigent Men, ſecured by ſuch as have ceaſed 'to be indigent by the Favour of my Family or my ſelf. 'What makes this the more practicable, is, that if they 'will do any one Good with my Money, they are wel-'come to it upon their own Security: And I make no 'Exception againſt it, becauſe the Perſons who enter into 'the Obligations, do it for their own Family. I have laid 'out four thouſand Pounds this way, and it is not to be 'imagined what a Croud of People are obliged by it. In 'Caſes where Sir ROGER has recommended, I have lent 'Money to put out Children, with a Clauſe which makes 'void the Obligation, in caſe the Infant dies before he is 'out of his Apprenticeſhip; by which means the Kindred 'and Maſters are extremely careful of breeding him to In-'duſtry, that he may repay it himſelf by his Labour, in 'three Yeats Journeywork after his Time is out, for the 'Uſe of his Securities. Opportunities of this kind are all 'that have occurred ſince I came to my Eſtate; but I aſ-'ſure you I will preſerve a conſtant Diſpoſition to catch 'at all the Occaſions I can to promote the Good and 'Happineſs of my Neighbourhood.

'BUT give me leave to lay before you a little Eſta-'bliſhment which has grown out of my paſt Life, that, 'I doubt not, will adminiſter great Satisfaction to me in 'that part of it, whatever that is, which is to come.

'THERE is a Prejudice in favour of the Way of Life 'to which a Man has been educated, which I know not 'whether it would not be faulty to overcome: It is like a 'Partiality to the Intereſt of one's own Country before that 'of any other Nation. It is from one Habit of Thinking, 'grown upon me from my Youth ſpent in Arms, that 'I have ever held Gentlemen, who have preſerved Mo-'deſty, Good-nature, Juſtice, and Humanity in a Soldier's 'Life, to be the moſt valuable and worthy Perſons of the 'human Race. To paſs through imminent Dangers, ſuf-'fer painful Watchings, frightful Alarms, and laborious 'Marches for the greater part of a Man's Time, and paſs the

'reſt

'rest in a Sobriety conformable to the Rules of the most 'virtuous civil Life, is a Merit too great to deserve the 'Treatment it usually meets with among the other Part 'of the World. But I assure you, Sir, were there not very 'many who have this Worth, we could never have seen 'the glorious Events which we have in our Days. I need 'not say more to illustrate the Character of a Soldier, than 'to tell you he is the very contrary to him you observe 'loud, saucy, and over-bearing in a red Coat about Town. 'But I was going to tell you, that in Honour of the Pro-'fession of Arms, I have set apart a certain Sum of Mo-'ney for a Table for such Gentlemen as have served their 'Country in the Army, and will please from time to time 'to sojourn all, or any part of the Year, at *Coverley*. 'Such of them as will do me that Honour, shall find Hor-'ses, Servants, and all things necessary for their Accom-'modation, and Enjoyment of all the Conveniencies of Life 'in a pleasant various Country. If Colonel *Camperfelt* be 'in Town, and his Abilities are not employ'd another 'way in the Service, there is no Man would be more 'welcome here. That Gentleman's thorough Knowledge 'in his Profession, together with the Simplicity of his 'Manners, and Goodness of his Heart, would induce o-'thers like him to honour my Abode; and I should be 'glad my Acquaintance would take themselves to be invi-'ted or not, as their Characters have an Affinity to his.

'I would have all my Friends know, that they need 'not fear (though I am become a Country Gentleman) I 'will trespass against their Temperance and Sobriety. 'No, Sir, I shall retain so much of the good Sentiments 'for the Conduct of Life, which we cultivated in each 'other at our Club, as to contemn all inordinate Plea-'sures: But particularly remember, with our beloved 'Tully, that the Delight in Food consists in Desire, not 'Satiety. They who most passionately pursue Pleasure, 'seldomest arrive at it. Now I am writing to a Philoso-'pher, I cannot forbear mentioning the Satisfaction I 'took in the Passage I read Yesterday in the same *Tully*. 'A Nobleman of *Athens* made a Compliment to *Plato* 'the Morning after he had supped at his House, *Your En-*

'*tertainments*

tertainments do not only please when you give them, but also the day after.

I am, my worthy Friend,
Your most Obedient Humble Servant.

T WILLIAM SENTRY.

N° 545. *Tuesday, November 25.*

Quin potius Pacem Æternam pactosque Hymenæos
Exercemus — Virg.

I CANNOT but think the following Letter from the Emperor of *China* to the Pope of *Rome*, proposing a Coalition of the *Chinese* and *Roman* Churches, will be acceptable to the Curious. I must confess I my self being of opinion that the Emperor has as much Authority to be Interpreter to him he pretends to expound, as the Pope has to be Vicar to the Sacred Person he takes upon him to represent, I was not a little pleased with their Treaty of Alliance. What Progress the Negotiation between his Majesty of *Rome*, and his Holiness of *China* makes (as we daily Writers say upon Subjects where we are at a loss) Time will let us know. In the mean time, since they agree in the Fundamentals of Power and Authority, and differ only in Matters of Faith, we may expect the Matter will go on without Difficulty.

Copia di Littera del Re della China al Papa, interpretata dal Padre Segretario dell' India della Compagna di Giesu.

A Voi Benedetto sopra i benedetti PP. ed interpretatore grande de Pontifici e Pastore Xmo dispensatore dell' oglio de i Re d'Europe Clemente XI.

'IL Favorito amico di Dio Gionata 7° Potentissimo sopra tutti i potentissimi della terra, Altissmo sopra tutti gl' Altissmi sotto il sole e la luna, che sude nella pede di smeraldo della China sopra cento scalini d'oro, ad interpretare

' pretare la lingua di Dio a tutti i discendenti fedeli d' Abra-
' mo, che da la vita e la morte a cento quindici regni, ed
' a cento settante Isole, scrive con la penna dello Struzzo
' vergine, e manda salute ed accresimento di vecchiezza.

' ESSENDO arrivato il tempo in cui il fiore della
' reale nostro gioventu deve maturare i Frutti della nostra
' vecchuezza, e confortare con quell' i desiderii de i popu-
' li nostri divoti, e propogare il seme di quella pianta che
' deve proteggerli, habbiamo Stabilito d'accompagnarci
' con una virgine eccelsa ed amorosa allattata alla mam-
' mella della leonessa forte e dell' Agnella mansueta. Per-
' cio essendo ci stato figurato sempre il vostro populo Eu-
' ropeo Romano per paese di donne invitre, i forte, e
' chaste; allongiamo la nostra mano potente, a stringere
' una di loro, e questa sara una vostra nipote, o nipote di
' qualche altrograri Sacerdote Latino, che si a guardata dall'
' occhio dritto di Dio, sara seminata in lei l' Autorita di
' Sarra, la Fedelta d'Esther, e la sapienza di Abba; la vo-
' gliamo con l' occhio che guarda il ciælo, e la terra e
' con la bocca della Conchiglia che si pasce della ruggiada
' del matino: La sua eta non passi ducento corsi della
' Luna, la sua statura sia alta quanto la spicca dritta del
' grano verde, e la sua grossezza quanto un manipolo di
' grano secco. Noi la mandaremmo a vestire per li nostri
' mandatici Ambasciadori, e chi la conduranno a noi, e
' noi incontraremmo alla riva del fiume grande facendola
' salire sue nostro cocchio. Ella potra adorare appresso di
' noi il suo Dio, con venti quatro altre a sua ellezzione, e
' potra cantare con loro come la Tortora alla Primavera.

' SODISFANDO noi Padre e amico nostro questa
' nostra brama, sarete caggione di unire in perpetua ami-
' cita coteSti vostri Regni d'Europa al nostro dominante
' Imperio, e si abbracciranno le nostri leggi come l'edera
' abbraccia la pianta, e noi medesemi Spargeremo del no-
' stro seme reale in coreste Provincei, riscaldando i letti di
' vostri Principi con il fuoco amoroso delle nostre Amazo
' ni, d'alcune delle quali i nostri mandatici Ambasciadori
' vi porteranno le Somiglianza dipinte. V. Confirmiamo
' di tenere in pace le due buone religiose famiglie delli Mis-
' sionarii gli' Figlioli' d'Ignazio, e li bianchi e neri figlioli

' di

'di Dominico il cui consiglio degl' unie degl' altri ci serve 'di scorta nel nostro regimento e di lume ad interpretare 'le divine Legge come appuncto fa lume l'oglio che si 'getta in Mare. In tanto Alzandoci dal nostro Trono 'per Abbracciarvi, vi di chiariamo nostro conguinto e 'Confederato, ed ordiniamo che questo foglio sia segnato 'col nostro Segno Imperiale dalla nostra Citta, Capo del 'Mondo, il quinto giorno della terza lunatione l'anno 'quarto del nostro Imperio.

'SIGILLO e un sole nelle cui faccia e anche quella 'della Luna ed intorno tra i Raggi vi sono trapoſte alcu-'ne Spada.

'DICO il Traduttore che secondo il Ceremonial di 'questo Lettere e recedentissimo specialmente Fessere scrit-'to con la penna dello Struzzo virgine con la quelle non 'soglioſi scrivere quei Re che le pregiere a Dio e scrivendo 'a qualche altro Principe del Mondo, la maggior Finezza 'che usino, e scrivergli con la penna del Favone.

A Letter from the Emperor of *China* to the Pope, interpreted by a Father Jesuit, Secretary of the *Indies*.

To you bleſſed above the Bleſſed, great Emperor of Biſhops, and Paſtor of Chriſtians, Diſpenſer of the Oil of the Kings of Europe, Clement XI.

'THE Favourite Friend of GOD *Gionnata* the VIIth, 'moſt Powerful above the moſt Powerful of the 'Earth, Higheſt above the Higheſt under the Sun and 'Moon, who ſits on a Throne of Emerald of *China*, a-'bove 100 Steps of Gold, to interpret the Language of 'God to the Faithful, and who gives Life and Death to '115 Kingdoms, and 170 Iſlands; he writes with the 'Quill of a Virgin *Oſtrich*, and ſends Health and Increaſe 'of old Age.

'BEING arrived at the time of our Age, in which 'the Flower of our Royal Youth ought to ripen into Fruit 'towards old Age, to comfort therewith the Deſire of 'our devoted People, and to propagate the Seed of that 'Plant which muſt protect them; We have determined

'to

'to accompany our ſelves with an high Amorous Virgin, 'ſuckled at the Breaſt of a wild Lioneſs, and a meek Lamb; 'and imagining with our ſelves that your *European Ro-* 'man People is the Father of many unconquerable and 'chaſte Ladies. We ſtretch out our powerful Arm to 'embrace one of them, and ſhe ſhall be one of your 'Neices, or the Neice of ſome other great *Latin* Prieſt, 'the Darling of God's Right Eye. Let the Authority of '*Sarah* be ſown in her, the Fidelity of *Eſther*, and the 'Wiſdom of *Abba*. We would have her Eye like that of 'a *Dove*, which may look upon Heaven and Earth, with 'the Mouth of a Shell-Fiſh to feed upon the Dew of the 'Morning; Her Age muſt not exceed 200 Courſes of the 'Moon; let her Stature be equal to that of an Ear of 'green Corn, and her Girth a Handful.

'WE will ſend our *Mandarine*'s Embaſſadors to clothe 'her, and to conduct her to us, and we will meet her on 'the Bank of the great River, making her to leap up in- 'to our Chariot. She may with us worſhip her own God; 'together with twenty four Virgins of her own chuſing; 'and ſhe may ſing with them, as the *Turtle* in the Spring. 'You, O Father and Friend, complying with this our De- 'ſire, may be an Occaſion of uniting in perpetual Friend- 'ſhip our high Empire with your *European* Kingdoms, 'and we may embrace your Laws, as the *Ivy* embraces 'the Tree; and we our ſelves may ſcatter our Royal 'Blood into your Provinces, warming the chief of your 'Princes with the amorous Fire of our *Amazons*, the re- 'ſembling Pictures of ſome of which our ſaid *Manda-* 'rine's Embaſſadors ſhall convey to you.

'WE exhort you to keep in Peace two good Religious 'Families of *Miſſionaries*, the black Sons of *Ignatius*, and 'the white and black Sons of *Dominicus*; that the Coun- 'ſel, both of the one and the other, may ſerve as a 'Guide to us in our Government, and a Light to inter- 'pret the Divine Law, as the Oil caſt into the Sea pro- 'duces Light.

'TO conclude, we riſing up in our Throne to em- 'brace you, we declare you our Ally and Confederate; 'and have ordered this Leaf to be ſealed with our Impe-

rial

'rial Signet, in our Royal City the Head of the World, 'the 8th Day of the third Lunation, and the 4th Year of 'our Reign.

LETTERS from *Rome* ſay, the whole Converſation both among Gentlemen and Ladies has turned upon the Subject of this Epiſtle, ever ſince it arrived. The Jeſuit who tranſlated it ſays, it loſes much of the Majeſty of the Original in the *Italian*. It ſeems there was an Offer of the ſame nature made by a Predeceſſor of the preſent Emperor to *Lewis* the XIIIth of *France*, but no Lady of that Court would take the Voyage, that Sex not being at that time ſo much uſed in politick Negotiations. The manner of treating the Pope is, is according to the *Chineſe* Ceremonial, very reſpectful: For the Emperor writes to him with the Quill of a Virgin *Oſtrich*, which was never uſed before but in writing Prayers. Inſtructions are preparing for the Lady who ſhall have ſo much Zeal as to undertake this Pilgrimage, and be an Empreſs for the ſake of her Religion. The Principal of the *Indian* Miſſionaries has given in a Liſt of the reigning Sins in *China*, in order to prepare the Indulgences neceſſary to this Lady and her Retinue, in advancing the Intereſts of the *Roman Catholick Religion* in thoſe Kingdoms.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

May it pleaſe your Honour,

'I HAVE of late ſeen *French* Hats, of a prodigious 'Magnitude, paſs by my Obſervatory.

T *John Sly.*

Nº 546. *Wedneſday, November 26.*

Omnia patefacienda ut ne quid omnino quod venditor norit, emptor ignoret. Tull.

IT gives me very great Scandal to obſerve, where-ever I go, how much Skill, in buying all manner of Goods, there is neceſſary to defend your ſelf from being cheated in whatever you ſee expoſed to ſale. My reading makes ſuch

such a strong impression upon me, that I should think my self a Cheat in my way, if I should translate any thing from another Tongue, and not acknowledge it to my Readers. I understood from common Report, that Mr. *Cibber* was introducing a *French* Play upon our Stage, and thought my self concerned to let the Town know what was his, and what was foreign. When I came to the Rehearsal, I found the House so partial to one of their own Fraternity, that they gave every thing which was said such Grace, Emphasis, and Force, in their Action, that it was no easy matter to make any Judgment of the Performance. Mrs, *Oldfield*, who it seems, is the Heroick Daughter, had so just a Conception of her part, that her Action made what she spoke appear decent, just, and noble. The Passions of Terrour and Compassion, they made me believe were very artfully rais'd, and the whole Conduct of the Play artful and surprizing. We Authors do not much relish the Endeavours of Players in this kind; but have the same Disdain as Physicians and Lawyers have when Attorneys and Apothecaries give Advice. *Cibber* himself took the liberty to tell me, that he expected I would do him justice, and allow the Play well-prepared for his Spectators, whatever it was for his Readers. He added very many Particulars not uncurious concerning the manner of taking an Audience, and laying wait not only for their superficial Applause, but also for insinuating into their Affections and Passions, by the artful Management of the Look, Voice, and Gesture of the Speaker. I could not but consent that the Heroick Daughter appeared in the Rehearsal a moving Entertainment wrought out of a great and exemplary Virtue.

THE Advantages of Action, Show and Dress on these occasions are allowable, because the Merit consists in being capable of imposing upon us to our Advantage and Entertainment. All that I was going to say about the Honesty of an Author in the sale of his Ware, was that he ought to own all that he had borrowed from others, and lay in a clear light all that he gives his Spectators for their Mony, with an account of the first Manufactures. But I intended to give the Lecture of this Day upon the common and prostituted Behaviour of Traders in ordinary Commerce.

merce. The Philoſopher made it a Rule of Trade, that your Profit ought to be the common Profit; and it is unjuſt to make any ſtep towards Gain, wherein the Gain of even thoſe to whom you ſell is not alſo conſulted. A Man may deceive himſelf if he thinks fit, but he is no better than a Cheat who ſells any thing without telling the Exceptions againſt it, as well as what is to be ſaid to its Advantage. The ſcandalous Abuſe of Language and hardening of Conſcience, which may be obſerved every day in going from one Place to another, is what makes a whole City to an unprejudiced Eye a Den of Thieves. It was no ſmall pleaſure to me for this reaſon to remark, as I paſſed by *Cornhill*, that the Shop of that worthy, honeſt, tho' lately unfortunate, Citizen, Mr. *John Moreton*, ſo well known in the Linnen Trade, is fitting up a-new. Since a Man has been in a diſtreſſed Condition, it ought to be a great Satisfaction to have paſſed thro' it in ſuch a manner as not to have loſt the Friendſhip of thoſe who ſuffered with him, but to receive an honourable Acknowledgment of his Honeſty from thoſe very Perſons to whom the Law had conſigned his Eſtate.

THE Misfortune of this Citizen is like to prove of a very general advantage to thoſe who ſhall deal with him hereafter: For the Stock with which he now ſets up being the Loan of his Friends, he cannot expoſe that to the Hazards of giving credit, but enters into a Ready-Mony Trade, by which means he will both buy and ſell the beſt and cheapeſt. He impoſes upon himſelf a Rule of affixing the Value of each Piece he ſells to the Piece it ſelf; ſo that the moſt ignorant Servant or Child will be as good a Buyer at his Shop as the moſt skilful in the Trade. For all which, you have all his Hopes and Fortune for your ſecurity. To encourage Dealing after this way, there is not only the avoiding the moſt infamous Guilt in ordinary Bartering; but this Obſervation, That he who buys with ready Mony ſaves as much to his Family, as the State exacts out of his Land for the Security and Service of his Country; that is to ſay, in plain *Engliſh*, ſixteen will do as much as twenty Shillings.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'MY Heart is ſo ſwelled with grateful Sentiments on 'account of ſome Favours which I have lately re-'ceived, that I muſt beg leave to give them utterance a-'mongſt the Crowd of other anonymous Correſpondents; 'and writing, I hope, will be as great a Relief to my 'forced Silence, as it is to your natural Taciturnity—— 'My generous Benefactor will not ſuffer me to ſpeak to 'him in any Terms of Acknowledgment, but ever treats 'me as if he had the greateſt Obligations, and uſes me 'with a Diſtinction that is not to be expected from one 'ſo much my Superiour in Fortune, Years, and Under-'ſtanding. He inſinuates, as if I had a certain Right to 'his Favours from ſome Merit, which his particular In-'dulgence to me has diſcover'd; but that is only a beauti-'ful Artifice to leſſen the Pain an honeſt Mind feels in re-'ceiving Obligations, when there is no probability of re-'turning them.

'A GIFT is doubled when accompany'd with ſuch a 'Delicacy of Addreſs; but what to me gives it an inex-'preſſible Value, is its coming from the Man I moſt e-'ſteem in the World. It pleaſes me indeed, as it is an 'Advantage and Addition to my Fortune; but when I 'conſider it is an Inſtance of that good Man's Friendſhip, 'it overjoys, it tranſports me; I look on it with a Lover's 'Eye, and no longer regard the Gift, but the Hand that 'gave it. For my Friendſhip is ſo entirely void of any 'gainful Views, that it often gives me Pain to think it 'ſhould have been chargeable to him; and I cannot at 'ſome melancholy Hours help doing his Generoſity the 'Injury of fearing it ſhould cool on this account, and that 'the laſt Favour might be a ſort of Legacy of a depart-'ing Friendſhip.

'I CONFESS theſe Fears ſeem very groundleſs and 'unjuſt, but you muſt forgive them to the Apprehenſion 'of one poſſeſſed of a great Treaſure, who is frighted at 'the moſt diſtant Shadow of Danger.

'SINCE I have thus far open'd my Heart to you, I 'will not conceal the ſecret Satisfaction I feel there of

'knowing

'knowing the Goodneſs of my Friend will not be unre-
'rewarded. I am pleaſed with thinking the Providence of
'the Almighty hath ſufficient Bleſſings in ſtore for him,
'and will certainly diſcharge the Debt, tho' I am not made
'the happy Inſtrument of doing it.

'HOWEVER, nothing in my power ſhall be want-
'ing to ſhew my Gratitude; I will make it the Buſineſs
'of my Life to thank him, and ſhall eſteem (next to him)
'thoſe my beſt Friends, who give me the greateſt Aſſi-
'ſtance in this good Work. Printing this Letter would
'be ſome little Inſtance of my Gratitude; and your Fa-
'vour herein will very much oblige

Nov. 24. *Your moſt humble Servant*, &c.

T W. C.

N° 547. *Thurſday, November* 27.

Si vulnus tibi monſtratâ radice vel herbâ
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ
Proficiente nihil curarier ——— Hor.

IT is very difficult to praiſe a Man without putting him out of countenance. My following Correſpondent has found out this uncommon Art, and, together with his Friends, has celebrated ſome of my Speculations after ſuch a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my Readers think I am to blame in publiſhing my own Commendations, they will allow I ſhould have deſerved their Cenſure as much, had I ſuppreſſed the Humour in which they are convey'd to me.

SIR,

'I AM often in a private Aſſembly of Wits of both
'Sexes, where we generally deſcant upon your Specu-
'lations, or upon the Subjects on which you have treated.
'We were laſt *Tueſday* talking of thoſe two Volumes
'which you have lately publiſhed. Some were commend-
'ing

'ing one of your Papers, and ſome another; and there 'was ſcarce a ſingle Perſon in the Company that had not 'a favourite Speculation. Upon this a Man of Wit and 'Learning told us, he thought it would not be amiſs if we 'paid the *Spectator* the ſame Compliment that is often 'made in our publick Prints to Sir *William Read*, Dr. '*Grant*, Mr. *Moor* the Apothecary, and other eminent Phy-'ſicians, where it is uſual for the Patients to publiſh the 'Cures which have been made upon them, and the ſeve-'ral Diſtempers under which they laboured. The Propo-'ſal took, and the Lady where we viſited having the two 'laſt Volumes in large Paper interleav'd for her own pri-'vate uſe, ordered them to be brought down, and laid in 'the Window, whether every one in the Company retir'd, 'and writ down a particular Advertiſement in the Stile and 'Phraſe of the like ingenious Compoſitions which we fre-'quently meet with at the end of our News-Papers. 'When we had finiſh'd our Work, we read them with a 'great deal of Mirth at the Fire-ſide, and agreed, *Nemine 'contradicente*, to get them tranſcrib'd, and ſent to the '*Spectator*. The Gentleman who made the Propoſal enter'd 'the following Advertiſement before the Title-Page, after 'which the reſt ſucceeded in order.

'*REMEDIUM efficax & univerſum*; or, An effectual 'Remedy adapted to all Capacities; ſhewing how any 'Perſon may cure himſelf of Ill-Nature, Pride, Party-'Spleen, or any other Diſtemper incident to the human 'Syſtem, with an eaſy way to know when the Infection 'is upon him. This Panacea is as innocent as Bread, agree-'able to the Taſte, and requires no Confinement. It has 'not its Equal in the Univerſe, as abundance of the Nobi-'lity and Gentry throughout the Kingdom have experienced. *N. B.* 'No Family ought to be without it.

Over the two Spectators *on Jealouſy, being the two firſt in the third Volume.*

'I *WILLIAM CRAZY*, aged threeſcore and ſeven, having been for ſeveral years afflicted with uneaſy Doubts, Fears

'Fears and Vapours, occaſion'd by the Youth and Beauty 'of *Mary* my Wife, aged twenty five, do hereby for the 'benefit of the Publick give notice, that I have found 'great Relief from the two following Doſes, having taken 'them two Mornings together with a Diſh of Chocolate. 'Witneſs my Hand, *&c.*

For the Benefit of the Poor.

'IN charity to ſuch as are troubled with the Diſeaſe 'of Levee-Hunting, and are forced to ſeek their Bread 'every Morning at the Chamber-Doors of great Men, I '*A. B.* do teſtify, that for many years paſt I laboured un-'der this faſhionable Diſtemper, but was cured of it by a 'Remedy which I bought of Mrs. *Baldwin*, contain'd in a 'Half-Sheet of Paper, marked N° 193. where any one may 'be provided with the ſame Remedy at the price of a ſin-'gle Penny.

'AN infallible Cure for *Hypocondriack Melancholy*. 'N° 173. 184. 191. 203. 209. 221. 233. 235. 239. '245. 247. 251.

Probatum eſt. *Charles Eaſy.*

'I *CHRISTOPHER QUERY* having been trou-'bled with a certain Diſtemper in my Tongue, which 'ſhewed it ſelf in impertinent and ſuperfluous interrogato-'ries, have not asked one unneceſſary Queſtion ſince my 'peruſal of the Preſcription marked N° 228.

'THE *Britannick Beautifyer*, being an Eſſay on Mo-'deſty, N° 231. which gives ſuch a delightful bluſhing 'Colour to the Cheeks of thoſe that are white or pale, that 'it is not to be diſtinguiſhed from a natural fine Comple-'xion, nor perceived to be artificial by the neareſt Friend: 'Is nothing of Paint, or in the leaſt hurtful. It renders 'the Face delightfully handſom; is not ſubject to be rub-'bed off, and cannot be parallelled by either Waſh, Powder, 'Coſmetick, *&c.* It is certainly the beſt Beautifier in the 'World. *Martha Gloworm.*

'I

'I *SAMUEL SELF*, of the Parish of St. *James's*, 'having a Constitution which naturally abounds with A-'cids, made use of a Paper of Directions marked N° 177. 'recommending a healthful Exercise called *Good-Nature*, 'and have found it a most excellent Sweetner of the Blood.

'WHEREAS I, *Elizabeth Rainbow*, was troubled 'with that Distemper in my Head, which about a year 'ago was pretty Epidemical among the Ladies, and dis-'cover'd it self in the Colour of their Hoods, having made 'use of the Doctor's Cephalick Tincture, which he exhi-'bited to the Publick in one of his last Year's Papers, I 'recover'd in a very few days.

'I *GEORGE GLOOM* have for a long time been 'troubled with the Spleen, and being advis'd by my Friends 'to put my self into a course of *Steele*, did for that end 'make use of Remedies convey'd to me several Mornings 'in short Letters, from the Hands of the invisible Doctor. 'They were marked at the bottom *Nathaniel Henroost*, '*Alice Threadneedle*, *Rebecca Nettletop*, *Tom Loveless*, '*Mary Meanwell*, *Thomas Smoaky*, *Anthony Freeman*, *Tom* '*Meggot*, *Rustick Sprightly*, &c. which have had so good 'an effect upon me, that I now find my self chearful, light-'som and easy; and therefore do recommend them to all 'such as labour under the same Distemper.

NOT having room to insert all the Advertisements which were sent me, I have only picked out some few from the third Volume, reserving the fourth for another Opportunity. O

Friday,

N° 548. *Friday, November* 28.

——Vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur, optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur—— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Nov.* 27, 1712.

I HAVE read this Day's Paper with a great deal of Pleaſure, and could ſend you an Account of ſeveral Elixirs and Antidotes in your third Volume, which your Correſpondents have not taken notice of in their Advertiſements; and at the ſame time muſt own to you, that I have ſeldom ſeen a Shop furniſhed with ſuch a Variety of Medicaments, and in which there are fewer Soporifics. The ſeveral Vehicles you have invented for conveying your unacceptable Truths to us, are what I moſt particularly admire, as I am afraid they are Secrets which will die with you. I do not find that any of your Critical Eſſays are taken notice of in this Paper, notwithſtanding I look upon them to be excellent Cleanſers of the Brain, and could venture to ſuperſcribe them with an Advertiſement which I have lately ſeen in one of our News-Papers, wherein there is an Account given of a Sovereign Remedy for reſtoring the Taſte to all ſuch Perſons whoſe Palates have been vitiated by Diſtempers, unwholſome Food, or any the like Occaſions. But to let fall the Alluſion, notwithſtanding your Criticiſms, and particularly the Candour which you have diſcovered in them, are not the leaſt taking Part of your Works, I find your Opinion concerning *Poetical Juſtice*, as it is expreſſed in the firſt Part of your Fortieth *Spectator*, is controverted by ſome eminent Criticks; and as you now ſeem, to our great Grief of Heart, to be winding up your Bottoms, I hoped you would have enlarged a little upon that Subject. It is indeed but a ſingle Paragraph in your Works, and I believe thoſe who have read it with the ſame Attention I have done, will think there is nothing to be objected againſt it. I have however drawn

up ſome additional Arguments to ſtrengthen the Opinion which you have there delivered, having endeavoured to go to the bottom of that matter, which you may either publiſh or ſuppreſs as you think fit.

'*HORACE* in my Motto ſays, that all Men are vi-
' cious, and that they differ from one another, only as
' they are more or leſs ſo. *Boileau* has given the ſame
' Account of our Wiſdom, as *Horace* has of our Virtue.

Tous les hommes ſont fous, &, malgré tous leurs ſoins,
Ne different entre eux, que du plus & du moins.

All Men, ſays he, are Fools, and in ſpite of their Endeavours to the contrary, differ from one another only as they are more or leſs ſo.

'TWO or three of the old *Greek* Poets have given
' the ſame turn to a Sentence which deſcribes the Hap-
' pineſs of Man in this Life;

Τὸ ζῆν ἀλύπως, ἀνδρός ἐστι εὐτυχοῦς.

That Man is moſt happy who is the leaſt miſerable, 'It
' will not perhaps be unentertaining to the Polite Reader
' to obſerve how theſe three beautiful Sentences are form-
' ed upon different Subjects by the ſame way of thinking;
' but I ſhall return to the firſt of them.

'OUR Goodneſs being of a comparative, and not an
' abſolute nature, there is none who in ſtrictneſs can be
' called a Virtuous Man. Every one has in him a natural
' Alloy, tho' one may be fuller of Droſs than another: For
' this reaſon I cannot think it right to introduce a per-
' fect or a faultleſs Man upon the Stage; not only becauſe
' ſuch a Character is improper to move Compaſſion, but
' becauſe there is no ſuch thing in Nature. This might
' probably be one Reaſon why the SPECTATOR in
' one of his Papers took notice of that late invented Term
' called *Poetical Juſtice*, and the wrong Notions into
' which it has led ſome Tragick Writers. The moſt per-
' fect Man has Vices enough to draw down Puniſhments
' upon his Head, and to juſtify Providence in regard to

'any Miſeries that may befal him. For this reaſon I 'cannot think, but that the Inſtruction and Moral are 'much finer, where a Man who is virtuous in the main 'of his Character falls into Diſtreſs, and ſinks under the 'Blows of Fortune at the end of a Tragedy, than when 'he is repreſented as Happy and Triumphant. Such an 'Example corrects the Inſolence of Human Nature, ſof-'tens the Minds of the Beholder with Sentiments of Pity 'and Compaſſion, comforts him under his own private 'Affliction, and teaches him not to judge Mens Vir-'tues by their Succeſſes. I cannot think of one real Hero 'in all Antiquity ſo far raiſed above Human Infirmities, 'that he might not be very naturally repreſented in a 'Tragedy as plunged in Misfortunes and Calamities. The 'Poet may ſtill find out ſome prevailing Paſſion or In-'diſcretion in his Character, and ſhew it in ſuch a man-'ner, as will ſufficiently acquit the Gods of any Injuſtice 'in his Sufferings. For as *Horace* obſerves in my Text, 'the beſt Man is faulty, tho' not in ſo great a degree as 'thoſe whom we generally call vicious Men.

'IF ſuch a ſtrict Poetical Juſtice, as ſome Gentlemen 'inſiſt upon, was to be obſerved in this Art, there is 'no manner of reaſon why it ſhould not extend to He-'roick Poetry, as well as Tragedy. But we find it ſo lit-'tle obſerved in *Homer*, that his *Achilles* is placed in the 'greateſt point of Glory and Succeſs, though his Chara-'cter is morally vicious, and only poetically good, if I 'may uſe the Phraſe of our modern Criticks. The *Æneid* 'is filled with innocent, unhappy Perſons. *Niſus* and 'Eurialus, *Lauſus* and *Pallas* come all to unfortunate 'ends. The Poet takes notice in particular, that in the 'Sacking of *Troy*, *Ripheus* fell, who was the moſt juſt Man 'among the *Trojans*.

——Cadit & Ripheus juſtiſſimus unus,
Qui fuit in Teucris & ſervantiſſimus Æqui:
Dijs aliter viſum eſt——

'And that *Pantheus* could neither be preſerved by his 'tranſcendent Piety, nor by the holy Fillets of *Apollo*, 'whoſe Prieſt he was.

——*nec Te tua plurima Pantheu*
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit. Æn. l. 2.

'I might here mention the Practice of the ancient Tragick 'Poets, both *Greek* and *Latin*; but as this particular is 'touched upon in the Paper above-mentioned, I ſhall paſs 'it over in ſilence. I could produce Paſſages out of '*Ariſtotle* in favour of my Opinion, and if in one place 'he ſays that an abſolutely virtuous Man ſhould not be 'repreſented as unhappy, this does not juſtify any one 'who ſhall think fit to bring in an abſolutely virtuous Man 'upon the Stage. Thoſe who are acquainted with that 'Author's way of writing, know very well, that to take 'the whole Extent of his Subject into his Diviſions of it, 'he often makes uſe of ſuch Caſes as are imaginary, and 'not reducible to practice: He himſelf declares that ſuch 'Tragedies as ended unhappily bore away the Prize in 'Theatrical Contentions, from thoſe which ended happily; 'and for the Fortieth Speculation, which I am now con-'ſidering, as it has given Reaſons why theſe are more 'apt to pleaſe an Audience, ſo it only proves that theſe 'are generally preferable to the other, tho' at the ſame 'time it affirms that many excellent Tragedies have and 'may be written in both kinds.

'I SHALL conclude with obſerving, that though the '*Spectator* above-mentioned is ſo far againſt the Rule of 'Poetical Juſtice, as to affirm, that good Men may meet 'with an unhappy Cataſtrophe in Tragedy, it does not ſay 'that ill Men may go off unpuniſhed. The Reaſon for 'this Diſtinction is very plain, namely, becauſe the beſt of 'Men are vicious enough to juſtify Providence for any 'Misfortunes and Afflictions which may befal them, but 'there are many Men ſo criminal that they can have no 'Claim or Pretence to Happineſs. The beſt of Men may 'deſerve Puniſhment, but the worſt of Men cannot de-'ſerve Happineſs.

Saturday,

N° 549. *Saturday, November* 29.

Quamvis digreſſu veteris confuſus amici,
Laudo tamen ——— Juv.

I BELIEVE moſt People begin the World with a Reſolution to withdraw from it into a ſerious kind of Solitude or Retirement, when they have made themſelves eaſy in it. Our Unhappineſs is, that we find out ſome Excuſe or other for deferring ſuch our good Reſolutions till our intended Retreat is cut off by Death. But among all kinds of People there are none who are ſo hard to part with the World, as thoſe who are grown old in the heaping up of Riches. Their Minds are ſo warp'd with their conſtant Attention to Gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their Souls another Bent, and convert them towards thoſe Objects, which, though they are proper for every Stage of Life, are ſo more eſpecially for the laſt. *Horace* deſcribes an old Uſurer as ſo charm'd with the Pleaſures of a Country Life, that in order to make a Purchaſe he called in all his Money; but what was the event of it? Why in a very few days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this Series of Thought by a Diſcourſe which I had laſt Week with my worthy Friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Man of ſo much natural Eloquence, good Senſe, and Probity of Mind, that I always hear him with a particular Pleaſure. As we were ſitting together, being the ſole remaining Members of our Club, Sir ANDREW gave me an account of the many buſy Scenes of Life in which he had been engaged, and at the ſame time reckoned up to me abundance of thoſe lucky Hits, which at another time he would have called pieces of Good Fortune; but in the Temper of Mind he was then, he termed them Mercies, Favours of Providence, and Bleſſings upon an honeſt Induſtry. Now, ſays he, you muſt know, my good Friend, I am ſo uſed to conſider my ſelf as Creditor and Debtor, that I often ſtate my Accounts after the ſame manner

with regard to Heaven and my own Soul. In this caſe, when I look upon the Debtor-ſide, I find ſuch innumerable Articles, that I want Arithmetick to caſt them up; but when I look upon the Creditor-ſide, I find little more than blank Paper. Now tho' I am very well ſatisfied that it is not in my power to ballance Accounts with my Maker, I am reſolved however to turn all my future Endeavours that way. You muſt not therefore be ſurprized, my Friend, if you hear that I am betaking my ſelf to a more thoughtful kind of Life, and if I meet you no more in this place.

I COULD not but approve ſo good a Reſolution, notwithſtanding the Loſs I ſhall ſuffer by it. Sir ANDREW has ſince explained himſelf to me more at large in the following Letter, which is juſt come to my hands.

Good Mr. SPECTATOR,

'NOTWITHSTANDING my Friends at the Club have always rallied me, when I have talked of retiring from Buſineſs, and repeated to me one of my own Sayings, *That a Merchant has never enough till he has got a little more*; I can now inform you, that there is one in the World who thinks he has enough, and is determined to paſs the Remainder of his Life in the Enjoyment of what he has. You know me ſo well, that I need not tell you, I mean, by the Enjoyment of my Poſſeſſions, the making of them uſeful to the Publick. As the greateſt part of my Eſtate has been hitherto of an unſteddy and volatile nature, either toſt upon Seas or fluctuating in Funds; it is now fixed and ſettled in ſubſtantial Acres and Tenements. I have removed it from the Uncertainty of Stocks, Winds and Waves, and diſpoſed of it in a conſiderable Purchaſe. This will give me great Opportunity of being charitable in my way, that is, in ſetting my poor Neighbours to work, and giving them a comfortable Subſiſtence out of their own Induſtry. My Gardens, my Fiſh-ponds, my Arable and Paſture Grounds ſhall be my ſeveral Hoſpitals, or rather Work-houſes, in which I propoſe to maintain a great many indigent Perſons, who are now ſtarving in my Neigh-

'Neighbourhood. I have got a fine Spread of improve-
'able Lands, and in my own Thoughts am already plow-
'ing up ſome of them, fencing others; planting Woods,
'and draining Marſhes. In fine, as I have my ſhare in the
'Surface of this Iſland, I am reſolved to make it as beau-
'tiful a Spot as any in her Majeſty's Dominions; at leaſt
'there is not an Inch of it which ſhall not be cultivated
'to the beſt advantage, and do its utmoſt for its Owner.
'As in my Mercantile Employment I ſo diſpoſed of my
'Affairs, that from whatever Corner of the Compaſs the
'Wind blew, it was bringing home one or other of my
'Ships; I hope, as a Husbandman, to contrive it ſo, that
'not a Shower of Rain, or a Glimpſe of Sunſhine, ſhall
'fall upon my Eſtate without bettering ſome part of it, and
'contributing to the Products of the Seaſon. You know
'it has been hitherto my opinion of Life, that it is
'thrown away when it is not ſome way uſeful to others.
'But when I am riding out by my ſelf, in the freſh Air
'on the open Heath that lyes by my Houſe, I find ſeveral
'other Thoughts growing up in me. I am now of opi-
'nion, that a Man of my Age may find Buſineſs enough
'on himſelf, by ſetting his Mind in order, preparing it
'for another World, and reconciling it to the Thoughts of
'Death. I muſt therefore acquaint you, that beſides
'thoſe uſual Methods of Charity, of which I have before
'ſpoken, I am at this very inſtant finding out a conve-
'nient Place where I may build an Alms-houſe, which I
'intend to endow very handſomly, for a dozen ſuperan-
'nuated Husbandmen. It will be a great pleaſure to me
'to ſay my Prayers twice a-day with Men of my own
'Years, who all of them, as well as my ſelf, may have
'their Thoughts taken up how they ſhall die, rather than
'how they ſhall live. I remember an excellent Saying
'that I learned at School, *Finis coronat opus*. You know
'beſt whether it be in *Virgil* or in *Horace*, it is my buſi-
'neſs to apply it. If your Affairs will permit you to
'take the Country Air with me ſometimes, you ſhall find
'an Apartment fitted up for you, and ſhall be every
'day entertained with Beef or Mutton of my own feed-
'ing; Fiſh out of my own Ponds; and Fruit out of my

'own Gardens. You ſhall have free Egreſs and Regreſs 'about my Houſe, without having any Queſtions asked 'you, and in a word ſuch a hearty Welcome as you may 'expect from

Your moſt ſincere Friend

and humble Servant,

ANDREW FREEPORT.

THE Club, of which I am Member, being entirely diſperſed, I ſhall conſult my Reader next Week, upon a Project relating to the Inſtitution of a new one. O

N° 550. *Monday, December* 1.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor HIATU? Hor.

SINCE the late Diſſolution of the Club whereof I have often declared my ſelf a Member, there are very many Perſons who by Letters, Petitions, and Recommendations, put up for the next Election. At the ſame time I muſt complain, that ſeveral indirect and underhand Practices have been made uſe of upon this occaſion. A certain Country Gentleman begun to *tap* upon the firſt Information he received of Sir ROGER's Death; when he ſent me up word, that if I would get him choſen in the place of the Deceaſed, he would preſent me with a Barrel of the beſt *October* I had ever drank in my Life. The Ladies are in great pain to know whom I intend to elect in the Room of WILL. HONEYCOMB. Some of them indeed are of opinion that Mr. HONEYCOMB did not take ſufficient care of their Intereſts in the Club, and are therefore deſirous of having in it hereafter a Repreſentative of their own Sex. A Citizen who ſubſcribes himſelf Y. Z. tells me that

that he has one and twenty Shares in the *African* Company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in caſe he may ſucceed Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, which he thinks would raiſe the Credit of that Fund. I have ſeveral Letters, dated from *Jenny Man's*, by Gentlemen who are Candidates for Capt. SENTRY's Place, and as many from a Coffee-Houſe in *Paul's* Church-Yard of ſuch who would fill up the Vacancy occaſioned by the Death of my worthy Friend the Clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular Reſpect.

HAVING maturely weighed theſe ſeveral Particulars, with the many Remonſtrances that have been made to me on this Subject, and conſidering how invidious an Office I ſhall take upon me if I make the whole Election depend upon my ſingle Voice, and being unwilling to expoſe my ſelf to thoſe Clamours, which, on ſuch an occaſion, will not fail to be raiſed againſt me for Partiality, Injuſtice, Corruption, and other Qualities which my Nature abhors, I have formed to my ſelf the Project of a Club as follows.

I HAVE Thoughts of iſſuing out Writs to all and every of the Clubs that are eſtabliſhed in the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, requiring them to chuſe out of their reſpective Bodies a Perſon of the greateſt Merit, and to return his Name to me before *Lady-day*, at which time I intend to ſit upon Buſineſs.

BY this means I may have reaſon to hope, that the Club over which I ſhall preſide will be the very Flower and Quinteſcence of all other Clubs. I have communicated this my Project to none but a particular Friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his Happineſs in that kind of Wit which is commonly known by the Name of a Pun. The only Objection he makes to it is, that I ſhall raiſe up Enemies to my ſelf if I act with ſo regal an Air; and that my Detractors, inſtead of giving me the uſual Title of SPECTATOR, will be apt to call me the *King of Clubs*.

BUT to proceed on my intended Project: It is very well known that I at firſt ſet forth in this Work with the Character of a ſilent Man; and I think I have ſo well preſerved my Taciturnity, that I do not remember to have

violated it with three Sentences in the ſpace of almoſt two Years. As a Monoſyllable is my Delight, I have made very few Excurſions, in the Converſations which I have related, beyond a Yes or a No. By this means my Readers have loſt many good things which I have had in my Heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

NOW in order to diverſify my Character, and to ſhew the World how well I can talk if I have a mind, I have Thoughts of being very loquacious in the Club which I have now under Conſideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this Affair, I deſign, upon the firſt Meeting of the ſaid Club, to have *my Mouth opened* in form; intending to regulate my ſelf in this Particular by a certain Ritual which I have by me, that contains all the Ceremonies which are practiſed at the opening the Mouth of a Cardinal. I have likewiſe examined the Forms which were uſed of old by *Pythagoras*, when any of his Scholars, after an Apprenticeſhip of Silence, was made free of his Speech. In the mean time, as I have of late found my Name in foreign Gazettes upon leſs occaſions, I queſtion not but in their next Articles from *Great Britain*, they will inform the World that *the* SPECTATOR's *Mouth is to be opened on the twenty-fifth of* March *next*. I may perhaps publiſh a very uſeful Paper at that time of the Proceedings in that Solemnity, and of the Perſons who ſhall aſſiſt at it. But of this more hereafter. O

Tueſday,

Nº 551. *Tueſday, December* 2.

Sic Honor & Nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit. Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

WHEN Men of worthy and excelling Genius's have obliged the World with beautiful and inſtructive Writings, it is in the nature of Gratitude that Praiſe ſhould be returned them, as one proper conſequent Reward of their Performances. Nor has Mankind ever been ſo degenerately ſunk, but they have made this Return, and even when they have not been wrought up by the generous Endeavour ſo as to receive the Advantages deſigned by it. This Praiſe, which ariſes firſt in the Mouth of particular Perſons, ſpreads and laſts according to the Merit of Authors; and when it thus meets with a full Succeſs, changes its Denomination, and is called *Fame*. They who have happily arrived at this, are, even while they live, enflamed by the Acknowledgments of others, and ſpurred on to new Undertakings for the Benefit of Mankind, notwithſtanding the Detraction which ſome abject Tempers would caſt upon them: But when they deceaſe, their Characters being freed from the Shadow which *Envy* laid them under, begin to ſhine out with greater Splendor; their Spirits ſurvive in their Works; they are admitted into the higheſt Companies, and they continue pleaſing and inſtructing Poſterity from Age to Age. Some of the beſt gain a Character, by being able to ſhew that they are no Strangers to them; and others obtain a new Warmth to labour for the Happineſs and Eaſe of Mankind, from a Reflection upon thoſe Honours which are paid to their Memories.

THE Thought of this took me up as I turned over thoſe Epigrams which are the Remains of ſeveral of the *Wits* of *Greece*, and perceived many dedicated to the

Fame

Fame of thoſe who had excelled in beautiful poetick Performances. Wherefore, in purſuance to my Thought, I concluded to do ſomething along with them to bring their Praiſes into a new Light and Language, for the Encouragement of thoſe whoſe modeſt Tempers may be deterr'd by the Fear of Envy or Detraction from fair Attempts, to which their Parts might render them equal. You will perceive them as they follow to be conceived in the form of Epitaphs, a ſort of Writing which is wholly ſet apart for a ſhort-pointed Method of Praiſe.

On *Orpheus*, written by *Antipater*.

No longer, Orpheus, *ſhall thy ſacred Strains*
Lead Stones, and Trees, and Beaſts along the Plains;
No longer ſooth the boiſtrous Wind to ſleep,
Or ſtill the Billows of the raging Deep:
For thou art gone, the Muſes mourn'd thy Fall
In ſolemn Strains, thy Mother moſt of all.
Ye Mortals, idly for your Sons ye moan,
If thus a Gooddeſs could not ſave her own.

OBSERVE here, that if we take the Fable for granted, as it was believed to be in that Age when the Epigram was written, the Turn appears to have Piety to the Gods, and a reſigning Spirit in its Application. But if we conſider the Point with reſpect to our preſent Knowledge, it will be leſs eſteem'd; though the Author himſelf, becauſe he believed it, may ſtill be more valued than any one who ſhould now write with a Point of the ſame nature.

On *Homer*, by *Alpheus* of *Mytilene*.

Still in our Ears Andromache *complains,*
And ſtill in ſight the Fate of Troy *remains*;
Still Ajax *fights, ſtill* Hector's *dragg'd along,*
Such ſtrange Enchantment dwells in Homer's *Song*;
Whoſe Birth could more than one poor Realm adorn,
For all the World is proud that he was born.

THE

THE Thought in the firſt part of this is natural, and depending upon the Force of Poeſy: In the latter part it looks as if it would aim at the Hiſtory of ſeven Towns contending for the Honour of *Homer*'s Birth-place; but when you expect to meet with that common Story, the Poet ſlides by, and raiſes the whole *World* for a kind of *Arbiter*, which is to end the Contention amongſt its ſeveral Parts.

On *Anacreon*, by *Antipater*.

This Tomb be thine, Anacreon; *all around*
Let Ivy wreath, let Flourets deck the Ground,
And from its Earth, enrich'd with ſuch a Prize,
Let Wells of Milk and Streams of Wine ariſe:
So will thine Aſhes yet a Pleaſure know,
If any Pleaſure reach the Shades below.

THE Poet here written upon, is an eaſy gay Author, and he who writes upon him has filled his own Head with the Character of his Subject. He ſeems to love his Theme ſo much, that he thinks of nothing but pleaſing him as if he were ſtill alive, by entring into his Libertine Spirit; ſo that the Humour is eaſy and gay, reſembling *Anacreon* in its Air, raiſed by ſuch Images, and pointed with ſuch a Turn as he might have uſed. I give it a place here, becauſe the Author may have deſigned it for his Honour; and I take an opportunity from it to adviſe others, that when they would praiſe, they cautiouſly avoid every looſer Qualification, and fix only where there is a real Foundation in Merit.

On *Euripides*, by *Ion*.

Divine Euripides, *this Tomb we ſee*
So fair, is not a Monument for thee,
So much as thou for it, ſince all will own
Thy Name and laſting Praiſe adorns the Stone.

THE Thought here is fine, but its fault is, that it is general, that it may belong to any great Man, becauſe it points

points out no particular Character. It would be better, if when we light upon ſuch a Turn, we join it with ſomething that circumſcribes and bounds it to the Qualities of our Subject. He who gives his Praiſe in groſs, will often appear either to have been a Stranger to thoſe he writes upon, or not to have found any thing in them which is praiſe-worthy.

On *Sophocles*, by *Simonides*.

Winde, gentle Ever-green, to form a Shade
Around the Tomb where Sophocles *is laid*;
Sweet Ivy winde thy Boughs, and intertwine
With bluſhing Roſes and the cluſtring Vine:
Thus will thy laſting Leaves, with Beauties hung,
Prove grateful Emblems of the Lays he ſung;
Whoſe Soul, exalted like a God of Wit,
Among the Muſes *and the* Graces *writ.*

THIS Epigram I have opened more than any of the former: The Thought towards the latter End ſeemed cloſer couched, ſo as to require an Explication. I fancied the Poet aimed at the Picture which is generally made of *Apollo* and the *Muſes*, he ſitting with his Harp in the middle, and they around him. This looked beautiful to my Thought, and becauſe the Image aroſe before me out of the Words of the Original as I was reading it, I venture to explain them ſo.

On *Menander*, the Author unnamed.

The very Bees, O ſweet Menander, *hung*
To taſte the Muſes *Spring upon thy Tongue*;
The very Graces *made the Scenes you writ*
Their happy Point of fine Expreſſion hit.
Thus ſtill you live, you make your Athens *ſhine,*
And raiſe its Glory to the Skies in thine.

THIS Epigram has a reſpect to the Character of its Subject; for *Menander* writ remarkably with a Juſtneſs and Purity of Language. It has alſo told the Country he was

was born in, without either a ſet or a hidden manner, while it twiſts together the Glory of the Poet and his Nation, ſo as to make the Nation depend upon his for an Encreaſe of its own.

I WILL offer no more Inſtances at preſent, to ſhew that they who deſerve Praiſe have it returned them from different Ages. Let theſe which have been laid down, ſhew Men that Envy will not always prevail. And to the end that Writers may more ſucceſsfully enliven the Endeavours of one another, let them conſider, in ſome ſuch manner as I have attempted, what may be the juſteſt Spirit and Art of Praiſe. It is indeed very hard to come up to it. Our Praiſe is trifling when it depends upon Fable; it is falſe when it depends upon wrong Qualifications; it means nothing when it is general; it is extremely difficult to hit when we propoſe to raiſe the Characters high, while we keep to them juſtly. I ſhall end this with tranſcribing that excellent Epitaph of Mr. *Cowley*, wherein, with a kind of grave and philoſophick Humour, he very beautifully ſpeaks of himſelf (withdrawn from the World, and dead to all the Intereſts of it) as of a Man really deceas'd. At the ſame time it is an Inſtruction how to leave the Publick with a good Grace.

Epitaphium Vivi Authoris.

Hic, O Viator, ſub Lare parvulo
Couleius *hic eſt conditus, hic jacet*
Defunctus Humani Laboris
Sorte, ſupervacuaque Vita,
Non indecora pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti Nobilis Otio,
Vanoque dilectis popello
Divitiis animoſus hoſtis.
Poſſis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En Terra jam nunc quantula ſufficit?
Exempta ſit Curis, Viator,
Terra ſit illa levis, precare.
Hic ſparge Flores, ſparge breves Roſas,
Nam Vita gaudet mortua Floribus,
Herbiſque odoratis Corona
Vatis adhuc Cinerem calentem.

THE

THE Publication of these Criticisms having procured me the following Letter from a very ingenious Gentleman, I cannot forbear inserting it in the Volume, though it did not come soon enough to have a place in any of my single Papers.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING read over in your Paper, Nº 551, 'some of the Epigrams, made by the *Grecian* Wits, 'in commendation of their celebrated Poets, I could not 'forbear sending you another, out of the same Collection; 'which I take to be as great a Compliment to *Homer*, as 'any that has yet been paid him.

Τίς ποθ' ὁ τ' Τρῳὸς πόλεμον, &c.

Who first transcrib'd the famous Trojan *War,*
And wise Ulysses' *Acts, O* Jove, *make known:*
For since 'tis certain, Thine those Poems are,
No more let Homer *boast they are his own.*

'IF you think it worthy of a Place in your Specu-'lations, for ought I know (by that means) it may in 'time be printed as often in *English*, as it has already been 'in *Greek*. I am (like the rest of the World)

SIR,

4th *Dec.* *Your great Admirer.*

G. R.

THE Reader may observe that the Beauty of this Epigram is different from that of any in the foregoing. An Irony is look'd upon as the finest Palliative of Praise; and very often conveys the noblest Panegyrick under the Appearance of Satire. *Homer* is here seemingly accused and treated as a Plagiary; but what is drawn up in the form of an Accusation is certainly, as my Correspondent observes, the greatest Compliment that could have been paid to that Divine Poet.

Dear

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Gentleman of a pretty good Fortune, and of a 'Temper impatient of any thing which I think an In-'jury; however I always quarrelled according to Law, 'and inſtead of attacking my Adverſary by the dangerous 'Method of Sword and Piſtol, I made my Aſſaults by that 'more ſecure one of Writ or Warrant. I cannot help tel-'ling you, that either by the Juſtice of my Cauſes, or 'the Superiority of my Counſel, I have been generally 'ſucceſsful; and to my great Satisfaction I can ſay it, 'that by three Actions of Slander, and half a dozen Treſ-'paſſes, I have for ſeveral years enjoy'd a perfect Tran-'quility in my Reputation and Eſtate. By theſe means 'alſo I have been made known to the Judges, the Ser-'jeants of our Circuit are my intimate Friends, and the 'ornamental Counſel pay a very profound Reſpect to one 'who has made ſo great a Figure in the Law. Affairs of 'Conſequence having brought me to Town, I had the cu-'riosity t'other day to viſit *Weſtminſter-Hall*; and having 'placed my ſelf in one of the Courts, expected to be 'moſt agreeably entertained. After the Court and Coun-'ſel were, with due Ceremony, ſeated, up ſtands a learned 'Gentleman, and began, When this *Matter* was laſt *ſtir-'red* before your Lordſhip; the next humbly moved to '*quaſh* an *Indictment*; another complain'd that his Ad-'verſary had *ſnapp'd* a *Judgment*; the next informed the 'Court that his Client was *ſtripped* of his *Poſſeſſion*; ano-'ther begg'd leave to acquaint his Lordſhip they had been '*ſaddled* with Coſts. At laſt up got a grave Serjeant, and 'told us his Client had been *hung up* a whole Term by a '*Writ of Error*. At this I could bear it no longer, but 'came hither, and reſolv'd to apply my ſelf to your Ho-'nour to interpoſe with theſe Gentlemen, that they would 'leave off ſuch low and unnatural Expreſſions: For ſure-'ly tho' the Lawyers ſubſcribe to hideous *French* and falſe '*Latin*, yet they ſhould let their Clients have a little de-'cent and proper *Engliſh* for their Mony. What Man that 'has a value for a Good-Name would like to have it ſaid 'in a publick Court, that Mr. Such-a-one was *ſtripped, ſad-*

'dled

'*dled* or *hung up*? This being what has eſcaped your 'Spectatorial Obſervation, be pleas'd to correct ſuch an 'illiberal Cant among profeſs'd Speakers, and you'll infi-'nitely oblige

Joe's *Coffee-Houſe*, Nov. 28.

Your humble Servant, Philonicus.

N° 552. *Wedneſday, December* 3.

——— *Qui pragravat artes*
Infra ſe poſitas, extinctus amabitur idem. Hor.

AS I was tumbling about the Town the other day in a Hackney-Coach, and delighting my ſelf with buſy Scenes in the Shops of each ſide of me, it came into my Head, with no ſmall Remorſe, that I had not been frequent enough in the Mention and Recommendation of the induſtrious Part of Mankind. It very naturally, upon this occaſion, touched my Conſcience in particular, that I had not acquitted my ſelf to my Friend Mr. *Peter Motteux*. That induſtrious Man of Trade, and formerly Brother of the Quill, has dedicated to me a Poem upon Tea. It would injure him, as a Man of Buſineſs, if I did not let the World know that the Author of ſo good Verſes writ them before he was concern'd in Traffick. In order to expiate my Negligence towards him, I immediately reſolv'd to make him a Viſit. I found his ſpacious Warehouſes fill'd and adorn'd with Tea, *China* and *Indian* Ware. I could obſerve a beautiful Ordonnance of the whole; and ſuch different and conſiderable Branches of Trade carried on, in the ſame Houſe, I exulted in ſeeing diſpos'd by a Poetical Head. In one place were expoſed to view Silks of various Shades and Colours, rich Brocades, and the wealthieſt Products of foreign Looms. Here you might ſee the fineſt Laces held up the faireſt Hands; and there examin'd by the beauteous Eyes of the Buyers, the moſt

moſt delicate Cambricks, Muſlins, and Linnens. I could not but congratulate my Friend on the humble, but, I hoped, beneficial Uſe he had made of his Talents, and wiſhed I could be a Patron to his Trade, as he had been pleaſed to make me of his Poetry. The honeſt Man has, I know, that modeſt Deſire of Gain which is peculiar to thoſe who underſtand better things than Riches: and I dare ſay he would be contented with much leſs than what is called Wealth in that Quarter of the Town which he inhabits, and will oblige all his Cuſtomers with Demands agreeable to the Moderation of his Deſires.

AMONG other Omiſſions of which I have been alſo guilty, with relation to Men of Induſtry of a ſuperior Order, I muſt acknowledge my Silence towards a Propoſal frequently encloſed to me by Mr. *Renatus Harris, Organ-Builder.* The Ambition of this Artificer is to erect an Organ in St. *Paul*'s Cathedral, over the Weſt Door, at the Entrance into the Body of the Church, which in Art and Magnificence ſhall tranſcend any Work of that kind ever before invented. The Propoſal in perſpicuous Language ſets forth the Honour and Advantage ſuch a Performance wou'd be to the *Britiſh* Name, as well as that it would apply the Power of Sounds in a manner more amazingly forcible than, perhaps, has yet been known, and I am ſure to an end much more worthy. Had the vaſt Sums which have been laid out upon Opera's without Skill or Conduct, and to no other Purpoſe but to ſuſpend or vitiate our Underſtandings, been diſpoſed this way, we ſhould now perhaps have an Engine ſo formed as to ſtrike the Minds of half a People at once in a Place of Worſhip with a Forgetfulneſs of preſent Care and Calamity, and a Hope of endleſs Rapture, Joy, and Hallelujah hereafter.

WHEN I am doing this Juſtice, I am not to forget the beſt Mechanick of my Acquaintance, that uſeful Servant to Science and Knowledge, Mr. *John Rowley*; but I think I lay a great Obligation on the Publick, by acquainting them with his Propoſals for a Pair of new Globes. After his Preamble, he promiſes in the ſaid Propoſals that,

In the Celeſtial Globe,

'CARE ſhall be taken that the fixed Stars be placed 'according to their true Longitude and Latitude, from the 'many and correct Obſervations of *Hevelius*, *Caſſini*, Mr. '*Flamſteed*, Reg. Aſtronomer, Dr. *Halley*, *Savilian* Pro'feſſor of Geometry in *Oxon*; and from whatever elſe 'can be procured to render the Globe more exact, in'ſtructive and uſeful.

'THAT all the Conſtellations be drawn in a curious, 'new, and particular manner; each Star in ſo juſt, di'ſtinct, and conſpicuous a Proportion, that its true Mag'nitude may be readily known by bare Inſpection, ac'cording to the different *Light* and *Sizes* of the Stars. 'That the Track or Way of ſuch Comets as have been 'well obſerv'd, but not hitherto expreſſed in any Globe, 'be carefully delineated in this.

In the Terreſtrial Globe,

'THAT by reaſon the Deſcriptions formerly made, 'both in the *Engliſh* and *Dutch* great Globes, are erro'neous, *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *America*, be drawn in a man'ner wholly new; by which means it is to be noted, that 'the Undertakers will be obliged to alter the Latitude of 'ſome Places in ten Degrees, the Longitude of others in '20 Degrees: Beſides which great and neceſſary Alterati'ons, there be many remarkable Countries, Cities, Towns, 'Rivers and Lakes, omitted in other Globes, inſerted 'here according to the beſt Diſcoveries made by our late 'Navigators. Laſtly, That the Courſe of the Trade-'Winds, the *Monſoons*, and other Winds periodically ſhift'ing between the Tropicks, be viſibly expreſs'd.

'NOW in regard that this Undertaking is of ſo uni'verſal uſe, as the Advancement of the moſt neceſſary 'Parts of the Mathematicks, as well as tending to the 'Honour of the *Britiſh* Nation, and that the Charge of 'carrying it on is very expenſive; it is deſired that all 'Gentlemen who are willing to promote ſo great a Work, 'will be pleaſed to ſubſcribe on the following Conditi'ons.

'I. THE

'I. THE Undertakers engage to furniſh each Subſcriber with a Celeſtial and Terreſtrial Globe, each of 30 Inches diameter, in all reſpects curiouſly adorned, the Stars gilded, the Capital Cities plainly diſtinguiſhed, the Frames, Meridians, Horizons, Hour Circles and Indexes ſo exactly finiſhed up, and accurately divided, that a Pair of theſe Globes will really appear in the Judgment of any diſintereſted and intelligent Perſon, worth fifteen Pounds more than will be demanded for them by the Undertakers.

'II. WHOSOEVER will be pleas'd to ſubſcribe, and pay twenty five Pounds in the manner following for a Pair of theſe Globes, either for their own uſe, or to preſent them to any College in the Univerſities, or any publick Library or School, ſhall have his Coat of Arms, Name, Title, Seat, or Place of Reſidence, *&c.* inſerted in ſome convenient Place of the Globe.

'III. THAT every Subſcriber do at firſt pay down the Sum of ten Pounds, and fifteen Pounds more upon the delivery of each Pair of Globes perfectly fitted up. And that the ſaid Globes be deliver'd within twelve Months after the Number of thirty Subſcribers be compleated; and that the Subſcribers be ſerved with Globes in the Order in which they ſubſcribed.

'IV. THAT a Pair of theſe Globes ſhall not hereafter be ſold to any Perſon but the Subſcribers under thirty Pounds.

'V. THAT if there be not thirty Subſcribers within four Months after the firſt of *December*, 1712, the Money paid ſhall be return'd on demand by Mr. *John Warner* Goldſmith near *Temple-Bar*, who ſhall receive and pay the ſame according to the above-mention'd Articles.

T

Thurſday,

N° 553. *Thurſday, December* 4.

Nec luſiſſe pudet, ſed non incidere ludum. Hor.

THE Project which I publiſhed on *Monday* laſt has brought me in ſeveral Packets of Letters. Among the reſt I have receiv'd one from a certain Projector, wherein after having repreſented, that in all probability the Solemnity of *opening my Mouth* will draw together a great Confluence of Beholders, he propoſes to me the hiring of *Stationers-Hall* for the more convenient exhibiting of that publick Ceremony. He undertakes to be at the Charge of it himſelf, provided he may have the erecting of Galleries on every ſide, and the letting of them out upon that occaſion. I have a Letter alſo from a Bookſeller, petitioning me in a very humble manner, that he may have the printing of the Speech which I ſhall make to the Aſſembly upon the firſt opening of my Mouth. I am informed from all Parts, that there are great Canvaſſings in the ſeveral Clubs about Town, upon the chuſing of a proper Perſon to ſit with me on thoſe arduous Affairs, to which I have ſummoned them. Three Clubs have already proceeded to Election, whereof one has made a double Return. If I find that my Enemies ſhall take advantage of my Silence to begin Hoſtilities upon me, or if any other Exigency of Affairs may ſo require, ſince I ſee Elections in ſo great a forwardneſs, we may poſſibly meet before the Day appointed; or if matters go on to my ſatisfaction, I may perhaps put off the meeting to a further day: but of this publick notice ſhall be given.

IN the mean time, I muſt confeſs that I am not a little gratify'd and oblig'd by that Concern which appears in this great City upon my preſent Deſign of laying down this Paper. It is likewiſe with much ſatisfaction, that I find ſome of the moſt outlying Parts of the Kingdom alarm'd upon

upon this Occaſion, having receiv'd Letters to expoſtulate with me about it, from ſeveral of my Readers of the remoteſt Boroughs of *Great-Britain*. Among theſe I am very well pleas'd with a Letter dated from *Berwick upon Tweed*, wherein my Correſpondent compares the Office which I have for ſome time executed in theſe Realms to the weeding of a great Garden; which, ſays he, it is not ſufficient to weed once for all, and afterwards to give over, but that the Work muſt be continued daily, or the ſame Spots of Ground which are cleared for a while, will in a little time be over-run as much as ever. Another Gentleman lays before me ſeveral Enormities that are already ſprouting, and which he believes will diſcover themſelves in their full Growth immediately after my diſappearance. There is no doubt, ſays he, but the Ladies Heads will ſhoot up as ſoon as they know they are no longer under the *Spectator*'s Eye; and I have already ſeen ſuch monſtrous broad-brimmed Hats under the Arms of Foreigners, that I queſtion not but they will overſhadow the Iſland within a Month or two after the dropping of your Paper. But among all the Letters which are come to my hands, there is none ſo handſomly written as the following one, which I am the more pleaſed with, as it is ſent me from Gentlemen who belong to a Body which I ſhall always honour, and where (I cannot ſpeak it without a ſecret Pride) my Speculations have met with a very kind Reception. It is uſual for Poets, upon the publiſhing of their Works, to print before them ſuch Copies of Verſes as have been made in their Praiſe. Not that you muſt imagine they are pleaſed with their own Commendations, but becauſe the elegant Compoſitions of their Friends ſhould not be loſt. I muſt make the ſame Apology for the Publication of the enſuing Letter, in which I have ſuppreſs'd no Part of thoſe Praiſes that are given my Speculations with too laviſh and good-natured a Hand; tho' my Correſpondents can witneſs for me, that at other times I have generally blotted out thoſe Parts in the Letter which I have received from them.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Oxford, Nov.* 25.

'IN ſpight of your invincible Silence you have found 'out a Method of being the moſt agreeable Compa- 'nion in the World: That kind of Converſation which 'you hold with the Town, has the good Fortune of be- 'ing always pleaſing to the Men of Taſte and Leiſure, and 'never offenſive to thoſe of Hurry and Buſineſs. You 'are never heard, but at what *Horace* calls *dextro tempore*, 'and have the Happineſs to obſerve the politick Rule, 'which the ſame diſcerning Author gave his Friend, when 'he enjoin'd him to deliver his Book to *Auguſtus*.

Si validus, ſi lætus erit, ſi denique poſcet.

'You never begin to talk, but when People are deſirous 'to hear you; and I defy any one to be out of humour 'till you leave off. But I am led unawares into Refle- 'ctions, foreign to the original Deſign of this Epiſtle; 'which was to let you know, that ſome unfeigned Ad- 'mirers of your inimitable Papers, who could, without 'any Flattery, greet you with the Saluration uſed to the 'Eaſtern Monarchs, viz. *O Spec. live for ever*, have late- 'ly been under the ſame Apprehenſions, with Mr. *Philo- 'Spec*; that the haſte you have made to diſpatch your beſt 'Friends portends no long Duration to your own ſhort 'Viſage. We could not, indeed, find any juſt Grounds 'for Complaint in the Method you took to diſſolve that 'venerable Body: No, the World was not worthy of your 'Divine. WILL. HONEYCOMB could not, with any 'Reputation, live ſingle any longer. It was high time for 'the TEMPLER to turn himſelf to *Coke*: And Sir ROGER's 'dying was the wiſeſt thing he ever did in his Life. It 'was, however, matter of great Grief to us, to think 'that we were in danger of loſing ſo Elegant and Valua- 'ble an Entertainment. And we could not, without Sor- 'row, reflect that we were likely to have nothing to in- 'terrupt our Sips in a Morning, and to ſuſpend our 'Coffee in mid-air, between our Lips and right Ear, but 'the ordinary Traſh of News-Papers. We reſolved, 'there-

'therefore, not to part with you ſo. But ſince, to make 'uſe of your own Alluſion, the Cherries began now to 'crowd the Market, and their Seaſon was almoſt over, 'we conſulted our future Enjoyments, and endeavoured to 'make the exquiſite Pleaſure that delicious Fruit gave our 'Taſte as laſting as we could, and by drying them pro-'tract their ſtay beyond its natural Date. We own that 'thus they have not a Flavour equal to that of their jucy 'Bloom; but yet, under this Diſadvantage, they pique the 'Palate, and become a Salver better than any other Fruit 'at its firſt Appearance. To ſpeak plain, there are a 'Number of us who have begun your Works afreſh, and 'meet two Nights in the Week in order to give you a 'Rehearing. We never come together without drinking 'your Health, and as ſeldom part without general Expreſ-'ſions of Thanks to you for our Night's Improvement. 'This we conceive to be a more uſeful Inſtitution than 'any other Club whatever, not excepting even that of *ugly 'Faces*. We have one manifeſt Advantage over that re-'nowned Society, with reſpect to Mr. *Spectator*'s Company. 'For though they may brag, that you ſometimes make 'your perſonal Appearance amongſt them, it is impoſſible 'they ſhould ever get a Word from you. Whereas you 'are with us the Reverſe of what *Phædria* would have his 'Miſtreſs be in his Rival's Company, *Preſent in your Ab-'ſence*. We may make you talk as much and as long as 'we pleaſe; and let me tell you, you ſeldom hold your 'Tongue for the whole Evening. I promiſe my ſelf you 'will look with an Eye of Favour upon a Meeting which 'owes its Original to a mutual Emulation among its 'Members, who ſhall ſhew the moſt profound Reſpect 'for your Paper; not but we have a very great Value 'for your Perſon: and I dare ſay you can no where find 'four more ſincere Admirers, and humble Servants, than

TF. GS. JT. EF.

Nº 554. *Friday, December 5.*

——*Tentanda Via eſt, qua me quoque poſſim*
Tollere humo, Victorque virûm volitare per Ora. Virg.

I AM obliged for the following Eſſay, as well as for that which lays down Rules out of *Tully* for Pronunciation and Action, to the Ingenious Author of a Poem juſt publiſhed, Entituled, *An Ode to the Creator of the World, occaſioned by the Fragments of* Orpheus.

IT is a Remark made, as I remember, by a celebrated *French* Author, that *no Man ever puſhed his Capacity as far as it was able to extend.* I ſhall not enquire whether this Aſſertion be ſtrictly true. It may ſuffice to ſay, that Men of the greateſt Application and Acquirements can look back upon many vacant Spaces, and neglected Parts of Time, which have ſlipped away from them unemployed; and there is hardly any one conſidering Perſon in the World, but is apt to fancy with himſelf, at ſome time or other, that if his Life were to begin again, he could fill it up better.

THE Mind is moſt provoked to caſt on it ſelf this ingenuous Reproach, when the Examples of ſuch Men are preſented to it, as have far outſhot the generality of their Species, in Learning, Arts, or any valuable Improvements.

ONE of the moſt extenſive and improved Genius's we have had any Inſtance of in our own Nation, or in any other, was that of Sir *Francis Bacon* Lord *Verulam*. This great Man, by an extraordinary Force of Nature, Compaſs of Thought, and indefatigable Study, had amaſſed to himſelf ſuch ſtores of Knowledge as we cannot look upon without Amazement. His Capacity ſeems to have graſped All that was revealed in Books before his Time; and not ſatisfied with that, he began to ſtrike out new Tracks of Science,

Science, too many to be travelled over by any one Man, in the Compaſs of the longeſt Life. Theſe, therefore, he could only mark down, like imperfect Coaſtings in Maps, or ſuppoſed Points of Land, to be further diſcovered, and aſcertained by the Induſtry of After-Ages, who ſhould proceed upon his Notices or Conjectures.

THE excellent Mr. *Boyle* was the Perſon, who ſeems to have been deſigned by Nature to ſucceed to the Labours and Enquiries of that extraordinary Genius I have juſt mentioned. By innumerable Experiments He, in a great meaſure, filled up thoſe Planns and Out-Lines of Science, which his Predeceſſor had sketched out: His Life was ſpent in the purſuit of Nature, through a great variety of Forms and Changes, and in the moſt rational, as well as devout Adoration of its Divine Author.

IT would be impoſſible to name many Perſons who have extended their Capacities ſo far as theſe two, in the Studies they purſued; but my learned Readers, on this occaſion, will naturally turn their Thoughts to a *Third*, who is yet living, and is likewiſe the Glory of our own Nation. The Improvements which others had made in Natural and Mathematical Knowledge have ſo vaſtly increaſed in his hands, as to afford at once a wonderful Inſtance how great the Capacity is of a Human Soul, and how inexhauſtible the Subject of its Enquiries; ſo true is that Remark in Holy Writ, that, *though a wiſe Man ſeek to find out the Works of God from the Beginning to the End, yet ſhall he not be able to do it.*

I CANNOT help mentioning here one Character more, of a different kind indeed from thoſe, yet ſuch a one as may ſerve to ſhew the wonderful Force of Nature and of Application, and is the moſt ſingular Inſtance of an Univerſal Genius I have ever met with. The Perſon I mean is *Leonardo da Vinci*, an *Italian* Painter, deſcended from a noble Family in *Tuſcany*, about the beginning of the ſixteenth Century. In his Profeſſion of Hiſtory-Painting he was ſo great a Maſter, that ſome have affirmed he excelled all who went before him. It is certain, that he raiſed the Envy of *Michael Angelo*, who was his Contemporary, and that from the Study of his Works *Raphael*

himſelf learned his beſt Manner of Deſigning. He was a Maſter too in Sculpture and Architecture, and skilful in Anatomy, Mathematicks, and Mechanicks. The Aqueduct from the River *Adda* to *Milan*, is mentioned as a Work of his Contrivance. He had learned ſeveral Languages, and was acquainted with the Studies of Hiſtory, Philoſophy, Poetry, and Muſick. Though it is not neceſſary to my preſent Purpoſe, I cannot but take notice, that all who have writ of him mention likewiſe his Perfections of Body. The Inſtances of his Strength are almoſt incredible. He is deſcribed to have been a well-formed Perſon, and a Maſter of all genteel Exerciſes. And laſtly, we are told that his moral Qualities were agreeable to his natural and intellectual Endowments, and that he was of an honeſt and generous Mind, adorned with great Sweetneſs of Manners. I might break off the Account of him here, but I imagine it will be an Entertainment to the Curioſity of my Readers, to find ſo remarkable a Character diſtinguiſhed by as remarkable a Circumſtance at his Death. The Fame of his Works having gained him an univerſal Eſteem, he was invited to the Court of *France*, where, after ſome time, he fell ſick; and *Francis the Firſt* coming to ſee him, he raiſed himſelf in his Bed to acknowledge the Honour which was done him by that Viſit. The King embraced him, and *Leonardo* fainting at the ſame Inſtant, expired in the Arms of that great Monarch.

IT is impoſſible to attend to ſuch Inſtances as theſe, without being raiſed into a Contemplation on the wonderful Nature of a Human Mind, which is capable of ſuch Progreſſions in Knowledge, and can contain ſuch a Variety of Ideas without Perplexity or Confuſion. How reaſonable is it from hence to infer its Divine Original? And whilſt we find unthinking Matter endued with a natural Power to laſt for ever, unleſs annihilated by Omnipotence, how abſurd would it be to imagine, that a Being ſo much ſuperior to it ſhould not have the ſame Privilege?

AT the ſame time it is very ſurpriſing, when we remove our Thoughts from ſuch Inſtances as I have mentioned, to conſider thoſe we ſo frequently meet with in the Accounts of barbarous Nations among the *Indians*; where

where we find Numbers of People who ſcarce ſhew the firſt Glimmerings of Reaſon, and ſeem to have few Ideas above thoſe of Senſe and Appetite. Theſe, methinks, appear like large Wilds, or vaſt uncultivated Tracts of Human Nature; and when we compare them with Men of the moſt exalted Characters in Arts and Learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are Creatures of the ſame Species.

SOME are of opinion that the Souls of Men are all naturally equal, and that the great Diſparity, we ſo often obſerve, ariſes from the different Organization or Structure of the Bodies to which they are united. But whatever conſtitutes this firſt Diſparity, the next great Difference which we find between Men in their ſeveral Acquirements is owing to accidental Differences in their Education, Fortunes, or Courſe of Life. The Soul is a kind of rough Diamond, which requires Art, Labour, and Time to poliſh it. For want of which, many a good natural Genius is loſt, or lies unfaſhioned, like a Jewel in the Mine.

ONE of the ſtrongeſt Incitements to excel in ſuch Arts and Accompliſhments as are in the higheſt Eſteem among Men, is the natural Paſſion which the Mind of Man has for Glory; which, though it may be faulty in the Exceſs of it, ought by no means to be diſcouraged. Perhaps ſome Moraliſts are too ſevere in beating down this Principle, which ſeems to be a Spring implanted by Nature to give Motion to all the latent Powers of the Soul, and is always obſerved to exert it ſelf with the greateſt Force in the moſt generous Diſpoſitions. The Men whoſe Characters have ſhone the brighteſt among the antient *Romans*, appear to have been ſtrongly animated by this Paſſion. *Cicero*, whoſe Learning and Services to his Country are ſo well known, was inflamed by it to an extravagant degree, and warmly preſſes *Lucceius*, who was compoſing a Hiſtory of thoſe Times, to be very particular and zealous in relating the Story of his Conſulſhip; and to execute it ſpeedily, that he might have the pleaſure of enjoying in his Life-time ſome part of the Honour which he foreſaw would be paid to his Memory. This was the Ambition of a great Mind; but he is faulty in the degree of it, and cannot re-

ſtrain from ſolliciting the Hiſtorian upon this Occaſion to neglect the ſtrict Laws of Hiſtory, and, in praiſing him, *even to exceed the Bounds of Truth.* The younger *Pliny* appears to have had the ſame Paſſion for Fame, but accompanied with greater Chaſtneſs and Modeſty. His ingenuous manner of owning it to a Friend, who had prompted him to undertake ſome great Work, is exquiſitely beautiful, and raiſes him to a certain Grandeur above the Imputation of Vanity. *I muſt confeſs,* ſays he, *that nothing employs my Thoughts more than the Deſire I have of perpetuating my Name; which in my opinion is a Deſign worthy of a Man, at leaſt of ſuch a one, who being conſcious of no Guilt, is not afraid to be remember'd by Poſterity.*

I THINK I ought not to conclude, without intereſting all my Readers in the Subject of this Diſcourſe: I ſhall therefore lay it down as a Maxim, that though all are not capable of ſhining in Learning or the politer Arts; yet *every one is capable of excelling in ſomething.* The Soul has in this reſpect a certain vegetative Power, which cannot lie wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a regular and beautiful Garden, it will of it ſelf ſhoot up in Weeds or Flowers of a wilder Growth.

Saturday,

N° 555. *Saturday, December 6.*

Reſpue quod non es ——— Perſ.

ALL the Members of the imaginary Society, which were deſcribed in my firſt Papers, having diſappear'd one after another, it is high time for the *Spectator* himſelf to go off the Stage. But, now I am to take my leave, I am under much greater Anxiety than I have known for the Work of any Day ſince I undertook this Province. It is much more difficult to converſe with the World in a real than a perſonated Character. That might paſs for Humour in the *Spectator*, which would look like Arrogance in a Writer who ſets his Name to his Work. The Fictitious Perſon might contemn thoſe who diſapproved him, and extol his own Performances, without giving Offence. He might aſſume a Mock-Authority, without being looked upon as vain and conceited. The Praiſes or Cenſures of himſelf fall only upon the Creature of his Imagination; and if any one finds fault with him, the Author may reply with the Philoſopher of old, *Thou doſt but beat the Caſe of* Anaxarchus. When I ſpeak in my own private Sentiments, I cannot but addreſs my ſelf to my Readers in a more ſubmiſſive manner, and with a juſt Gratitude, for the kind Reception which they have given to theſe daily Papers that have been publiſhed for almoſt the ſpace of two Years laſt paſt.

I HOPE the Apology I have made as to the Licence allowable to a feigned Character, may excuſe any thing which has been ſaid in theſe Diſcourſes of the *Spectator* and his Works; but the Imputation of the groſſeſt Vanity would ſtill dwell upon me, if I did not give ſome Account by what means I was enabled to keep up the Spirit of ſo long and aproved a Performance. All the Papers marked with a C, an L, an I, or an O, that is to ſay, all the Papers which I have diſtinguiſhed by any Letter in the name

of the Muſe *CLIO*, were given me by the Gentleman, of whoſe Aſſiſtance I formerly boaſted in the Preface and concluding Leaf of my *Tatlers*. I am indeed much more proud of his long-continued Friendſhip, than I ſhould be of the Fame of being thought the Author of any Writings which he himſelf is capable of producing. I remember when I finiſhed the *Tender Husband*, I told him there was nothing I ſo ardently wiſhed, as that we might ſome time or other publiſh a Work written by us both, which ſhould bear the name of *the Monument*, in memory of our Friendſhip. I heartily wiſh what I have done here, were as Honorary to that ſacred Name, as Learning, Wit, and Humanity render thoſe Pieces which I have taught the Reader how to diſtinguiſh for his. When the Play above-mentioned was laſt acted, there were ſo many applauded Strokes in it which I had from the ſame Hand, that I thought very meanly of my ſelf that I had never publickly acknowledged them. After I have put other Friends upon importuning him to publiſh Dramatick, as well as other Writings he has by him, I ſhall end what I think I am obliged to ſay on this Head, by giving my Reader this hint for the better judging of my Productions, that the beſt Comment upon them would be an Account when the Patron to the *Tender Husband* was in *England*, or abroad.

THE Reader will alſo find ſome Papers which are marked with the Letter X, for which he is obliged to the Ingenious Gentleman who diverted the Town with the Epilogue to the *Diſtreſſed Mother*. I might have owned theſe ſeveral Papers with the free Conſent of theſe Gentlemen, who did not write them with a deſign of being known for the Authors. But as a candid and ſincere Behaviour ought to be preferred to all other Conſiderations, I would not let my Heart reproach me with a Conſciouſneſs of having acquired a Praiſe which is not my Right.

THE other Aſſiſtances which I have had, have been conveyed by Letter, ſometimes by whole Papers, and other times by ſhort Hints from unknown Hands. I have not been able to trace Favours of this kind, with any Certainty, but to the following Names, which I place in the Order

der wherein I received the Obligation; tho' the firſt I am going to name, can hardly be mentioned in a Liſt wherein he would not deſerve the Precedence. The Perſons to whom I am to make theſe Acknowledgments are Mr. *Henry Martyn*, Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Hughs*, Mr. *Carey* of *New-College* in *Oxford*, Mr. *Tickell* of *Queen's* in the ſame Univerſity, Mr. *Parnelle*, and Mr. *Euſden* of *Trinity* in *Cambridge*. Thus, to ſpeak in the Language of my late Friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, I have ballanced my Accounts with all my Creditors for Wit and Learning. But as theſe excellent Performances would not have ſeen the Light without the means of this Paper, I may ſtill arrogate to my ſelf the Merit of their being communicated to the Publick.

I HAVE nothing more to add, but having ſwelled this Work to five hundred and fifty five Papers, they will be diſpoſed into ſeven Volumes, four of which are already publiſhed, and the three others in the Preſs. It will not be demanded of me why I now leave off, tho' I muſt own my ſelf obliged to give an Account to the Town of my Time hereafter; ſince I retire when their Partiality to me is ſo great, that an Edition of the former Volumes of *Spectators* of above Nine thouſand each Book is already ſold off, and the Tax on each half Sheet has brought into the Stamp-Office one Week with another above 20 *l.* a-Week ariſing from this ſingle Paper, notwithſtanding it at firſt reduced it to leſs than half the number that was uſually printed before this Tax was laid.

I HUMBLY beſeech the Continuance of this Inclination to favour what I may hereafter produce, and hope I have in many Occurrences of Life taſted ſo deeply of Pain and Sorrow, that I am proof againſt much more proſperous Circumſtances than any Advantages to which my own Induſtry can poſſibly exalt me.

I am,

My Good-natured Reader,

Your moſt Obedient,

Moſt Obliged Humble Servant,

Richard Steel.

Vos valete & plaudite. Ter.

THE following Letter regards an ingenious Sett of Gentlemen, who have done me the honour to make me one of their Society.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Dec.* 4. 1712.

'THE Academy of *Painting*, lately eſtabliſhed in *London*, having done you and themſelves the Honour to chuſe you one of their Directors, that noble and lovely Art, which before was entitled to your Regards, as a *Spectator*, has an additional Claim to you, and you ſeem to be under a double Obligation to take ſome care of her Intereſts.

'THE Honour of our Country is alſo concerned in the matter I am going to lay before you: we (and perhaps other Nations as well as we) have a National falſe Humility as well as a National Vain-Glory; and tho' we boaſt our ſelves to excel all the World in things wherein we are out-done abroad, in other things we attribute to others a Superiority which we our ſelves poſſeſs. This is what is done, particularly, in the Art of *Portrait* or *Face-Painting*.

'*PAINTING* is an Art of a vaſt Extent, too great by much for any mortal Man to be in full poſſeſſion of, in all its parts; 'tis enough if any one ſucceed in painting Faces, Hiſtory, Battels, Landſcapes, Sea-Pieces, Fruit, Flowers, or Drolls, *&c.* Nay, no Man ever was excellent in all the Branches (tho' many in number) of theſe ſeveral Arts, for a diſtinct Art I take upon me to call every one of thoſe ſeveral kinds of Painting.

'AND as one Man may be a good Landſcape-Painter, but unable to paint a Face or a Hiſtory tollerably well, and ſo of the reſt; one Nation may excel in ſome kinds of Painting, and other kinds may thrive better in other Climates.

'*ITALY* may have the Preference of all other Nations for Hiſtory-Painting; *Holland* for Drolls, and a neat finiſhed manner of Working; *France*, for Gay, Janty, Fluttering Pictures; and *England* for Portraits: but to give the Honour of every one of theſe kinds of Painting to any one of thoſe Nations on account of their Excellence

'cellence in any of theſe parts of it, is like adjudging the 'Prize of Heroick, Dramatick, Lyrick or Burleſque Po'etry, to him who has done well in any one of them.

'WHERE there are the greateſt Genius's, and moſt 'Helps and Encouragements, 'tis reaſonable to ſuppoſe 'an Art will arrive to the greateſt Perfection: By this 'Rule let us conſider our own Country with reſpect to 'Face-Painting. No Nation in the World delights ſo 'much in having their own, or Friends, or Relations 'Pictures; whether from their National Good-nature, or 'having a love to Painting, and not being encouraged 'in that great Article of Religious Pictures, which the 'Purity of our Worſhip refuſes the free uſe of, or from 'whatever other Cauſe. Our Helps are not inferior to 'thoſe of any other People, but rather they are greater; 'for what the Antique Statues and Bas-reliefs which *Italy* 'enjoys are to the Hiſtory-Painters, the Beautiful and 'noble Faces with which *England* is confeſſed to abound, 'are to Face-Painters; and beſides we have the greateſt 'number of the Works of the beſt Maſters in that kind 'of any People, not without a competent number of 'thoſe of the moſt excellent in every other part of Paint'ing. And for Encouragement, the Wealth and Gene'roſity of the *Engliſh* Nation affords that in ſuch a de'gree, as Artiſts have no reaſon to complain.

'AND accordingly in Fact, Face-Painting is no where 'ſo well performed as in *England*: I know not whether 'it has lain in your way to obſerve it, but I have, and 'pretend to be a tolerable Judge. I have ſeen what is 'done abroad, and can aſſure you, that the Honour of 'that Branch of Painting is juſtly due to us. I appeal to 'the judicious Obſervers for the Truth of what I aſſert. 'If Foreigners have oftentimes or even for the moſt 'part, excelled our Natives, it ought to be imputed to 'the Advantages they have met with *here*, join'd to their 'own Ingenuity and Induſtry; nor has any one Nation 'diſtinguiſhed themſelves ſo as to raiſe an Argument in 'favour of their Country: but 'tis to be obſerved, that 'neither *French* nor *Italians*, nor any one of either Na'tion, notwithſtanding all our Prejudices in their favour

have,

'have, or ever had, for any conſiderable time, any Cha-
'racter among us as Face-Painters.

'THIS Honour is due to our own Country; and has
'been ſo for near an Age: So that inſtead of going to
'*Italy*, or elſewhere, one that deſigns for Portrait-Paint-
'ing ought to ſtudy in *England*. Hither ſuch ſhould
'come from *Holland*, *France*, *Italy*, *Germany*, &c. as
'he that intends to practiſe any other kind of Painting,
'ſhould go to thoſe Parts where 'tis in greateſt Per-
'fection. 'Tis ſaid the Bleſſed Virgin deſcended from Hea-
'ven, to ſit to St. *Luke*; I dare venture to affirm, that
'if ſhe ſhould deſire another *Madonna* to be painted by
'the Life, ſhe would come to *England*; and am of opi-
'nion that your preſent Preſident, Sir *Godfrey Kneller*,
'from his Improvement ſince he arrived in this King-
'dom, would perform that Office better than any Fo-
'reigner living. I am, with all poſſible Reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble, and
Moſt Obedient Servant, &c.

THE ingenious Letters ſign'd the Weather-Glaſs, *with ſeveral others, were received, but came too late.*

POSTSCRIPT.

IT had not come to my Knowledge, when I left off the *Spectator*, that I owe ſeveral excellent Sentiments and agreeable Pieces in this Work to Mr. *Ince* of *Grey's-Inn*.

R. STEELE.

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